This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

THIS BOOK IS FOR USE
IN THE LIBRARY ONLY

Mus 13.3 (19)

NAUMBURG BEQUEST

THE MUSIC LIBRARY
OF THE
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MR. BENJAMIN GODARD.

Digitized by Google

MUSIC.

A Monthly Magazine.

DEVOTED TO THE ART, SCIENCE, TECHNIC AND LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

W. S. B. MATHEWS, EDITOR.
BLANCHE DINGLEY, MANAGER.

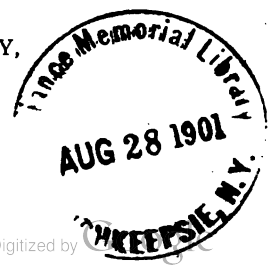
VOLUME XIX.

780.5 M 97 M

NOVEMBER 1900, TO APRIL 1901.

20238

CHICAGO:
MUSIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
AUDITORIUM TOWER.



Digitized by Google

Copyright, 1901,
By Music Magazine Publishing
Company

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

AUG 3 1967

EDA KUHN LOEB MUSIC LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO VOLUME XIX.

Balance of Chorus and Orchestra, The Proper. Ebenezer Prout.. 482
Brahms, An Appreciation of, Glenn Dillard Gunn..... 246
Climate versus Music..... 478
Drama, Lyric and Music Drama. Camille Saint-Saens..... 470

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC:

Apollo Club of Chicago in "St. Paul"..... 276
Ann Arbor and the University of Michigan..... 267
Personnel of the School of Music..... 269
Boston, Among Musicians There..... 505
The New Symphony Hall..... 164
The Orchestra..... 166
Chicago Musical College Dramatic Matinee..... 409
Death of Verdi..... 502
Difficulties of Bringing Out New Works..... 407
Different Conceptions of the Old Masters..... 75
Dohnanyi in His Own Concerto..... 166
In Piano Recitals..... 409
English, Women's Failure to Sing It..... 69
The Cause..... 71
Difficulties in adapting Words..... 73
True in Song and Opera..... 74
Extension, Musical Clubs..... 279
Finances of Chicago Orchestra..... 499
Scheme for English Opera as an Adjunct..... 501
Gabrilowitsch, Mr. Ossip..... 168
Godowsky's First Berlin Appearance..... 402
Hatfield, Prof. J. T., on Church Music as It Should Be..... 145
Disrespect to Music in Church Service..... 147
King, the Late Frank H., and First Coast Tour of Theo. Thomas..... 153
Memorizing by Pupils of J. H. Hahn..... 272
McDowell, New Piano Sonata..... 410
Musical Atmosphere in Chicago..... 166
Music Trade, A Curious and Serious Fact..... 280
Neglect of Tonal Powers of Piano..... 282
XIXth Century an Epoch of Mutual Dependence and Relation 491
New Organ Opened in Evanston, Ill., by Clarence Eddy..... 405
Organ as Instrument of Musical Expression; Good and Bad Qualities..... 150
Opera in English..... 413
Fundamental Difficulty of..... 76

Digitized by Google

Pratt, Prof. Walso S., Proposes Ideals for College Handling of Music 274
Self-Playing Principle and Church Organs 149
Spiering Quartet Concert 408
Thomas Programs 157
University of Nebraska Musical Work 266
Farm, An American, a Visit to Svendsen. Eugene E. Simpson .. 364
Fallacies, European, and American Music. O. G. Sonneck 220
Franklin's, Benjamin, Relation to Music. O. G. Sonneck 1
Franz, Robert, The Songs of. Sydney Biden 249
Future of Music in America. Dudley Buck 352
Gluck, The Chevalier and the Leading Motive 226
Hope is Green. Translated from the German by Fred S. Law 131
Joachim, Joseph. Edith Winn 42
Lind, Jenny, in St. Louis. Theophile Papin 20
Materialism and Spiritualism. Camile Saint-Saens 254
Memorizing and Competent Musical Interpretation. W. S. B. Mathews 35

MINOR MENTION 87, 194, 321, 440, 533
Music in a Liberal Education. R. H. Howland 138
Musical Endowments, Productive Fields for. W. S. B. Mathews. 449
Music Students' Club Extension 199
XIXth Century, The, and National Schools of Music. W. S. B. Mathews 335
Nordica: A Study. Wm. Armstrong 15

NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES:

Aronson, Maurice 172
Benedict, Milo 294
Biden, Sydney 65
Caien, Mme. Amelie 174
Cottlow, Miss Augusta 289
De Wolf, Miss Jessica 170
Gaynor, Mrs. Jessie L 298
Howland, Wm. F 176
Jackson, Miss Leonora 382
Lockwood, Albert 291
Riley, Mrs. Alice C. D 298
Schmidt, Arthur P 171
Sturm, Bernard 380
Zoch, Herman E 292

PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC:

Calumet, Michigan: An Interview .....
Instrumental Music in an English School .....
"Monotones," Treatment of. Mrs. Theodosia Harrison .....
Music and Common Life. Helen Place 545
School Music Notes 548

Digitized by Google

School Music in Primary Grades. Charles I. Rice..... 529
School Music in Taylorville, Ill. Eugene E. Simpson..... 196
Subsidy for Public School Music.....
Plea for Better Music in High Schools. Wm. L. Prince..... 547
Preparation for Part Singing. J. M. Thompson.....
Voice Culture in Public Schools. Susan M. Davidson..... 446

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.....203, 327, 448, 551
"Songs and Song Writers," Finck's. Egbert Swayne..... 386
Songs, Scottish and Irish Melodies. Cunningham Moffet..... 510

THINGS HERE AND THERE:

Advice to a Singer.....
Albert Hall in London, Capacity of.....
American Composition in 1877 (Mrs. Crosby Adams)..... 432
American Conservatory Faculty Concert..... 317
Apollo Club in "The Messiah"..... 433
Balatka Musical College Concert..... 434
Bogus Degrees in England.....
Boston.....
Chicago Musical College Orchestra..... 527
Chicago Orchestra, The..... 78
Clarke, Frederic Horace, Programs by..... 84
Constantinople..... 526
Death of Clement Tetedoux..... 191
Dreyschock, Alexander, and His Octaves (Mason's Memoirs) 191
Duvivier, A. A., and His Pupils, Recital by..... 83
Elson, Dr. Louis C., at Oxford, O..... 528
Elson, Dr. Louis C., on National Music of America.....
English as She is Sung (J. C. Wilcox on)..... 81
Gerardy, Jean, Recital..... 438
Heinrich, Max, Intellectual Singing Lessons..... 436
Henschels, The..... 530
Jackson, Leonora, and Harold Bauer Recitals..... 319
Joachim, Joseph, at the Gewandhaus..... 530
LaScala in Milan..... 314
Leipzig..... 196
Leipzig, Gewandhaus Concerts..... 304
Leipzig, Philharmonic Orchestra, The..... 315
Liszt Symphonic Poem, A.....
Lockwood, Albert, Piano Recitals..... 308
London Letters (Horace Ellis).....182, 301, 418, 518
Mendelssohn Club Concert..... 530
Music in Edinburgh..... 429
Music in Geneva..... 424
Music in Illinois University..... 525
Music in Ireland.....
Music in Knox College..... 525

Digitized by Google

Music in Moscow..... 531
Music in New York (Amy Fay)..... 179
Music in Northwestern University..... 527
Music in St. Petersburg..... 426
National Federation of Musical Clubs.....
Nevin, Ethelbert, Death of.....
Oberlin Conservatory..... 435
On Music Reviews..... 438
Opera, German, in Year 1900..... 306
Organ, Historical Program in St. Petersburg.....
Paris Letter (Florence Dingley)..... 420
Paris Letter (Howard Wilson)..... 425
Perkins, Dr. H. S., on the M. T. N. A..... 189
Roman Church and Ambrosian Song, The..... 520
San Francisco Letter (Flora B. Arndt).....
Schumann-Heink, Mme..... 188
Spencer, Allen, Lecture Recitals..... 437
Spiering Recitals..... 188
Spiering Recital..... 318
Spiering Orchestral Concert of School..... 317
Spiering Third Quartet Concert.....
"Sunken Bell," The..... 316
Taylorville, Ill., Musical Activity in.....
Urso, Camilla, A. Program.....
Verdi, Guiseppe..... 521
Vilim Orchestral Club.....
Woolf, Benjamin E., Death of..... 529
Young, Bicknell, on Voice Production..... 312
Ysaye as Conductor..... 436
Zeisler, Mme. Fanny Bloomfield, Recital..... 313
Time-Marking System in Music (concluded), T. Carl Whitmer.... 121
Tschaikowski in Leipzig in 1888, Translated by E. E. Simpson..... 100
Tschaikowski as a Musical Critic, Translated by E. E. Simpson.... 460
University Music from the Professor's Standpoint, A. A. Stanley.. 398
Vocal Tremolo, L. Gaston Gottschalk on The..... 120
What People Get from Music, Harlow Gale..... 207
Wild, Harrison M., Interview with..... 242

Digitized by Google

INDEX BY AUTHORS.

Adams, Mrs. Crosby, American Composition in 1877..... 432
Outlook for Music in Public Schools..... 529
Armstrong, Wm., Nordica: A Study..... 15
Biden, Sydney, The Songs of Robert Franz..... 249
Buck, Dudley, On the Future of American Music..... 352
Campbell-Tipton, Louis, Ethelbert Nevin.....
Chase, Mary Wood, Musical Whistles.....
Davidson, Susan M., Voice Culture in the Public Schools..... 446
Dingley, Florence, Paris Letters..... 420
Ellis, Horace, London Letters.....182, 301, 418, 518
Fay, Amy, Music in New York..... 179
Josef Hofmann.....
Gale, Harlow, What People Get from Music..... 207
Gunn, Glenn Dillard, An Appreciation of Brahms..... 246
Gottschalk, L. Gaston, On the Vocal Tremolo..... 120
Harrison, Mrs. Theodosia, Treatment of "Monotones".....
Howland, R. H., Music in a Liberal Education..... 138
Imbert, Hughes (From the French of).....
Symphony Since Beethoven.....55, 89, 355
Law, Frederick S., Translation of Hope is Green..... 131
Mason, Wm., Alexander Dreyschock and His Octaves..... 191
Mathews, W. S. B. Memorizing and Competent Musical Interpretation..... 35
Nineteenth Century and National Schools of Music... 335
Productive Fields for Musical Endowments..... 449
Editorial Bric-a-Brac.....69, 145, 266, 402, 491
(See general Index.)
Moffet, Cunningham.....
Papin, Theophile, Jenny Lind in St. Louis..... 20
Place, Helen, Music and Common Life..... 545
Music in the Indianapolis Schools.....
Perkins, Dr. H. S., On the Music Teachers' National Association.. 189
Prince, Wm. L., A Plea for Better Music in High Schools..... 547
Prout, Professor Ebenezer, Proper Balance of Chorus and Orchestra..... 482
Rice, Charles I., School Music in the Primary Grades..... 110
Saint-Saens, Camille, Materialism and Spiritualism..... 254
Lyric Drama and Music Drama..... 470
Swayne, Egbert, Finck's "Songs and Song Writers"..... 386
Simpson, Eugene E., An American Farm; A Visit to Svendsen.... 364
Music in Taylorville, Ill..... 196
Tschaikowsky in Leipzig in 1888 (Translation)..... 100
Tschaikowsky as Musical Critic (Translation)..... 450

Digitized by Google

Stanley, Prof. A. A., University Music from the Professor's Standpoint..... 398
Sonneck, O. G., Benjamin Franklin's Relation to Music..... 1
European Fallacies and American Music..... 220
Thompson, J. M., Preparation for Part Singing.....
Wilcox, J. C., On English as She is Sung..... 81
Wilson, Howard, Paris Letter..... 425
Winn, Edith, Joseph Joachim..... 42
Whitmer, Carl T., Time-Marking in Music (Concluded)..... 21

Digitized by Google

MUSIC.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S RELATION TO MUSIC.

BY O. G. SONNECK.

Benjamin Franklin is considered all over the world a polyhistor of the foremost rank. Nothing escaped his attention. However, it was not merely of a receptive kind. Like Leonardo da Vinci, our "patriot and sage," as he was called in eulogies, never received without giving. Whoever went through John Bigelow's edition of Franklin's complete works knows that he suggested inventions and improvements, not only in electricity, printing, flying machines—the latter in the modern sense, not of fast stage coaches, as in the terminology of the eighteenth century—optics, chemistry, submarine boats, but also in very many other directions.

Strangely enough, the invention of the musical glasses, or armonica, which since more than a hundred and thirty years has been attributed to Franklin, was not his invention. He only suggested some important improvements. This appears from a letter, dated London, 13 July, 1762, which Franklin wrote to John Baptist Beccaria. It contains a very long and detailed description of his armonica. After naming "one Mr. Puckeridge, a gentleman from Ireland," as the real inventor, he continues by saying that the first specimen of the instrument was destroyed by fire, and that "Mr. E. Delaval, a most ingenious member of our Royal Society, made one in imitation of it, with a better choice and form of glasses, which was the first I saw or heard." Though charmed by the sweetness of its tones, Franklin evidently was not in love with its construction:

Digitized by Google

"As it is an instrument that seems peculiarly adapted to Italian music, especially that of the soft and plaintive kind, I wished only to see the glasses disposed in a more convenient form and brought together in a narrower compass, so as to admit of a greater number of tones, and all within reach of hand to a person sitting before the instrument, which I accomplished after various intermediate trials, and also commodious forms both of glasses and construction." Then follows the exact description of his own instrument.

Our knowledge of Franklin's share in the development of the armonica depends upon this letter and the one dated London, 8 Dec., 1772, answering the queries of M. Dubourg concerning the best way of playing the instrument. As the outlines of Franklin's autobiography included a descriptive history of the armonica, it is to be regretted that the book ends with the year 1757.

The quire instrument aroused enthusiasm from the beginning. The "Hannoversche Magazin" and the "Leipsiger wochentliche Nachrichten die Musik betreffend" both brought descriptions of it as early as 1766. The "Musikalischer Almanach fur Deutschland auf das Yahr 1782" says: "Of all musical inventions, the one of Mr. Franklin has created perhaps the greatest excitement. Concerning the way of producing tones, it is an entirely new kind of instrument." We know from Franklin's own words that this statement is not quite correct.

Very soon the armonica became fashionable. We remember the delightful passage in the Vicar of Wakefield: "They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare and the musical glasses." They were not only played in private circles, but in concerts, and the names of several armonica virtuosos have come down to posterity. The quoted Almanac mentions as such among "clever instrumental artists in Germany," Fricke, court-organist of the Markgraf von Baden-Baden, and a certain Rollig, who figures as late as 1789 in this specialty.

Of course the armonica was not unknown in our own country. For instance, I copied from the Pennsylvania Gazette, Philadelphia, 1764, December 27, the following advertisement:

"For the Benefit of Mr. *Forage,* and others, Assistant Performers at the Subscription Concert in this city, on Monday, the 31st

Digitized by Google

of this instant December, at the Assembly Room in Lodge Alley, will be performed *A Concert of Music;* consisting of a Variety of the most celebrated Pieces now in Taste, in which also will be introduced the famous Armonica, or Musical Glasses, so much admired for the great Sweetness and Delicacy of its Tone. Tickets at 7s 6d each."

Later on, George James L'Argean, who taught at his "Musical Room," in Baltimore, "Violencello, Bassoon, Harpsichord, Piano-forte, German Flute, Oboe, Clarionet, French Horn, and Guitar," ends an advertisement in the Maryland Journal, 1790, July 23, by saying: "The Musical Glasses are performed, to any Number of Ladies and Gentlemen, by giving timely Notice."

A few years later Mr. Moller, who with Messrs. Capron, Carr, Gillingham, Reinagle, played a prominent part in the musical life of Philadelphia, advertised in Dunlap's American Daily Advertiser, 1795, May 4, for the following day, a "Miscellaneous Concert * * * under the direction of Mr. Moller, at which will be introduced the Harmonica." The program reads:

ACT I.

Overture.....Haydn
Song arranged for Harmonica by.....Moller
Anintetto..... Pleyel
Concerto Violin.....Gillingham
Full Price.....Pleyel

ACT II.

Overture.....Pleyel
Quartetto, Harmonica, Two Tenors and Violincello by.....Moller
Concerto Violincello.....Manell
Fantasia Pianoforte.....Moller
Finale.....Haydn

Forage's instrument probably was a copy of Franklin's, if not the original; that of Moller may already have shown some of the improvements attempted by the Abbe Mazzuchi on account of "the many and great inconveniences in the Harmonica of the celebrated Mr. Franklin." One of the principal modifications, according to Forkel's Mus. Krit. Bibliothek, 1779, was to produce the tones with a fiddle-bow instead of using the fingers. He also made experiments with wooden boxes, which are said to have produced tones similar to those of the flute. Equally ingenious was the above mentioned Fricke's project (1769) to apply a keyboard to the instrument.

Digitized by Google

The interest taken for the harmonica did not die with the eighteenth century. Ours, too, has seen various efforts to make it popular, especially the efforts of Pohl in Darmstadt. Those who are interested in further particulars will find them, I presume, though I have not read the book, in the "History of the Harmonica," which Karl Ferdinand Pohl, the son of the virtuoso, published in 1862.

Undoubtedly Franklin himself was proficient on his instrument, and often may have spent his leisure hours with playing on it Italian music of the "soft and plaintive kind." It was not the only instrument, however, which he enjoyed and tried to play, even if his technical abilities were amateurish and limited. "I shall never touch the sweet strings of the British lyre without remembering my British friends, and particularly the kind giver of the instrument," he writes from Philadelphia (7 Dec. 1762) to Mr. Whiteford, who congratulated him upon the marriage of his son William. Was his "British lyre" a guitar, a harp, or a harpsichord? It matters little which. The fact remains that Franklin liked and practiced some fashionable instrument before he spent an important period of his life in London and Paris, where he is known to have taken a vivid interest in art.

But what did he mean with soft and plaintive Italian music?

As his letter was written in 1762, his knowledge of Italian music naturally was restricted to what was known of it in the colonies, and especially in Philadelphia.

It is the general opinion that the musical life of America in the eighteenth century was exceedingly primitive, but a few degrees less so in sacred music than in secular. Sure, our early musical life has a rather provincial aspect when compared with that of London, Paris, Dresden, Vienna, Rome, but it was by no means so primitive as our historians, with the exception of Brooks, Madeira, and a few others, have pictured it. They generally made the great mistake of observing things through a New England church window instead of studying more than superficially the secular music of "ye olden time" in the middle and southern colonies. This treatment of the subject has done more harm than good. Whoever took pains of collecting systematically concert programs and advertisements from the old newspapers will agree with me that our early musical life was, as

Digitized by Google

I said above, provincial, but not disproportionately more so than in the small out-of-the-way towns of Europe. And if it is to be called primitive and crude, our sacred music deserves this verdict perhaps more than the secular.

We had regular opera seasons in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Annapolis, Charleston, the repertoire consisting, of course, mostly of English ballad-operas and a few French and Italian operas, for instance, Pergolese's "Serva Padrona," translated into English. We had regular orchestral subscription or amateur concerts; we had harmonica societies; we did not neglect chamber music, and music played a prominent part in all college commencements. The German flute, the guitar, the harpsichord—the fashionable instruments of the time—the pianoforte, the violin, the bass-viol, were not missing in well-to-do families of the middle and southern colonies. Not even the Italian and French virtuoso were wanting, nor the blessed "Wunderkinder."

About 1760 the musical life of Philadelphia depended more or less upon such "imported" musicians as Albert, Brunner, Tyring, John Schneider and Forage. It is easy to ridicule their talent and ability, but it is difficult to deny the historical fact that under their guidance the music of Leo, Galuppi, Pergolese, Corelli, Geminiani, not to mention a host of minor lights, or the fashionable British composers, or the Germans, Gluck, Hasse, Handel, was sold, taught, played and enjoyed by our forefathers.

These facts throw some light upon Franklin's seemingly odd words. At least they go to show what kind of music he might have known and enjoyed, if really interested in music. If his share in a musical invention alone renders his interest undeniable, it can be traced through all his works and letters.

While at Bethlehem, studying the institutions of the Moravians (1757), he took an apparent interest in their highly developed musical life. He says in his autobiography: "I was at their church, where I was entertained with good musick, the organ being accompanied with violins, hautboys, flutes, clarinets, etc."

From a household letter, written to his wife, 22 June, 1767, in London, we know that even his house was not without relations to music. He gives her instructions about the "blue room,"

Digitized by Google

telling her to "let the papier mache musical figures be tacked to the middle of the ceiling." If his various instruments were located in this "blue room," as we may suppose, it must have had quite a musical atmosphere, especially when crowded with friends who came to hear the musical glasses.

Of his poems, to-day duly forgotten, and not even by their author thought much of, at least one was evidently meant for musical treatment. When seventy-four years of age Franklin mentioned it in a letter to the Abbe de la Roche, at Autenil (near Paris): "I have," he writes, "run over, my dear friend, the little book of poetry by M. Helvetius, with which you presented me. The poem on 'Happiness' pleased me much, and brought to my recollection a little drinking song, which I wrote forty years ago, upon the same subject, and which is nearly on the same plan, with many of the same thoughts, but very concisely expressed. It is as follows:

Singer: Fair Venus calls; her voice obey.
In beauty's arms spend night and day.
The joys of love all joys excell
And loving's certainly doing well.

" * * * and so on alternative between singer and chorus."

I do not know whether Franklin himself or one of our early composers ever tried to compose it, or, following the custom of the time, tried to adopt some popular tune to this poem. Probably nobody knew of its existence. It would have been easy enough for Franklin to find a composer, as he took a vivid and encouraging interest in the beginnings of our artistic life, and as he, from some letters, appears to have been personally acquainted with our early painters, poets and musicians, an extract from his letters to Mary Stevenson, Philadelphia, 25 March, 1763, may prove this. He writes:

"After the first cares of the necessaries of life are over, we shall come to think of the embellishments. Already some of our young geniuses begin to lisp attempts at painting, poetry and music. * * * The manuscript piece is by a young friend of mine, and was occasioned by the loss of one of his friends, who lately made a voyage to Antigua to settle some affairs previous to an intended marriage with an amiable young lady here, and unfortunately died there. I send it to you because the author is a great

Digitized by Google

admirer of Mr. Stanley's musical compositions,* and has adapted this piece to an air in the sixth concerto of that gentleman, the sweetly solemn movement of which he is quite enraptured with. He has attempted to compose a recitative for it, but not being able to satisfy himself in the bass, wishes I could get it supplied. If Mr. Stanley would condescend to do that for him, he would esteem it as one of the highest honors, and it would make him excessively happy. You will say that a recitative can be but a poor specimen of our music. It is the best and all I have at present, but you may see better hereafter."

As James Lyon and Francis Hopkinson, 1763, both in Philadelphia, had already won some reputation in America as composers, or rather as compilers, it may seem strange that Franklin does not mention them, though he, as a printer, must have noticed the publication of Lyon's "Urania" and Hopkinson's "An Exercise," in 1761. Perhape he did not think it worth while to mention their rude efforts when talking of a fashionable European composer like John Stanley.

I have dwelt upon all these minor details in order to show that Benjamin Franklin possessed a keen interest for music and a certain knowledge of its literature. But so far, with exception of his traditional invention of the musical glasses, he did not surpass the many other lovers of music in colonial America. The two following documents, however, place him high above the average amateur, not only of his own country and time, but also of Europe and to-day. The letters need no comment. Their historical importance is obvious.

The first one is addressed to Peter Franklin at Newport. It is without date, but Bigelow justly published it among the London letters of 1765. It reads as follows:

"Dear Brother: I like your ballad, and think it well adapted for your purpose of discountenancing expensive foppery and encouraging industry and frugality. If you can get it generally sung in your country, it may probably have a good deal of the effect you hope and expect from it. But as you aimed at making it general, I wonder you chose so uncommon a measure in poetry that none of the tunes in common use will suit it. Had you fitted it to an old one, well known, it must have spread much

*According to Riemann this once celebrated composer lived from 1715-1786. Handel was fond of his music and left part of his musical library to him.

Digitized by Google

faster than I doubt it will do from the best new tune we can get composed for it. I think, too, that if you had given it to some country girl in the heart of Massachusetts, who has never heard any other than psalm tunes or 'Chevy Chase,' the 'Children in the Woods,' the 'Spanish Lady,' and such old, simple ditties, but has naturally a good ear, she might more probably have made a pleasing popular tune for you than any of our masters here, and more proper to the purpose, which would best be answered if every word could, as it is sung, be understood by all that hear it, and if the emphasis you intend for particular words could be given by the singer as well as by the reader; much of the force and impression of the song depending on those circumstances. I will, however, get it as well done for you as I can.

"Do not imagine that I mean to depreciate the skill of our composers of music here; they are admirable at pleasing practiced ears and know how to delight one another; but in composing for songs the reigning taste seems to be quite out of nature, or rather the reverse of nature, and yet, like a torrent, hurries them all away with it; one or two, perhaps, only excepted.

"You, in the spirit of some ancient legislators, would influence the manners of your country by the united powers of poetry and music. By what I can learn of their songs, the music was simple, conformed itself to the usual pronunciation of words, as to measure, cadence or emphasis, etc., never disguised and confounded the language by making a long syllable short, or a short one long, when sung; their singing was only a more pleasing because a melodious manner of speaking; it was capable of all the graces of prose oratory, while it added the pleasure of harmony. A modern song, on the contrary, neglects all the proprieties and beauties of common speech, and in their place introduces its *defects* and *absurdities* as so many graces. I am afraid you will hardly take my word for this, and therefore I must endeavour to support it by proof. Here is the first song I lay my hand on. It happens to be a composition of one of our greatest masters, the ever famous Handel. It is not one of his juvenile performances, before his taste could be improved and formed; it appeared when his reputation was at the highest, is greatly admired by all his admirers, and is really excellent in its kind. It is called, 'The additional favorite Song in Judas Maccabeus.'

Digitized by Google

Now I reckon among the defects and improprieties of common speech the following, viz.:

"1. *Wrong placing the accent or emphasis* by laying it on words of no importance or on wrong syllables.

"2. *Drawling;* or extending the sound of words or syllables beyond their natural length.

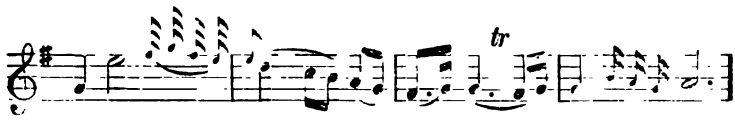
"3. *Stuttering;* or making many syllables of one.

"4. *Unintelligibleness;* the result of the three foregoing united.

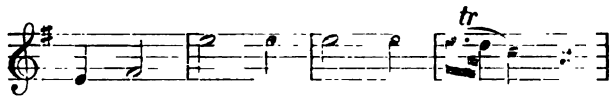
"5. *Tautology;* and,

"6. *Screaming* without cause.

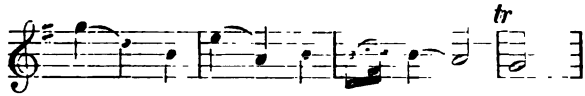
"For the wrong placing of the accent or emphasis, see it on the word *their* instead of being on the word *vain*:



"And from the word *from,* and the wrong syllable *like*:

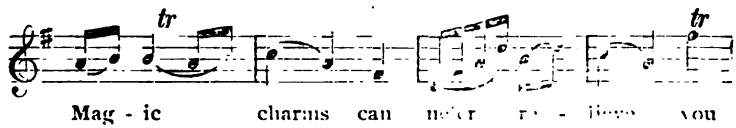


"For the drawling, see the last syllable of the word *wounded*:



"And in the syllable *wis,* and the word *from* and the syllable *bove*:

"For the stuttering, see the words *ne'er relieve* in:



"Here are four syllables made of one, and eight of three; but this is moderate. I have seen in another song, that I cannot now

Digitized by Google

find, seventeen syllables made of three, and sixteen of one. The latter, I remember, was the word *charms;* viz., cha-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-arms. Stammering with a witness! For the unintelligibleness, give this whole song to any taught singer, and let her sing it to any company that have never heard it. You shall find they will not understand three words in ten. It is, therefore, that at the oratorios and operas one sees with books in their hands all those who desire to understand what they hear sung by even our best performers.

"For the tautology, you have, *with their vain, mysterious art,* twice repeated; *magic charms can ne'er relieve you,* three times; *Nor can the wounded heart,* three times; *God-like wisdom from above,* twice, and *this alone can ne'er deceive you,* twice or three times. But this is reasonable when compared with the *Monster Polypheme,* the *Monster Polypheme,* a hundred times over and over in his admired 'Acis and Galatea.'

"As to the screaming, perhaps I cannot find a fair instance in this song; but whoever has frequented our operas will remember many. And yet there, methinks, the words *no* and *e'er,* when sung to these notes, have a little of the air of *screaming,* and would actually be screamed by some singers:

"I send you enclosed the song with its music at length. Read the words without the repetitions. Observe how few they are, and what shower of notes attend them; you will then, perhaps, be inclined to think with me that, though the words might be the principal part of an ancient song, they are of small importance in a modern one. They are, in short, only a *pretence for singing.*

"I am, as ever, your affectionate brother,

"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

"P. S.—I might have mentioned *inarticulation* among the defects in common speech that are assumed as beauties in modern singing. But as that seems more the fault of the singer than of the composer, I omitted it in what related merely to the composition. The fine singer, in the present mode, stifles all the hard consonants and polishes away all the rougher parts of words that serve to distinguish them one from another; so that you hear nothing but an admirable pipe, and understand no more of the song than you would from its tune played on any other instrument. If ever it was the ambition of musicians to make in-

Digitized by Google

struments that should imitate the human voice, that ambition seems now reversed, the voice aiming to be like an instrument. Thus wigs were first made to imitate a good natural head of hair; but when they became fashionable, though in unnatural forms, we have seen natural hair dressed to look like wigs."

No doubt, Franklin shows a remarkably pure taste in this polemical essay. He can justly be classified among the most critical and boldest writers on musical declamation of that period. Very few critics and professional musicians had or have equally independent esthetical reasoning powers, and certainly the contemporaneous artists, when "talking shop" with Franklin, have haughtily sneered at the ideas of the musical greenhorn from the American prairies and backwoods.

The second letter he directed from London, 2 June, 1765, to the philosopher and "bel esprit," Lord Karnes, at Edinburgh. It is, in my opinion, even more surprisingly original and important than the one on declamation. Here the American sage appears as an ardent admirer of a folk-lore, pure, simple, and not embellished or overloaded with modern "Verschlim in besserungen," long before our historians brought similar theories into practice. Moreover, Franklin expresses ideas on melody, which usually are considered of newest date, and which it took the psychologists of music more than a century to explain, prove and develop. When this extremely interesting letter was first reprinted in Dwight's Journal of Music and other reviews from Spark's edition of Franklin's works (1856), if I remember well, it was done with a benevolent smile. The letter was spoken of as an antediluvian curiosity and as a corpus delicti of Franklin's musical illiteracy. How surprised would these writers be if they knew that similar theories, though in a clearer and more elaborate form, have been expounded by authorities like Karl Stumpf and Hugo Riemann as indisputable. What Benjamin Franklin wrote one hundred and thirty-five years ago reads:

"In my passage to America I read your excellent work, the 'Elements of Criticism,' in which I found great entertainment. I only wished you had examined more fully the subject of music, and demonstrated that the pleasure artists feel in hearing much of that composed in the modern taste is not the natural pleasure arising from melody or harmony of sounds, but of the same kind

Digitized by Google

with the pleasure we feel on seeing the surprising feats of tumblers and rope-dancers, who execute difficult things. For my part, I take this to be really the case, and suppose it to be the reason why those who are unpracticed in music, and therefore unacquainted with those difficulties, have little or no pleasure in hearing this music. I have sometimes, at a concert, attended by a common audience, placed myself so as to see all their faces, and observed no signs of pleasure in them during the performance of a great part that was admired by the performers themselves; while a plain old Scotch tune, which they disdained, and could scarcely be prevailed on to play, gave manifest and general delight.

"Give me leave, on this occasion, to extend a little the sense of your position, that 'melody and harmony are separately agreeable and in union delightful,' and to give it as my opinion that the reason why the Scotch tunes have lived so long, and will probably live forever (if they escape being stifled in modern affected ornament), is merely this, that they are really compositions of melody and harmony united, or rather that their melody is harmony. I mean the simple tunes sung by a single voice. As this will appear paradoxical, I must explain my meaning.

"In common acceptation, indeed, only an agreeable *succession* of sounds is called *melody,* and only the *coexistence* of agreeable sounds *harmony.* But, since the memory is capable of retaining for some moments a perfect idea of the pitch of a past sound, so as to compare with it the pitch of a succeeding sound, and judge truly of their agreement or disagreement, there may and does arise from thence a sense of harmony between the present and past sounds equally pleasing with that between two present sounds.

"Now, the construction of the old Scotch tunes is this, that almost every succeeding emphatical note is a third, a fifth, an octave, or, in short, some note that is in concord with the preceding note. Thirds are chiefly used, which are very pleasing concords. I use the word *emphatical* to distinguish those notes which have a stress laid on them in singing the tune, from the lighter connecting notes that serve merely, like grammar articles in common speech, to tack the whole together.

"That we have a most perfect idea of a sound just past, I might appeal to all acquainted with music, who know how easy

Digitized by Google

it is to repeat a sound in the same pitch with one just heard. In tuning an instrument, a good ear can easily determine that two strings are in unison by sounding them separately as by sounding them together; their disagreeament is also as easily, I believe I may say more easily and better, distinguished, when sounded separately; for when sounded together, though you know by the beating that one is higher than the other, you cannot tell which it is. I have ascribed to memory the ability of comparing the pitch of a present tone with that of one past. But if there should be, as possibly there may be, something in the ear, similar to what we find in the eye, that ability would not be entirely owing to memory. Possibly the vibrations given to the auditory nerves by a particular sound may actually continue some time after the cause of those vibrations is past, and the agreement or disagreement of a subsequent sound becomes by comparison with them more discernible. (Franklin for a moment leaves the musical subject and explains similar optical phenomena, stating that it is easier to retain the impression of lines than of colors.)

"Farther, when we consider by whom these ancient tunes were composed and how they were first performed, we shall see that such harmonical successions of sounds were natural, and even necessary, in their construction. They were composed by the minstrels of those days to be played on the harp, accompanied by the voice. The harp was strung with wire, which gives a sound of long continuance, and had no contrivance like that in the modern harpsichord, by which the sound of the preceding could be stopped the moment a succeeding note began. To avoid actual discord it was therefore necessary that the succeeding emphatical note should be a chord with the preceding, as their sounds must exist at the same time. Hence arose that beauty in those tunes that has so long pleased, and will please forever, though men scarce know why. That they were originally composed for the harp, and of the most simple kind, I mean a harp without any half notes but those in the natural scale and with no more than two octaves of strings, from C to C, I conjecture from another circumstance, which is, that not one of those tunes, really ancient, has a single artificial half note in it, and that in tunes where it was most convenient for the voice to use the middle notes of the harp and place the key in F, then the B, which, if used, should be a B flat,

Digitized by Google

is always omitted by passing over it with a third. The connoisseurs in modern music will say I have no taste, but I cannot help adding that I believe our ancestors, in hearing a good song, distinctly articulated, sung to one of those tunes, and accompanied by the harp, felt more real pleasure than is communicated by the generality of modern operas, exclusive of that arising from the scenery and dancing. Most tunes of late composition, not having this natural harmony united with their melody, have recourse to the artificial harmony of a bass and other accompanying parts. This support, in my opinion, the old tunes do not need, and are rather confused than aided by it. Whoever has heard James Oswald* play these on his violoncello will be less inclined to dispute this with me. I have more than once seen tears of pleasure in the eyes of his auditors; and yet, I think, even *his* playing those tunes would please more, if he gave them less modern ornament."

*According to Brown & Stratton's British Musical Biogr. (1897) Oswald was born in 1710 or 1711 and died in 1769. He was dancing master, music teacher and later on music setter in London. His specialty were collections of Scotch tunes. Besides these he published 55 marches for the militia and other pieces.

Digitized by Google

NORDICA: A STUDY.

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

Many articles touching upon the musical career of Mme. Nordica have been written, but no study of her personality has, to my knowledge, appeared. In the years of our friendship many happenings, under widely varying conditions, have given me glimpses of that personality. If I write as a friend, hampered, if you will, by that fact, I only ask you to recall that it is the friend who can give most fully an insight to *personality,* because of opportunity for observation that comes alone through such conditions.

Foreigners, chiefly the English, confess amusement at our interest in this matter of personality of celebrities, but after all, those very traits and qualities that attract our attention enter in no small degree as influences upon their art. In no instance is a study of life from life more vital than that of the musician, for of no other class has a greater amount of nonsense been written after death. The kindness that is denied in life rarely fails to spring from the clods that fall on the coffin lid, but the danger lies in the fact that this posthumous kindness too often degenerates into the manufactured variety, senile or maudlin, according to the taste of the writer. Personally the study of people is so much more fascinating than books that the best of biographies arouses a sigh that the word of the writer rather than my own eyes must be accepted as evidence. There is always the feeling left that one glimpse, no matter how brief, under the conditions of life, would have allowed a so much broader view than all the printed pages. These brief glimpses of Mme. Nordica I give as impressions still fresh in mind.

To the student of heredity, and who knows the singer's ancestry, no explanation of certain traits of character is necessary. For this descendant of the first missionary governor of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket embodies traits that once distinguished him. This same missionary governor ancestor preached the last Sunday of his life, at the age of ninety-three, and lay on his

Digitized by Google

death bed the evening of that same day. The last act of another ancestor, the Rev. Josiah Allen, chaplain of the Maine legislature, was to deliver a prayer at the opening of the session and fall dead with his closing words.

There is a will in the blood that makes the representatives of her race die on their feet. So, as dominant qualities, will, energy and determination are her's by right of consequence. As to the fighting blood, and somehow the preacher's offspring seem to come by a goodly share of it, there are soldiers enough in both the Allen and the Norton lines of her ancestry to make sure of it.

There has been no more far-reaching fight in the history of opera, and assuredly none equaling it in this country, than the one between Mme. Nordica and Mr. Jean De Reszke. It is ended now, and, like all battles, it has left its scars, but in this connection it is not amiss to say that Mme. Nordica stood alone against the tenor entrenched behind his manager at the Metropolitan and behind the social influence that manages the opera in London. While the matter lasted she made some lively moments for the opposing forces. When it was settled she fell ill, but escaped death in time to get out of bed and begin the next season with a strengthened position in the operatic world. Mr. Ibsen might make a more cheerful heredity play from this incident than from some others he has chosen.

One afternoon in London Mme. Nordica was suddenly called upon to decide a matter that would affect her entire career. "What shall I say?" she asked, turning to me. Before I had time to frame a reply she was seated at her desk writing. For some moments she wrote rapidly, without pause or hesitation, sealed the letter and sent it. Her decision was made and there was no alternative of a reconsideration. It meant that, as far as she was concerned, the entire existing order of things was to be overset or that she would win—she won. But in the days that elapsed before she was assured of this not a word of self-doubt or of uncertainty as to whether she had followed the best course ever escaped her. She knew that she had acted along the lines of right; that settled it irrevocably. Self-reliance is learned through hard experience, but the germ of it must be born in one. If you doubt me, look about you at the many who have been buffeted like reeds in a wind, but who have only learned that it is easier to vacillate than to decide.

Digitized by Google

On the purely feminine side of things she has the deftness of the American woman with her needle, inventing a hat at a moment's notice and manufacturing one new ornament out of three old ones with which to decorate it. But if she gives attention to details in this direction, she is indifferent to the value of anything that interferes with her work. One afternoon at Queen's Hall, in London, she took a penknife and cut in half the collar of a French gown made for the occasion. "Now, my throat is free and I can sing better," she said with satisfaction when it was accomplished.

Great stress has been placed upon work in the case of Mme. Nordica as a factor of her career, but perhaps we have not always stopped to remember that it was the work beyond that point at which others rest which made with her, as with all who succeed eminently, the key note of success. The people most gifted naturally are the least likely to succeed in music or in art. The ballast of application has been neglected before they left port.

With Mme. Nordica it has meant unremitting effort, but it has meant also a just valuation of her powers and where she needed to strengthen them. It has meant work, always work, and many is the day that I have seen her, propped up with pillows, the score of some opera resting against her knees, forgetting illness in study.

One afternoon she was taken ill on the stage at the Metropolitan in a performance of "Tristan und Isolde." She described the sensation of the lights swimming before her eyes, the instruments in the orchestra that seemed to spring up at her and surround her with unfamiliar sounds. To stand on the stage was a supreme test of strength, beyond that everything seemed done independent of her own volition, done by instinct instead of will. Those are the moments in which work beyond work, and still more work, will tell—to know things so that you not only can do them, but that you cannot help doing them.

Mme. Nordica is not a woman given lightly to tears. Only once have I seen her give way to them, during the wedding ceremony with Mr. Doeme. He was standing square at attention, like a soldier, answering in the finest English he could muster. But when it came Mme. Nordica's turn she began bravely, presently faltered, and then leaning against his shoulder shed the first and last tears I have seen from her eyes.

Digitized by Google

Self-command, always self-command. What would the artist be without it? Still, there are people who cannot sing one of those German songs that end in a wail without being moved to tears, but who persist in not singing exclusively in private.

One winter night Mme. Nordica arrived after a long railway journey unnerved by an accident. A young girl had been run over and killed at a small station. She had heard the cries of the mother. The next morning, standing by the piano singing Erkel's "Erszebeth" aria, which she was to sing with the Chicago orchestra, she exclaimed: "Now I know what that means!" She referred to the long florid passage at the close of the first part, the wail of the mother for her children. "I can hear in it the cry of that poor woman last night." She had sung it before, but not with the anguish in it that the notes in themselves only indicated in a long florid passage, otherwise empty of meaning. It was not that her natural feeling was forgot, but with the singer that is genuine everything is tributary to the song.

On her way to the theater to sing in a "Lohengrin" matinee, Mme. Nordica received a telegram announcing the sudden death of a niece. She sang the performance well. "Not allowing my thoughts to dwell for a moment on anything but the role," was the way she explained it. After it was over she fainted and was for some days ill. The singer whose feelings are searching around on all occasions to be hurt by small things is unfortunately not put first through the schools of bearing great ones.

In some rather trying situations I have seen Mme. Nordica keep her temper. "For getting in a rage is a luxury no singer can afford, it shows too quickly in the voice," she explained. "Mr. Thomas said to me once," I answered, "it used to be that I would quarrel, but now I'm tired, I walk away." Mme. Nordica has a sense of humor. "Then he has changed his mind within the last three days," she said, "for he quarreled so with Frau Klafsky at Cincinnati that she was almost too hoarse to sing."

Later, when Mr. Thomas said something leading up to the subject I repeated jokingly the closing words as having heard them. "Who said that?" asked Mr. Thomas, laughingly. "Mme. Nordica? Well, I don't care if she did. She is one of the few of them that know something. I have respect for her."

With Mme. Nordica a promise once given is kept. I have

Digitized by Google

heard people reminding or inquiring of her regarding some promise or engagement for which her word alone stood, and invariably the tone of her reply was one of surprise. It appeared strange to her to entertain any other idea than the fulfillment of that which she had promised. From her preacher ancestors she gets the talent for dramatic delivery, and not only to the accompaniment of the orchestra. There have been moments when she announced an opinion or idea upon some subject of close interest when all the force and emphasis of the public speaker have been recalled. It was the sounding of those same preacher voices out of the great silences, such voices as speak through each one of us according to those ancestors that have gone before, and which make fate for us a thing of foreordained certainty, once given the conditions necessary to call them into play. But tempering and strengthening fatalism is the knowledge of the power of our own will, the putting of things under our feet or the building of them up.

In Mme. Nordica's case there is inherited the combativeness, the strength, energy, and perseverence that have gone to conserve her talents and ripen them, but it is the force of her own will that has helped her most.

The old New England unbending spirit and suppressed temperament proved at once her stronghold and the forces with which she had her greatest struggle, for grace and naturalness must know no set restrictions. To succeed she had to overcome her strongest inclinations before she could command the very forces that held her strength. It became a matter of mental processes, gradual development and indomitable will, things that in all ages have developed the art as well as the mind that is strongest.

Digitized by Google

JENNY LIND IN ST. LOUIS.

BY THEOPHILE PAPIN.

About the beginning of 1851 the strain of expectation for Barnum and his Swedish prodigy had begun to relax with the long waiting, when an incident revived it even beyond the first intensity.

In the early part of February there arrived from New Orleans an advance agent of the Lind troupe, Mr. Harrington. He came to arrange the preliminaries of the concerts, and inquiring his way to the St. Louis theater, he there met the veteran stage manager, Mr. Sol. Smith, an old friend of Mr. Barnum, who informed him that the concert hall (Wyman's) had already been selected, subject, however, to his, the agent's approval. No time was lost in this first interview, but the two starting out they called on Mr. Charles Balmer, at that time the leader here of all the notable musical enterprises, and the trio proceeded for the tour of inspection to Wyman's hall, where they met its manager.

The hall was found to be appropriate, save its somewhat lacking seating capacity, whose enlargement, however, was quite practicable—and a general refurnishing. Accordingly, orders were given that very day, and on the day following, the room was filled with carpenters and iron men engaged in erecting a broad gallery around it; then came the painters and paper hangers, dressing it thoroughly, along with its accessory passage ways, so that within a week the concert hall had become newer, brighter and more attractive even than when the building was first finished. It might be added, parenthetically, that Mr. Barnum, being by nature very methodic, could be both close and liberal in his expenditures. Where a large outlay would add to the attraction of his show, or the size of its audience, his prodigality knew no stint. The rejuvenation of Wyman's Hall may be called a mere bagatelle of cost in comparison with his prodigality in many other requirements of these same Jenny Lind concerts. On the morning of March 17th, a group of

Digitized by Google

well-known citizens at the Levee stood about three waiting carriages of a kind and equipment somewhat better than the vehicles usually seen in that locality. The eyes of the party were turned to the south, when the steamer "Lexington" broke around the head of Duncan's Island, and the boat sped forward with flags flying and whistle blowing. She was under a heavy pressure of steam evidently, judging by the black volume of smoke that poured from her chimneys. She soon reached the long line of anchored boats crowded close together, at that period, for the distance of a mile or more, even beyond the old sugar refinery. As the "Lexington" approached her intended landing, a well dressed party was observed on her forecastle, among whom a tall, stout man, rightly supposed to be the immortal Barnum himself, and at his side a little lady, heavily cloaked—his noted ward of the day—Jenny Lind.

Having come ashore, the party were rapidly driven to their hotel, the noted Planters House, for the scattered Levee crowds had no notice of the intended arrival at that hour, consequently there was a clear passage from the river, but at the hotel quite a company had gathered, newspaper attaches, some few city officials, members of music firms and others. A carpet had been spread over the staircase and across the sidewalk to the carriage step, and mine host, Mr. Scollay, escorted his distinguished guests into the house, where suitable apartments had been prepared, those of Jenny Lind with magnificence.

Later the same day Mr. Barnum, accompanied by his friends, Mr. Sol. Smith and Mr. Balmer, visited Wyman's Hall. He expressed himself much pleased with its selection. "We had the option," remarked Mr. Balmer, of a theater near by with much more seating capacity, but we decided that the ethics of this hall would harmonize better with Jenny Lind's song." "Very true," replied Mr. Barnum. "Besides, an overcrowded small hall where the late comers must be turned from the door is always better in its effect on the public than a great hall with scattering tell-tale vacant chairs. Then, too, we will give several concerts at St. Louis. Everybody will have an opportunity of hearing us."

Five concerts, in fact, were given in St. Louis, successively as follows: First concert, Tuesday, March 18th; second, Thursday,

Digitized by Google

March 20th; third, Saturday, March 22d; fourth, Monday, March 24th; fifth and last, Wednesday, March 26th.

The principal members of the company were Jenny Lind; Salvi, tenor; Belletti, barytone; conductor,, Sir Julius Benedict; leader of orchestra, Joseph Burge; violin soloist, A. Waldauer; flutes, Kyle and Siede. The price of admission to all parts of the hall was fixed at $5.00. A limited number of tickets was sold for standing room behind the rows of seats in the balcony. For such standing places the price was $4.00. After the main audience had been seated, chairs were brought in and placed in the aisles, and these chairs were sold at the regular rate of $5.00. Notwithstanding this crowding of all available space, many applicants had to be turned away from the door. Fortunately no chance fire nor other cause of commotion occurred during the series of entertainments. But the choice of seats by auction sale added considerably to the large receipts. These morning auctions in the concert hall itself evoked no little interest among the ticket holders. An admission price of 10 cents was charged, which door receipts were invariably sent by Mr. Barnum to Mayor Kennett for charitable purposes. At the first morning sale on the 17th a mistake had been made in the selection of the auctioneer, a totally inexperienced young man, who seemed to be overcome for the time by the importance of his unaccustomed business. For all that, however, the bidding was pretty spirited, bringing the average receipts on the first night's tickets at $8.00. The highest price paid for the first choice was $50.00, the purchaser being a saloon keeper named Byron, who, it goes without saying, was thursting himself into prominence as an advertisement for his business, after the fashion of the hatter, Genin, in New York, who had paid $225 for the first seat. The hatter was said to have made a fortune on his original idea, for Genin hats, as well as Genin caps, gloves, etc., for a while were the rage all over the land, but his many imitators, like Byron in St. Louis, were likely not heard of after the mistake of their investment.

The doors were open during the concert season at half-past 6, and the entertainment began at half-past 8 o'clock. The street stragglers on the evening of March 18 began to wander about the approaches to Wyman's Hall as early as 6 o'clock, and at 8, Market street, from Fourth to Fifth, was filled at these two

Digitized by Google

ends of the block with scattering groups; but quite a distance from the hall door itself the jam became so dense that it was with the greatest difficulty, and by the assistance of some special policemen, that many of the ticket-holders were enabled to force their way through.

The hall itself was filled for the concert with as well-dressed

JENNY LIND.

and brilliant an audience as had ever before assembled in St. Louis, and, together with its bright rejuvenation of the ceilings and walls, the tout ensemble presented a beautiful spectacle. Withal, it seemed to be a happy assemblage where many friends and acquaintances were thrown together, judging by the constant and loud buzz through the great audience. Indeed, Jenny Lind's visit could not have taken place at a more opportune

Digitized by Google

time, for this was essentially the musical era of St. Louis. The love of the art propagated by a multitude of German teachers was shared by every intelligent class of the community.

There were great concerts, musicales, large and small, and there came few favorable summer nights when the still air was not broken by the sounds from serenading parties, far or near.

From the city's business circles there might have been chosen probably half a score of bright young men, merchants, lawyers, etc., who if turning their backs on their outsetting more sober pursuits and taking up their musical instruments, might have held their own at least respectably among the concert soloists of the day.

The reader may then conceive the lively emotion which possessed such an assembly at the verge of the concert by the greatest singer of the world, with her orchestra of greatest instrumentalists.

The music lovers of that period still lingering among us (few enough there must be) may wish to recall a sketch of some of the Lind entertainments. The following was the program for the opening night:

PROGRAM. PART I.

Overture—Massaniello ....Auber
Aria—"Sorgete" (Mometto Secondo).....Rossini
Signor Belletti.
Recitative—"Care Compagne"..... .....
Aria—Come per me Sereno (Sonambula).....Bellini
Mlle. Jenny Lind.
Rondo Russe, on the violin.....De Beriot
Mr. Joseph Burke.
Duetto—"Per Piacer all Signora" (Il Turco in Italia)..Rossini
Mlle. Jenny Lind and Signor Belletti.

PART II.

Overture—Crown Diamonds ....Auber
Aria—Paventar (il flauto Magico).....Mozart
Mlle. Jenny Lind.
Cavatina—Largo al factotum (Il Barbiere).....Rossini
Signor Belletti.
Trio, for voice and two flutes, composed expressly for
Mlle. Jenny Lind (Camp of Silesia).....Meyerbeer

Digitized by Google

Mlle. Jenny Lind.
Flutes, Messrs. Kyle and Siede.
Grand Wedding March from Midsummer Night's Dream .....Mendelssohn
The Herdsman's Song, commonly called "The Echo Song"
Mlle. Jenny Lind.
Conductor, Mr. Julius Benedict.

Signor Belletti in his first song was received with great applause. After the Recitative, which followed, a deathlike stillness fell over the large assembly. As the saying goes, "one might have heard a pin drop," and Jenny Lind appeared, accompanied by Sir Julius Benedict, who escorted her to the footlights and then withdrew. As recalled after the long lapse of half a century, the prima donna was of medium height—some of her precise biographers say five feet six. Her dress was suitably rich and suitably well fitting, but not remarkable. If she wore diamonds or other precious stones, they cannot be remembered now. Her features were regular, and her expression in repose rather pensive, but she often smiled in response to the encouragements of her audience, and then her face lighted up, bespeaking, as it seemed, an unaffected, artless nature. She was essentially of the German type, having rather a light complexion and light auburn hair, dressed with inverted puffs in a peculiar style of her own made familiar to the readers of all the prints and magazines of the day. There was nothing dashing in her deportment, but while singing she was under constant inspiration. It appeared, however, more from the earnest effort to perform her part well than from an appeal for applause. She never coquetted with her audience. Her staple was the solid gold itself. The songstress, with her, must be valued by the song, and nothing else. Throughout this concert, and through all the subsequent entertainments, Jenny Lind was greeted at her every return to the stage by the rapturous applause of her auditors. Notwithstanding that they had been well prepared in advance for extraordinary vocalization, her performances exceeded all the previous promises of her eulogists.

The writer of this article will attempt no criticism of the performances of the extraordinary songtress where the subject has been so thoroughly canvassed by many more competent judges

Digitized by Google

of music, both professional and amateur. He will only venture to state that which struck him and other unprofessional lovers of music at the respective entertainments, that the shortcoming in the compass of her voice, if any there was, lay in the lower scale, whose notes, while clear, seemed to be not so strong nor full as those of the higher pitch. Professor Waldauer, a member then of the troupe, a master performer on the violin, and a musical critic than whom no superior existed, gives the following impression of Jenny Lind's song: "Such was the purity and flute-like quality of her upper notes that it was difficult to distinguish between the notes of the singer and those of the flutes. The cadenzas with which she concluded her song were the most wonderful climaxes ever heard on the stage. Apparently disregarding all limitations, whether of written music or vocal possibility, she soared away like a skylark, giving runs and passages of almost incredible scope and difficulty."

The little, unostentatious woman, night after night presenting herself to her audiences with looks ever so modest and meek, electrified them indeed to the point of wild enthusiasm .

All the entertainments of the series were successful. A falling off, however, in the paying attendance of the second concert took place most unaccountably, but this was not known to the public nor perceived by the audience itself. The complimentary tickets for the opening night had been doled out rather parsimoniously. For the second concert an unexpected diminution appearing in the sale of tickets, Mr. Barnum did not hesitate to confront the disappointment after one of his early-time methods.

Supplying one of his agents with tickets, he started him off in one direction, while he, filling his pockets the same way, visited the newspaper offices, music stores, etc., giving out these free passes by the handsful, so to speak, stipulating only, as he went, that the ladies for whom they were used should come in evening dress. That night the audience was as full and brilliant as before, and it may be well conceived that the favored gallants were careful not to inform their companions they had been invited there as "dead heads." So this gap had been thoroughly bridged by the adroit manager, and in the remaining three nights there was neither vacant chairs nor standing room, and hundreds had again to be turned away from the door.

Digitized by Google

The crowds at these concerts were the greater that the city was filled, as seldom before, with strangers come to hear the "Nightingale." In those days there were no railroads to St. Louis, but the Mississippi river and its confluents were alive with steamers, which carried an immense passenger traffic.

The newspapers reported seven or eight hundred of these strangers had been unable to procure admission at the already overcrowded hotels, hence whatever steamboats at the levee found it practicable converted their passenger cabins into dormitories. The lodgings might have been worse, for these steamboat cabins were, as a rule, most attractive, and their numerous separate staterooms very comfortable.

The crowd that thronged the streets on the opening night has been noted above. An equal street audience was in attendance throughout the season with the same regularity as the gatherings inside. An amusing incident may be mentioned. There were two or three large trees rising from the sidewalk immediately opposite the hall. From the start these were taken possession of by some stout street arabs, who charged five cents a head for the privilege of climbing aloft and taking a seat on the branches. They were not without patrons, and seen from the opposite sidewalk, the backs of these boys comfortably curled on their perches catching such strains of the music as they could, might, in the semi-darkness, have reminded the old night hunters of the Missouri bottoms of so many black, bunched turkeys roosted asleep along the forest branches overhead. At one of the concerts the attention of the famous diva herself was attracted to her outside admirers. The hall in the course of the evening having become overheated, the windows back of the stage had been raised, and the strains of the orchestra and singer were passing freely out. Following the celebrated "bird song" the applause of the audience was taken up on the street, and there it became vociferous, mingled with the repeated calls of "Encore, encore." The songstress looked back a moment, then turning to Mr. Burke with a smile, she nodded acquiescingly, and repeated her song with increased spirit, if that was possible. Fortunately the musical democrats on the street had no idea the encore had been given them, else one can hardly tell to what hour of the early morning the outcries would have lasted.

The singing members of that notable company were well

Digitized by Google

known to the concert goers of their day almost the world over. Their names have come down familiarly even to the present generation. Among the instrumentalists, after two or three peerless violinists, may be mentioned only an extraordinary flute player, named Siede, who had been engaged for second parts, only because his companion had already been secured for first flute. Siede was said to be much the more accomplished player of the two. He was a stout young fellow, of about five and twenty, with pleasant, regular features, of an expression and movements the most phlegmatic. He played his solos without accompaniment and without his score, but advancing easily to the footlights, and raising his yellow-colored flute with a careless composure which seemed to presage slow music, he would at once begin a succession of inconceivably rapid movements, passing from the highest to the lowest notes and giving out his trills and runs, all with distinctness and force absolutely amazing to the other flutists and general audience that listened. Another of his peculiarities was his abundant resource of breath and its thrifty management at play, for he seemed to get over one or two pages of what would have been the written theme without the relief of a new respiration. He aroused a wild enthusiasm always among his hearers, but after every piece he bowed slightly, with an expression which might have followed the taking of a quiet cup of tea, and walked away stolidly as he had come.

Financially the concerts in St. Louis were very profitable, aggregating for the five concerts about $35,000 to $40,000, and large as this sum is, it hardly reaches the totals reported from some other cities.

It is stated that at one concert out of the thirteen given at New Orleans the receipts were $35,000, the largest amount received at any one performance given in this country. This result exceeds even that of the elflike Fannie Ellsler in the same theater many years before, when, after some particularly striking pirouette, the stage would be freely sprinkled with five and ten dollar gold pieces cast by the more reckless enthusiasts from the parquet. The change was natural to the advanced culture of the day.

On the way from New Orleans to St. Louis the troupe stopped at such points only where a guarantee of $5,000 could be given.

Digitized by Google

With this understanding $6,000 were received at Nashville and $10,000 at Memphis. There were in those days few considerable cities between New Orleans and St. Louis, consequently few stoppages could be made on these terms.

In the forenoon of the last concert day at St. Louis Mr. Barnum casually met and was presented to Mr. Kennett, the then mayor of the city. Remarking to him in the course of the interview, "We have been sending you day by day the receipts of admission to our auction sales—no great thing, perhaps, still, with all the calls on your charity from the poor of the city, even such trifles may help to fill some gaps, but Miss Lind has been much moved by the generous reception she has received from the St. Louis public, and you will hear from us again before we leave the city." The word had already passed. On the return to his office Mr. Kennett found the following letter:

"March 27, 1851.

"HON. L. M. KENNETT, Mayor of St. Louis:

"Enclosed please find $2,000, which I am instructed by Madamoiselle Jenny Lind and Mr. P. T. Barnum to send to you as a contribution, $1,000 from each, for the following charitable purposes, to-wit: To the Protestant Orphans' Home, $250; the Orphans' Home, $250; Catholic Male Orphan Asylum, $250; German Ladies' Benevolent Association, $250; and for relief of distressed emigrants of every nation, $1,000.

"L. C. STUART."

The generosity of Jenny Lind was manifest, it is said, at many points of this remarkable tour, Mr. Barnum contributing often, if not always, a full proportion. At New Orleans a sum was left commensurate, it is said, to the profits of its successful long series of concerts, thirteen in all. In New York $10,000 had been given in charity. At Natchez, Miss., the concerts were given in a church, the only building in the city suitable for such an assembly. The receipts were $6,000, of which Jenny Lind left $1,700 to the church, and in the same proportion, it may be assumed, generous tokens to the other places visited. To the troupe who accompanied her the diva was particularly lavish, distributing $15,000 among them in addition to the emoluments of their contract. Professor Waldauer withdrew from the troupe on the return to New York. He had been held

Digitized by Google

in high esteem by Miss Lind, who at parting placed a check for $1,200 in his hand, "to pay," she said, "the expenses of your journey back to St. Louis."

And what, approximately, were the profits of Manager Barnum and his star, Jenny Lind, in this joint enterprise? This cannot be answered with authority, but the public had it, as published time and again in the newspapers of the day, that a total of $700,000 had been cleared, of which Barnum received $400,000 and the cantatrice $300,000. The figures are probably exaggerated, as are generally the speculating approximates on the financial phase of such ventures.

It is computed that $50,000 or more were given in charities in the course of the concert tour throughout the United States. It is said, indeed, that from the outset the financial success of this tour having been clearly foreseen by the great showman, he had stipulated with Jenny Lind on such a system of bounteous benefactions—his idea likely being that a show of liberality in that direction would stimulate the general interest in the proposed entertainments, entailing their greater profits. His gifted ward conceded the more readily to her adroit manager that she was herself innately inclined to the practices of charity. But beyond this the great Barnum left her no room for dissatisfaction over the joint acts of benevolence. In an impulse of princely generosity he far more than counterbalanced all of her free-handed outlays. The original contract between them was a payment to her variously stated from $1,000 to $1,400 per concert, but after the first few of the long series, it had become evident that the tour would prove far more remunerative than either of them had foreseen. The disparity between the profits of the manager and the fixed salary of his star had become painfully striking, and while Jenny Lind averred she would stand by her contract loyally to the end, yet the constant discussion of the subject, even in her presence, by leading members of the company, might finally have occasioned her dissatisfaction.

But so it happened one day that Mr. Barnum followed his card to her drawing-room, and entered at once on the business of his call, telling her that she might destroy her first contract, for he had a better to offer her. He presented the draft of an engagement wherein he stipulated to pay her exactly the

Digitized by Google

double of the emolument first agreed upon. The mischief makers were silenced thenceforth.

During the sojourn in St. Louis, between the concerts, every honor was paid to the great songstress. Amongst them a serenade was given her by the Polyhymnia Society, then under the leadership, by courtesy, of the distinguished Jacques Ernest Miguel. At its conclusion the members were invited to her parlors, and after presentation of a gorgeous bouquet and its accompanying compliments, the lady expressed a desire to hear the Society in a concert. Accordingly the public entertainment was given at the old concert (or Xaupi's) hall, situated, like Wyman's, also on Market street—the room being crowded, and Jenny Lind, Signor Belletti and other notabilities of her company occupying the most prominent seats.

Jenny Lind's predilection for home life found some little opportunity of indulgence here. She was pleased by the cordiality of Mr. Charles Balmer and delighted still more with that of his charming wife. She visited them several times at their home, "Rose Cottage," on Fourth street, between Cerre and Gratiot streets, then one of the most fashionable districts in the city, the pretexts of her visits being the rehearsals of her little German encores, but the real purpose the varied chit-chat with the engaging Mrs. Balmer. Mrs. Balmer has become a venerable octogenarian now, but she recalls the memories of this period with all the vividness and interest of youth. Jenny Lind spoke the French and German languages fluently. Her English, however, at that time, was somewhat defective, in despite the two seasons of London opera life. At one of her concerts here, when singing a little ballad as an encore, a group of the audience occupying front seats aver that the line of tender reproach, "You'll break my heart, Willie," she rendered "Yoou'll preak min het." However that may have been, people were there to hear the music of the song, and the words passed for nothing. Wherever she went the songstress was received with open arms. On whatever stage she appeared, the acclamations sometimes became almost frantic. No one was so talked and written about as Jenny Lind during her tour through the United States. It was a triumphal progress throughout, as well it might have been, with a voice so phenomenal as hers and management so resourceful as that of the great Bar-

Digitized by Google

num. But for her strong character the head of the vocalist might well have been turned by the panegyrics and adulations, both written and spoken, of which she was the object. She remained, however, the same modest, simple, artless Jenny Lind. She prided herself on her extraordinary gift of voice, but without ostentation. She endeavored methodically to maintain her standard and improve it.

With all her successes, however, it is stated that her quiet home in Stockholm first, and later in life at Malvern, was her true paradise on earth, and her most cherished audience was always that gathered around the hearthstone, the little grandchildren who clambered contending for the first seat on grandmamma's knee when she entered. Her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, writes of their home life that the loving grandmother was constantly devising new occasions for presents to the little ones; that when away from home she was always writing them letters, and the words would be traced in great, round characters that they might be the more easily read by the children.

Jenny Lind's professional appearances before the public ceased even before her marriage, and while her vocal powers were still at their best. Her retirement thus at the acme of her glory excited the wonderment of all the artists and the regret of the musical world. Such a thing had never been known before nor since.

After her marriage, Mrs. Goldschmidt only sang before the public gratuitously for the sake of charity or some other worthy purpose.

The last verbal account the writer hereof had of the Swedish songstress was about the year 1881, when, happening to be for several days traveling in the company of the late Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the actor, that gentleman related his experience of a glimpse of Jenny Lind about as follows:

Sometime before, being at his hotel in London, one morning as he entered the breakfast room, a letter in a large envelope was handed him. It was an invitation to a great annual reception of artists. Who was the friend that sent the invitation he did not know, nor did he stop to inquire; but the occasion promised to be an interesting one, and on the appointed evening he presented himself at the hall and was passed in. The room was a vast one, brilliantly lighted, and a great part of the company

Digitized by Google

already assembled. There were not only actors and actresses from the stage, but well-known statesmen, literary people, notable sculptors and painters from the studios, members of foreign embassies, distinguished literary men. Indeed, the assembly was made up largely of the most prominent people at that time in London. Many wore decorations.

Our American visitor was about to advance towards the middle of the room when his attention was arrested by a lady, rather stout of person, who sat, half-reclining, alone on a sofa placed against the wall not far from the entrance. She wore a rich black satin dress, abundantly trimmed with costly laces. Her hair was snowy white, and beneath it a face and features of rare refinement, most winning in their gentle expression. She wore but the one ornament, a magnificent brooch clasping her deep, rich berthe. In one hand she held a large fan, which she used mechanically, while her eyes wandered placidly over the assembly. But the movements of the fan were constantly being interrupted by the greetings of new friends as they entered the hall, for what was most remarkable about this portly, comfortable lady was that she appeared to be familiarly known to a majority of the more distinguished people present. On a new arrival in the room, the glance of the incomer, after its uncertain sweep over the assembly, having fallen on her, at once he would repair to the sofa, where the greetings and brief conversation were sure to evoke a little laugh or equal expression of pleasure on both sides. Evidently the matronly lady must have been witty as she was good-humored.

"I was so much interested," said Mr. Barrett, "in this comfortable old lady that I could not but ask of a gentleman at my side to kindly tell me who she was. 'What, that lady?' answered he with surprise. 'Why, that is Mrs. Goldschmidt—Jenny Lind.' In another moment the stranger turned to me again: 'Will you do me the favor,' said he, 'to give me your own name?' I told him my name and profession, whereon, after another momentary pause, he advanced to Mrs. Goldschmidt, keeping his face from me and not at all inclining himself, he said something in an undertone, in which I caught the word 'American.' At this the lady turned suddenly to me, and the scrutiny of my features may have satisfied her, for surely I was regarding her in turn with all the respectful interest that in me lay. Her

Digitized by Google

face lighted up with a pleasant smile, and she inclined her head very slightly, but with unmistakable distinctness. I admit that just then I was in an emotional mood, and receiving this as a silent encouragement, I was about to advance and present myself for the pleasure of some small talk, might it be ever so brief. Unfortunately, however, there then presented themselves to her a gentleman, accompanied by two young ladies, evidently intimate friends of the interesting matron, but she had caught my movement, and with a slight deprecating shrug of the shoulder, she smiled very pleasantly as she bowed to me, and this I took to be my gracious dismissal.

"Pocketing the disappointment, therefore, I moved to another part of the hall. I always recall with pleasure this little impulsive pantomime with the celebrated Jenny Lind."

And so passed the happy later days of the renowned songstress, amid caresses and devotion at home, and outside, the admiration and honor of everyone.

It is said that in London there seldom was a social entertainment such as is mentioned above where the white head of Jenny Lind and her beautiful old-young face—for what greater comeliness is there than the youthful features encased in a setting of advanced age—were not to be seen.

Jenny Lind died at her Malvern home, Nov. 2, 1887. The event caused universal sorrow.

Digitized by Google

MEMORIZING AND COMPETENT MUSICAL INTERPRETATION.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

In Mr. Van Cleve's excellent article, entitled "How to Memorize," in the July number of Music, I noticed the following: "It is safe to say that whenever you do not know any musical composition by heart, you cannot enter into it absolutely, i. e., you cannot really interpret it." I have read similar assertions from other sources before. According to this theory, the Kneisel quartet or Boston Symphony orchestra "cannot really interpret" music because they play with notes.

Does not Clarence Eddy "enter into his music absolutely," although he plays with notes? The same could be said of Clara Schumann and others. Or is it only solo pianists who really interpret? This seems to be worth discussing. What do you say." G. W.

There need be no particular mystery about this matter. I am surprised than any good musician and player of youth or below middle age (like the correspondent above) should be in any doubt of the value and necessity of memorizing for preparing music for any kind of adequate performance. I admit that Clara Schumann may have played with notes. She belonged to a generation which had not yet learned to play the piano, but was beginning to do so. In her time opera singers learned their parts with difficulty; but a great advance had been made over a time long before, when they did not learn them at all. They were now supposed to learn their parts; but their memory of music and lines was so defective that opera was thought impossible without a prompt-box in the middle foreground of the stage, and a clear-voiced prompter in it, who read every line of the text just in advance of the singer. The Italians still have this relic of barbarism, and a well trained Italian singer, in the most ardent crisis of love or hate, hovers and lingers around the prompt-box, never sure at what moment the word will fail her. They used to have this in the drama, also, but later on they got the prompt box relegated to the wings, and nowadays

Digitized by Google

an actor unable to learn a part, and to retain it surely, is not thought to amount to much. Such a one is considered, and rightly, deficient in imagination and representative faculty—weak in the upper story.

In opera, you notice, all the English companies have now got the prompt-box out of sight; and Wagner did the same, but it took him a generation to do it. The first singers were unable to remember parts in the Wagner opera. Nowadays they remember them by scores.

Moreover, time was when a conductor could not lead accurately without a full score, and many a mishap has followed his losing his place. But any good conductor, even Theodore Thomas, who belongs to the older generation of conductors, could conduct most of his repertory (all of Beethoven and much of Wagner) and give every instrument its cues without having a score to refer to. Hans Richter has conducted the entire Ring in this way—I believe.

It is precisely the same thing in principle as between a reader delivering some great speech from Shakespeare, reading it from a book or reciting it from a trained mastery of the text. Or, to carry it farther, what would you think of a Hamlet reading his part from a book while he walked around the stage and mixed up with the other personages? Would it not be clear that he, at least, was no Hamlet?

The first reason why anybody played in public without notes was because he had happened to discover that he could. I do not know who the fortunate person was. He found that he was free from the eye-service of following printed lines and could attend to his hearers and to the emphasis of the sense in his piece.

There are two kinds of memorizing for playing. One is that kind of unconscious absorption which takes place in almost anybody who plays the same passage a sufficient number of times. The fingers get to know it, and if nothing happens it can be played through surely any number of times. But let anything happen to divert the attention of the player, or let him take a wrong finger at a critical moment, and his piece leaves him, and he cannot get in again without going back to the beginning, or to the beginning of the chapter at least. Have you not met this kind of accident? Now, this kind of memory

Digitized by Google

is of very little value to player or hearer. This kind of person is occupied in trying to get through without missing anything. He is like a man with a basket of eggs in a crowded street: some fool passer-by may run against him at any moment and impair the value of his whole stock. The intellect and the musical consciousness as such are wanting. It is a case of "save himself who can," and no one of the uses of intelligent memorizing are served by this operation. It is exactly parallel to the case of an actor who has learned his part in such a way that he cannot remember it unless he repeats it allegro and without stopping. Ask him to stop and explain what he meant just there, and the whole speech has left him. He begins again at the beginning to jabber his way down the page to the place where you interrupted him. But if you interrupt a good actor in this way, he immediately says that he has thought of several shades for the passage, according to where you emphasize, and he straightway repeats the sentence with the different shades of emphasis.

"What do I mean?" you ask. Take, again, the case of bad phrasing furnished by the old hard-shell preacher, who read the verse, "And he said unto them, saddle me the ass." The old man put a heavy emphasis upon "me," and when the boys asked what he supposed the prophet meant, he said that he supposed they had put the saddle upon the old man himself. Now consider what emphasis does. If you emphasise the first word, "saddle," it prevents the boys from hitching up the buggy; if you emphasize the last word, "ass," it hinders their taking the horse instead; in this case the true meaning comes without much emphasis, inasmuch as he had no horse and no buggy. It was a simple direction which did not need to be "interpreted" by emphasis upon either of the three words. Now, this kind of ambiguity meets us all along in discourse and all along in music, and the interpreter needs to have an idea of what he ought to convey to the hearer the exact shade of meaning the author intended.

Music is a duplicate something. It consists of such and such combinations of melodies, harmonies and rhythms, and this is what you try to whistle when you recall a piece. It also contains an inner something, these combinations of melodies, harmonies and rhythms having something to say to the hearer. They move upon him, touch him, act upon his feelings, awaken

Digitized by Google

him or depress him, stir him up or soothe him. Now, the interpreter is the player who correctly divines this inner intention of the composer or of the music. For the music sometimes has in it more than the composer himself knew. Mme. Carreno told me that the first time she played the Grieg concerto in Leipsic a little man, with a great head of bushy hair and lovely blue eyes, rushed up to her and thanked her ever and ever so much, for he had never known before how beautiful his concerto could be made to sound. Was it not nice? I will say, however, that I have always suspected Grieg of having lied just a little in this instance.

And in arriving at this inner intention of the music the player has to give to the melody, the harmony, the rhythm, their respective valuations of weight or lightness. It makes just as much difference in a melody upon which tone you place the emphasis as it did to the hard-shell preacher. In fact, I imagine that in music the saddle oftener gets upon the old man in place of the ass than in real life.

Artistic memory is, first of all, artistic study. And this means to know a piece in its every last detail; all its melody, all its chord-successions, all its rhythms. Heinrich Barth, in Berlin, begins by demanding a visual memory, so that the pupil can begin at call upon any measure of any line of his piece which he is playing from memory. Barth calls for the fourth measure of the second line on the third page. The pupil must begin there as surely as if the music were open before him or encounter most sarcastic and disparaging remarks upon his intellect. More than this, the pupil must begin at any given point and play any one or two voices of the piece, even if a fugue. Imagine the sweetness of being asked to begin with the alto and tenor voices of a long fugue at such and such a measure. Yet the Barth pupils do this. Later on the visual impression fades away and the musical discourse remains the thread upon which you recall the elements making it up.

Any artist thoroughly studying a piece is able to play its melody, its melody and fundamental bases, its entire left hand part, its left hand part and the accompanying elements which the right hand has aside from the chief melody, and leave out the melody itself. One has to know every modulation, and the particular chord, even the note in a moving voice, which is the

Digitized by Google

real node of the modulation. Here the artist places an emphasis, enough to call it to the attention, or, more properly, to the feeling, of the hearer. Godowsky is the most wonderful man I have ever heard to do this. Of course it is mainly his own feeling that just at this note is the place where modulation turns itself; but earlier it was conscious study and intellectual observation.

Or to say it differently, a piece is to an artist a living, speaking, singing voice; and just as certain words and slight emphasis in a discourse make it clearer or less clear to the listener, so he notes exactly the points by which the author impresses him; these points he brings out, and thereby impresses the hearer. Often the master artist finds it necessary to intensify this part of the music a little, the composer having written for more sensitive hearers than the average.

Now, I suppose no reader will deny that any player having studied his piece in this way, being full of it, having it within himself in a complete picture, all parts alike clear and certain, is in a wholly different condition for making his music effective to the hearer than one who is obliged to depend upon his notes. I do not think this point needs argument.

The next question is the practical one. Are there artists with this kind of photographic mental picture of their music, and can they bring it out for the hearer? I am glad to answer that there are lots of them. For instance, Von Buelow used to have this kind of knowledge of his music Rubinstein was not so sure generally he had it, but oftener in what we might call an emotional vessel, rather than in the mind as such. Buelow had his in his mind, and could have written it out again easily and certainly. Even Paderewski has it in some degree. The most strongly marked case I have ever personally known is Godowsky, who knows his Chopin, Schumann, Liszt and Brahms by the bookful, in all their minutiae. Nevertheless, he knows that man is not infallible. And while he can play any one of the large things in his repertory at a moment's call, as to their notes, if he has to prepare them for concert he begins again with the notes of all the editions he can get, to discover whether he may not have overlooked something, an accidental, a suggestion of inner voice, an emphasis—in short, to get new light upon it.

Now to come to your local questions. As to Mr. Clarence

Digitized by Google

Eddy, I cannot undertake to say how far he enters into his music; I have often heard him play when it seemed to me that his music had not entered into him very far, if at all. More, I have often thought that the music was not worth entering into any man. Eddy is a survival from the time in Europe when they discouraged memorizing. When I began to advocate this as a part of ordinary teaching, in order to secure a more careful study and the retention of beautiful musical thoughts (this was along in 1876 or so), he tried to quell me by saying that "they did not think much of memorizing in Europe." He lived to have quite a number of pupils who were able to do what he never could, namely, to play a short organ recital from memory. Mr. Eddy played the six trio sonatos of Bach through every day all the time he was in Berlin—three years or more. He has taught them more or less this twenty years, and I dare say that you could hold him up now and he could not play sixteen consecutive measures of either of them to save his life. This is too much like the case of the little girl who read all the week the poem of Mary and her little lamb. At the end of the week, when called upon to recite, she could not tell who had the lamb, what it was that Mary had, what was the name of the girl in the story, the color of the animal, the place where he followed her, who followed who, or any other particular of this very simple and obvious little poem. It means not that the lamb was difficult to corral, but that the reader had the unfortunate habit of ignoring her brains.

Personally I recommended Mr. Eddy, twenty years ago or more, to make an effort and learn a few programs by heart, believing that it would do for his playing exactly the one thing it needs to place it upon the level of Guilmant's, for instance.

An artist must be like a prophet: he must have a message, and he must believe his message. An artist playing from notes is like an admiral sailing under sealed instructions, which when he opens he cannot quite make out the writing.

Now as to Kneisel. It has been a favorite idea of many players of chamber music to do this very thing, to play without notes. It has been tried with the same good effect as in the piano. I would not expect Mr. Kneisel to do it; he is an orchestral player himself, and will never rise very far above it. Mr. Schroeder is perhaps a more characteristic solo artist; and

Digitized by Google

Schroeder could, if he liked, manage without notes. But what the Kneisel quartette does is to rehearse and rehearse over and over again until they get this inner sympathy. Sometimes it takes twenty rehearsals; but they get it. Moreover, you must remember that the individual parts in chamber music are by no means as difficult as fine solo work; and in orchestral music the parts are far less difficult, so easy that very good players can read them at sight. It is only these difficult modern works that require solo work from orchestral players, and these passages have to be memorized practically.

More than this, the orchestra does not interpret music. It merely plays parts. The man who interprets the music is the conductor, and he plays upon the orchestra. In a good quartette the leader, Mr. Kneisel, for instance, also in great part plays the music. But the orchestral leader actually plays the score through the players. The great conductors have a hypnotic faculty of great power. This is what is commonly called their magnetism. They not only show what they want, but they make the players do it. Nikisch was one of this sort; Van Der Stucken is another, a great hypnotist, and his power over a chorus is simply wonderful, they tell me. Even Mr. Thomas now and then gets warmed up and accomplishes remarkable things. It is by no means rare for the Thomas players to play a great deal better at concert than at rehearsal—and this is due to their better attention, but still more to the conductor being in so much more intense a key.

Now, as for the young student who finds it difficult to remember. What shall he do? My uniform advice is to take some lessons of a teacher who can put him on a method of study which enables him to absolutely know all about his piece—to get it into his very soul; not alone as to its general traits, but to its very least details. Then there are two farther steps: First, by persistence to create a tract through his brain along which the musical discourse can travel in the sunlight all the way; and then to continue upon it until it has struck into his feelings, so that he not only knows what he is doing, but feels it and enjoys it, lives in it. This is the idea. You will be surprised to know what is possible for average students, and what it will do for the character of their playing.

Digitized by Google

JOSEPH JOACHIM.

BY EDITH L. WINN.

On the 28th of June Joseph Joachim, the eminent director of the Royal High School, Berlin, celebrated his 69th birthday. You may call him an old man, but he walks with a firm step, his eye is keen, his memory is unimpaired, and his soul is as full of music as of yore. He teaches and concertizes still, and I cannot believe that his influence is waning. A Leipsic teacher writes, however, that he plays no more with the old fire. Another critic calls his quartette work scholastic and severe but *perfect.*

Viotti once gave this advice to De Beriot: "Hear all men of talent, profit by everything, but imitate nothing." This advice need not have been given to Joachim. He is unique.

It seems invidious to assume that Joachim outranks all other violinists of to-day. Sauret has a wonderful repertoire and a magnificent technique; Sarasate fills us with admiration of his poetic and beautiful interpretation of the modern romantic school; Ysaye is a noble exponent of the Belgian school, and his repertoire is perhaps broader than that of Joachim, who has narrowed himself by his own choice to the severely classical.

What does Joachim stand for? He stands for dignity and sincerity in his art. He has evinced that thorough uprightness, that firmness of character, earnestness of purpose and an intense dislike of "clap-trap," which have made him a power in the musical life of our day.

Who better can interpret the concertos of Beethoven, Bach, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Viotti and others? He plays magnificently his own Hungarian concerto. He does not dislike the works of Wieniawski and Vieuxtemps. Last year the Second Concerto of Saint Saens made its appearance in the Royal High School and was not cast out! You know the German antipathy to the French school.

I have just looked over some Joachim quartette programs. It is true the quartettes of Hayden, Mozart, Mendelssohn and

Digitized by Google

Brahms occur often on these programs. Beethoven holds first place. But do not these classic masterpieces tax the highest genius and skill in the executant?

Joseph Joachim is undoubtedly their leading exponent. I do not say that he is a genius.

There are other quartettes in the world. They may present a fresher and more invigorating program than the usual one of the Joachim quartette. This is not finding fault. I think one's musical anatomy needs varied food.

I said that Joachim was unique. So he is as an interpreter. As a composer he has been influenced by Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms. He is really a follower of Schumann. Most of his works are of a grave character. His Hungarian Concerto (op. II.) holds high rank. "It is a composition of real grandeur, built up in noble symphonic proportions," says Sir George Grove. His most important works are a Romance for violin and piano, Concerto in G minor, Overture to Hamlet (for orchestra), Nocturne in A for violin and small orchestra, Scena der Marfa (from Schiller's unfinished play "Demetrius") for contralto, solo and orchestra, and, lastly, the transcriptions of the Brahms Hungarian Dances. I may also mention his beautiful Cadenzas to the Beethoven and other concertos.

Professor Joachim has been mentioned in prose and poetry. George Eliot introduced him into her poem "Stradivarius"; the author of "Chas. Auchester" used him as a type in connection with Mendelssohn; Dr. Kohut wrote his life; Herr Andreas Moser, his pupil and friend, wrote his "Lebensbild"; Carl Courvoisier wrote an excellent treatise on his method. And Joachim is not spoiled, and he is honest and serious!

It may be interesting to readers to know something of his surroundings. Last summer I was twice a week a timid and very agitated knocker at his door. He lives in an unpretentious dwelling on Bendler strasse, Berlin. You will mount three flights of stairs and, after catching your breath, you will examin his doorplate, upon which is fastened a card announcing his *"Sprechstunde."* After knocking and ringing the bell violently, a pale maid will appear, who will notify you that it is a pleasant day! You will be glad to hear it, for your feelings will be cloudy. You enter a dim hall and look about. You finally grope your way to one of the many hat pegs and try to

Digitized by Google

put your hat on a vacant peg. Straw hats, felt hats, soldiers' caps, ladies' hats, gentlemen's hats—all oppose you. You will quietly put your hat on a neighboring table and be contented. As you pass into the *salon* you notice the two great wooden music stands used by the Quartette. You are overawed! You enter the salon. It is in elegant taste and gloomy, as is the case with nearly all German salons. There are portraits of Count von Moltke, the tried friend of Joachim, Clara Schumann and other musicians. There are busts of Brahms. There is a grand piano that *does not* invite you to play. Later you go into Professor Joachim's studio. It is more comfortable. Count von Moltke still looks down at you, and Bismarck also. A bust of Clara Schumann gazes at you as you play. (Marble looks at you sometimes.) There are stiff-backed chairs there which suggest to you not to sit down in them. There is a dignified solemnity about the whole place. You look into a little office beyond, and you see a desk and a pretty piano. You feel like throwing papers all over the floor, just as Liszt used to do in his home.

On the whole, the house of Joachim is elegant and full of *repose,* but not comfortable. German houses are rarely cosy.

The violinist himself is far more interesting than his home. He is of middle-height, heavily built and very robust. This year he has not been in as good health as usual. His fine large head, crowned with a wealth of gray hair, might easily be the head of a scholar as well as of a musician. At first sight he resembles James Russell Lowell. The resemblance ceases when you see his impassioned manner while playing. He is quiet and reserved, dignified and serious. He is a man of very few words. Herr Moser in his "Lebensbild" says that it was only after partaking of a fine bottle of "Schlussel wein" that he was able to gather a few incidents in the artist's life. If Joachim became talkative under such stimulant, we are indeed glad, for we knew little about his early career until his "Lebensbild" appeared.

Professor Joachim has several children. One of his daughters is an opera-singer, another is a reader. His son Johannes is a good-natured young man, who has the misfortune of being musical and somewhat clever, but shadowed by the greater talent of his parents. It is always so in life. Poor Siegfried Wagner!

Digitized by Google

Herr Carl Markees, one of Joachim's favorite pupils, also lives with him, and is as devoted to him as a son could be.

HIS CHILDHOOD.

Every great man has not an interesting childhood. Joachim has been singularly favored. Fortune has always favored him. No man in the world has had so many musical associations as he. Allow me to quote from Herr Moser's work:

"About an hour's ride to the south of Pressburg, the old Hungarian crowning-city, there lies, on a wide plain, the little country town of Kitsee, whose name is familiar to our school boys through Otto Hoffman's story, 'Prince Eugene, the Noble Knight.'" In the spring of 1863 King Leopold I. held there a review of his troops. There ere long the Turks fought the Hungarians, and there Prince Eugene of Savoy offered to the king his services, which in the face of the dangers of war were gladly accepted. Kitsee to-day is called Hungarian Kopeseny. That does not hinder the inhabitants from using the German language in local trade almost entirely. They are industrious Schwabians, whose ancestors a hundred years before emigrated from the empire. They have the manners and customs and habits, as well as the employments, of the old home, but in such purity are they preserved that one thinks during intercourse with them that he is in the mother country.

"Among these brave Schwabians was born, on the 28th of June, 1831, the hero of our book, Joseph Joachim. He was the seventh of eight children, with whom, in the course of years, Julius and Fanny Joachim were blest. As the parents were of Jewish birth, the children were reared according to the Jewish religion. The father, Julius Joachim, was an excellent merchant, an earnest and reserved character, but attached to his family with all his heart. Through continuous industry and steady work he had reached affluence, a certain opulence and easy circumstances which placed him in a position to bestow upon his children a good education, according to their capability. Frau Fanny was a true helper to her husband, and she watched the actions of her children as a loving and tender mother, and fitted with her plain common-sense harmoniously into the circle which enclosed a comfortable picture of a happy family life.

"In no way burdened by worldly possessions, the family lived

Digitized by Google

in such a well-regulated relation that they were supplied with all the necessaries of life. A more difficult question yet presented itself concerning the instruction of the children, as the educational advantages of so small a place as Kitsee were soon exhausted. Commercial enterprise and the wish to furnish his children with a satisfactory education induced Julius Joachim to leave Kitsee and remove to a larger city. The year 1833 finds the Joachim family in Buda-Pesth. The Hungarian capital is the real scene of the childhood and early youth of the little Joseph, or rather, 'Pepi,' as we must call our little one according to the Austrian custom.

"In the Joachim family music played no important part. They heard it gladly, but a deeper interest had not existed.

"Only the second daughter, Regino, possessed so pleasant a voice that her parents allowed her to take voice culture. The singing of the sister first awakened the musical sense of the little 'Pepi,' who with close attention, listened to every tone and strained every nerve to reproduce the songs of his sister upon a child's violin. There was a medical student, a frequent visitor in the Joachim family, who played earnestly upon the violin during his leisure hours. It was he who first noticed the wonderful musical inclination of the little one, and it was he who first introduced our 'Pepi' into the elements of violin-playing upon the child's fiddle.

"The musical intelligence of the child and the wonderful progress which he in a very short time made upon the plaything induced Stieglitz to call the attention of the parents to the wonderful talent of their little son, and to advise them to allow the child to have lessons regularly from a professional teacher. Here the good sense of the father is shown in the best light. Though living in very modest circumstances, he did not employ any teacher but the best in Pesth, Serwaczynski, the *Concert-meister* of the opera there.

"Serwaczynski was born in 1791, at Lublin, and died in the same place in 1862. He was a clever artist, who took seriously his work as a teacher of the little 'Pepi.' Not only as a violin teacher did he influence his little pupil, but gradually as a house-friend in the Joachim family, did he win an influence over his pupil morally. 'Pepi' was a timid child and afraid of the dark. That did not please his teacher, and he resolved to rid

Digitized by Google

him of his weakness. One evening he demanded of the child that he should go into another room, and 'Pepi' was urged by all sorts of promises to go through a dark corridor to the distant room. Serwaczynski tried to encourage him in every way but, finally, unsuccessful, scolded him and went out of the house with the remark that he would no longer instruct such a 'hasenfuss.' The next day the teacher did not come to the accustomed lesson, so the child went to him and begged his pardon, saying that in the future he would be no longer so silly, if only he could have his beloved violin lessons again. That experiment of the teacher was successful, for the teacher kept his word. Aside from the violin the general education of the child was not neglected. For the first school year he was sent to the public school. The following year he was sent to a private school at the home of the present Concert-meister, at Stuttgart, Edmund Singer, with a few children of the same age.

"Our little hero made such fine progress in violin playing that Serwaczynski asked the parents that he might take the child to the opera, there to become acquainted with a larger musical life. This first visit to the opera made a great and lasting impression upon the child. Serwaczynski played a Kreutzer Concerto (G) with orchestra. Between the acts 'Pepi' was allowed to enter the orchestra and obtain the first glimpse of its arrangement, with which later he should become so intimate. There the teacher showed his little pupil the instrument upon which he played and the picture was so impressed upon his memory that thirty years afterward, in a concert tour through Sweden, he recognized the instrument there. He was asked, by the Polish violinist, Biernacki, who had bought it from Serwaczynski, to buy the violin. Joachim did so, and the violin of his first teacher, a beautiful and well-preserved Andreas Amati, is to-day in his possession.

"After the boys first visit to the opera, followed by other visits, he naturally hungered for music, as soon as he first observed that there was other music in the world besides his violin lessons. The opera at Pesth was, moreover, at that time not so bad. It held on to traditions. Was not Beethoven there for the opening of the theater in 1811, and did he not write the music to 'King Stephen' and the 'King of Athens' for that occasion?"

I will not quote further from Herr Moser's most interesting

Digitized by Google

book. Little "Pepi" made his first public appearance on March 17th, 1839, when he played with his teachers the double concerto of Eck and played alone the variations upon Schubert's "Trauerwaltzer," by Pechatschek. The boy won laurels and attracted the attention of the Graf von Brunswick and his sister Therese. The former had been a most intimate friend of Beethoven.

Soon after this time there came as a visitor to the Joachim home Frl. Fanny Figdor, a cousin of the family and a musical lady. She induced the father to send his little son to Vienna. There he remained for several years. In this broad musical center, influenced by the French School, and still influenced by Spohr, the boy was reared. Mayseder was his warm friend; Clement, the eminent violinist, was interested in him. A third influence came to the boy. It was that of Bohm. This eminent violinist was a follower of the school of Rode. His famous pupils were Hellmesberger, Ernst and Joachim. Bohm was a great quartet player. The first teacher of the boy in Vienna was Miska Hauser, a pupil of Mayseder. These lessons lasted one month. About this time Ernst came to Vienna and his playing caused a furor of excitement. The little Joachim heard him and was stimulated to greater effort. To Bohm Joachim owes his great love for and broad training in quartette literature. Bohm was one of the greatest quartette players of his day. He was like most German professors, a hard task master. Sometimes his pupil displeased him, and he would shout out, "Verflixter Bub, wirst gleich ordentlich geigen!" Herr Bohm's wife was an irascible lady, and often roundly scored the boy for his seeming negligence. All this did the boy good. In a short time he played the Rondo from the E major concerto by Vieuxtemps and the Othello Fantasie by Ernst, at the Conservatory.

Great artists came to Vienna to concertize, and Joachim had the opportunity to hear them play. Among them were Ernst, De Beriot and Vieuxtemps, Mendelssohn, Klara Wieck, Liszt and others. For Schubert and Beethoven Joachim had great reverence. Meister Bohm allowed his pupil to come to those wonderful Quartette-Evenings at his home, and the boy learned to love Beethoven's quartettes with all the intensity of his nature.

Digitized by Google

In 1843 he found an opportunity to go to Leipsic, the musical center of Germany. Here he met Mendelssohn, and they played together the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven. This was the beginning of a broader life. Mendelssohn loved the boy from the first. Moritz Hauptmann was then the cantor in the famous St. Thomas School and a teacher in the Leipsic Conservatory. Hauptmann taught him harmony and counterpoint. Bohm had given him a fine technical foundation. It was thought that David, a powerful influence at the Leipsic school, could aid the boy. They worked upon the Spohr concertos, Bach Airs and the Beethoven and Mendelssohn Concertos. These works constituted the boy's repertoire. Ferdinand David was a great violinist. He interpreted Bach well, and he revised and fingered for students the most classical compositions of the day. He was the friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann. His influence was powerful. He could not bear to hear his young pupil play upon an inferior violin. He often said: "A real artist should play only the best!" He objected to the frequent use of the rubato, and the use of the spring-bow in classical compositions.

The first great concert at which the boy played in Leipsic was in 1843, when Pauline Viardot Garcia appeared at the Gewandhaus. Mendelssohn played the variations for two pianos by Schumann, with Clara Schumann, and Joachim played with Mendelssohn an Adagio and Rondo by de Beriot. The boy's success was assured. Not long after this he played the Othello Fantasie with Mendelssohn as an accompanist, in the Gewandhaus. His success the first year in Leipsic was so great that Hauptmann wrote to Franz Hauser: "Joachim from Vienna, who has learned so rapidly, is here. He has much talent, has studied with Bohm, plays perhaps an hour daily, and has played the Spohr Gesangscene recently with David in the Gewandhaus; so beautiful was his tone that Spohr himself would have been filled with joy."

We next hear of Joachim in London, where, in 1844, he played with Mendelssohn at the Drury Lane Theater the Othello Fantasie by Ernst. Mendelssohn called him "My Hungarian boy," and showed wonderful interest in him. This trip was followed by a concert tour in which he appeared on programs with Lablache, Thalberg, Sivori and others.

Digitized by Google

London rang with his praises when in 1844 he played under Mendelssohn's direction, for the first time, Beethoven's Concerto. Mendelssohn wrote immediately to Leipsic of his wonderful success.

From that time Joachim has made annual tours to England, where he is universally beloved. The London public claim him for the Crystal Palace Concerts and the Popular Concerts. Provincial towns compel him to spend several months of the year in a concert tour, and Joachim may well say that England is almost as dear as Germany to him.

On Joachim's return to Germany he was placed in the care of the captain of a vessel bound for Hamburg. Somewhat curious in disposition, he one day opened the door of a cabin and there found a passenger who had cut his own throat and had just expired. Imagine the effect upon a high-strung, thirteen-year-old boy!

In the winter of 1844-5 Joachim played at a concert the remarkable concertante for four violins by Maurer. Ernst, Bazzini and David played with him. When it came time for Joachim to play his cadenza, so well did he play that Ernst shouted aloud, "Bravo!"

Shortly after this time Spohr came to Leipsic and his visit made a lasting impression upon the boy. Schumann having heard Joachim play the Kreutzer Sonata with Mendelssohn was filled with joy, and from that time the boy was a frequent visitor at the Schumann's. Mendelssohn took great interest in Joachim's work in composition. An interesting little story is told concerning this. Mendelssohn went away on a journey, and on his return Joachim brought him two Sonatas for violin and piano, which he had composed during Mendelssohn's absence. The great composer said, "You write a very good hand!" Upon this Joachim remarked that the copyist had written the notes. "Simpleton," replied Mendelssohn, "that makes no difference. It has been naturally your composition."

Many tales are told of Liszt's wonderful popularity in Leipsic. Mendelssohn once sent the boy Joachim to take his greetings to the great pianist. The boy was fascinated by him. Not long after Joachim played the Mendelssohn concerto to him, and Liszt accompanied him upon a grand piano. To the astonishment of the boy the pianist played the finale with a lighted

Digitized by Google

cigar between the first and middle fingers of his right hand.

In 1847 Joachim again went to London, where the "Elijah" was to be performed under Mendelssohn's direction. In November of the same year Mendelssohn closed his eyes forever. The loss to Joachim was very great, for the boy had won a place much through the influence of his great friend.

Of Joachim's entrance to the Gewandhaus orchestra and his subsequent engagement as a teacher in the Leipsic Conservatory, there is not much to say. He cared no more for Leipsic after the death of Mendelssohn, and when the opportunity came to him to go to Weimar he went willingly.

Liszt was in the zenith of his power there. Hauptmann wrote to Spohr in Paris: "Beloved Herr Kapellmeister—We have lost Joachim, our accomplished violinist and beloved man. So through and through a musical person as he we shall not be able to obtain."

What a wonderful old town Weimar is! It seems as if the spirit of Sebastian Bach hovers there still, where he labored so long as organist and choir master. Hummel, too, and Goethe live in the very air of the place. And Liszt! There he stood for a new epoch in music. The Wagner influence was growing. Weimar was alert, positive and negative, ready and unready for the musical upheaval.

Raff was Liszt's secretary, and he, von Bulow, a student of Liszt, and Joachim, formed a great friendship. Joachim played publicly the Kreutzer Sonata with von Bulow, and the latter's mother wrote to her daughter: "Hans played the great Beethoven Sonata with Joachim, both very wonderfully. Such an interpretation as theirs cannot easily be found. Joachim is a pleasant man of attractive appearance. Hans loves him very much."

Shortly after that Joachim went to England, and while there wrote to Liszt again and again, thanking him for his friendship and encouragement. There is no question but that the young concert meister, for so he now was in Weimar, valued Liszt and felt for him a sincere regard. Among his friends in Weimar may be mentioned Hermann Grimm and the von Arnims. At the house of the von Arnims there were many evenings of chamber music in which Liszt, von Bulow and

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
DA KUHN LOEB MUSIC LIBRARY
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASS.
Digitized by Google

Joachim often participated. There came a time when the young Joachim felt the growing power of the Liszt-Wagner cult. True to Schumann and Mendelssohn he felt that he must stand for what seemed to him the real. He was honest. He did not break suddenly away. It was a sad time for him. Liszt knew that Joachim did not love his music. In his characteristic way he said to him: "Dear friend, I see already that my compositions do not please you."

Liszt, magnanimous to a great degree, wrote to Stern in Berlin: "I profess great admiration for Joachim's talent. He is an artist hors ligne, of great ambition and a glorious reputation. He has a nature altogether loyal, a distinguished spirit and a character sweet and of singular charm in its rectitude and seriousness." He goes on to urge Stern to engage Joachim for a Berlin concert. That concert was Joachim's first in the capital. He played the Beethoven Concerto with immense success. The National Zeitung said: "We must not let this violinist leave our city; we must retain him at any price."

He was then twenty-two years of age. He now left Weimar, but it has never forgotten him. Von Bulow's farewell letter to him was such a one as a great musician may write to another, though they may have had diverging lines of thought.

The year 1851 finds Joachim in Hannover, where he took the place of Hellmesberger as Concert meister.

The friendship between Schumann and Joachim continued. Often the composer wrote from Dusseldorf to Joachim to come to him and not forget his violin and the Beethoven Concerto.

Joachim's Overture to Hamlet was first played in Hannover. Both Liszt and Schumann wrote praises of it.

It is strange, indeed, that Remenyi (then very popular) and Joachim, together with Liszt, should have held so high a place at the same time, and all Hungarians by birth.

Dr. Kohut says the Hungarians are among the most musical people in the world.

There is not much that is especially eventful in Joachim's life in Hannover. His relations with his patron, King George, were very cordial. He was allowed frequent concert journeys, and, during this time, was in Russia, France, Austria, Hungary, Holland, Sweden and Italy, making a great reputa-

Digitized by Google

tion as a quartette player as well as a soloist. As for England, he rarely missed a yearly visit.

In 1868 Joachim came to the Royal High School in Berlin as director. There he showed his wonderful executive power and ability to organize and control. He had the advantage of excellent associates, Waldemar, Bargiel, Ernst, Rudorf and Dr. Spitta. He organized the famous Joachim quartette, consisting of de Ahna, Hausmann and Wirth. He has concertized, taught and directed orchestras. He has lived quietly and as becomes a sane man who makes no pretensions to extraordinary genius.

Among the violin teachers at the Royal High School may be mentioned Heinrich Jacobson, Johan Kruse and Emanuel Wirth, Robert Hausmann, the cellist, and Heinrich Barth, pianist, owe much to him. He has inspired all who have been associated with him. His pupils are in Austria, England, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and America. If you asked him what composers he loved best he would say: Bach, Bargiel, Beethoven, Brahms, Cherubini, Ernst, Henselt, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Pallestrina, Spohr, Schubert, Schumann and Weber. The members of his Quartettes have traveled all over Europe since 1870. At every Beethoven Fest Bohm looks for them. The Crystal Palace Concerts are not complete without them. Italy, Austria and many other countries have them yearly.

The Quartette has had some changes. At the death of de Ahna Professor Johann Kruse became second violinist. Three years ago he went to London to assist at the Popular Concerts and to teach there. His place was taken by Carl Halir. Among the celebrated pupils of Joachim may be mentioned Kark Courvoisier, Karl Halir (in Berlin), Gustav Hollaender, at the head of the Stern Conservatory, Berlin; Henrich Jacobson, the teacher of Maude Powell and Lilian Shattuck; Johan Kruse, formerly a distinguished teacher at the Royal High School; Heinrich Petre, the eminent Dresden teacher; Professor Hubay, Budapest; Paul Listemann, Chicago; Carl Markees, Berlin; Marsick, the eminent Paris teacher; Professor Nachez, London; Theodore Spiering, Chicago. His greatest lady pupils have been Marie Soldat-Roger, Gabrielle Wietrowitz, Leonora Jackson, Geraldine Morgan, Nora Clentsch, Maude Powell and Dora Becker.

Digitized by Google

Professor Joachim has thirteen degrees and marks of distinction. Cambridge University has given him a degree, and I suppose Harvard would have imitated Cambridge if the artist had ever visited America.

I do not claim that Joseph Joachim is the greatest living violinist. That were hazardous. He is the greatest living exponent of the severely classical school. He does not live a narrow life musically. He plays only what is great to him. He has played with Lady Halle in England. He has met great artists of all schools. His pupils have never been disloyal to him, although some have studied later with Marsick, Ysaye and others. For Leopold Auer in Russia he has had a sincere respect. Other violinists have not found him cold and pedantic. He has won their respect. There are comments and criticisms which might be made upon the Joachim school. This is not the place for such criticisms. I have found no freer system of bowing, no more beautiful and sincere veneration for the classics, no higher ideals anywhere in the world than in that center of the violin world, Berlin. At the same time it takes a brave heart, a strong body and an elastic temperament to study and wait for the time when you, too, shall sit at the feet of Joachim and reap the reward of your efforts to become one of his pupils.

Digitized by Google

SYMPHONY SINCE BEETHOVEN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. HUGHES IMBERT.

(In the first installment of his elaborate article upon "Symphony Since Beethoven," in La Guide Musicale, Nos. 34 to 40, M. Imbert addresses himself to Felix Weingartner's treatise upon the same subject, in which he maintains, practically, that inasmuch as Beethoven had said in symphony everything possible to be well said therein, no one could venture to compose new works in this vein without falling under the aspersion of impertinence—a position wholly impossible. The second installment of the essay then goes on:—Ed. MUSIC.)

We might also ask of M. Weingartner himself whether he remembered the majesty and completeness of Beethoven when he himself dared to compose a symphony in G major and sundry symphonic poems. It would be pleasant to oppose to M. Weingartner as critic the instinct of M. Weingartner as composer; but we forbear to push indiscreet questions too far.

It is our pleasure, on the contrary, to circumscribe the debate and to write a new essay as extended as that of the celebrated orchestral director. We content ourselves, then, with refuting his arguments by trying to demonstrate the grandeur and personality of the two greatest masters of symphony since Beethoven: Robert Schumann and Johannes Brahms.

But first let us recall M. Weingartner's saying that Schumann sought very diligently to follow the tracks of Mendelssohn and become classical; but that "it was not possible for him to equal his model." Certainly Schumann had a profound friendship for him whom he called "Felix Meritis," and a no less profound admiration for his works. But never, in our opinion, had he any idea of following the same path as he. It is only necessary to read the score of a symphony by Mendelssohn and then of one by Schumann to discover the distance which separates them and the complete lack of affiliation. They are two varieties of art, but nevertheless express every well the personality of their authors. Behold precisely the mark

Digitized by Google

of genius. These masters did not yield themselves to a purely material labor, they obeyed an artistic impulse. Felix Mendelssohn did indeed write a Roman symphony as Schumann wrote a Rhenish symphony. But sisters in beauty as they are, and worthy of being preserved for posterity, they are the results of sults of processes entirely different.

In the first the form is elegant, correct, gracious, in correspondence with the master himself, a being of distinction and of aristocratic manners. The writing is clear, the harmony limpid, dissonances so rare as hardly to be felt; the same traits meet us here as in all the chamber and piano music of Mendelssohn; themes expose themselves in all their limpidity and sentimentality without being imprisoned in a stifling orchestration; light plays around the work of all the instruments. With him form is adequate to his ideas. It is an elegiac poem which Mendelssohn wrote.

In the second, on the contrary, deep thoughts are enveloped in a dense orchestration; but these ideas are more profound, more noble, more melancholy, more majestic than those of Mendelssohn's. Often they have a character almost super-terrestrial, such as we meet only in the works of Beethoven or Brahms. If the phrase is short, if "the theme is small," to use the expression of M. Weingartner, phrase and theme expand and exalt themselves in the sublimity of the thought. In his symphonies Robert Schumann passes far beyond Schubert and Mendelssohn in nobility, poetry and power. One meets in his work no trace of forms proper to the father of symphony, J. Haydn, or to that of the gracious and Raphaelistic master of Salsbourg. It is for this that one of his commentators, the best informed and most penetrating, Leonce Mesnard, has called him "the true successor of Beethoven." But while Schumann took for the foundation of his studies the most beautiful of existing symphonies, and mainly the Beethoven symphonies, the character of his orchestral pages remains exclusively Schumannesque, and it is all the more to his credit that this originality lies in the work itself, in perfect harmony with traditional forms." Despite Schumann's tardy beginning in the study of orchestration, it is necessary to recognize the marvelous skill with which he assimilates the proper management of the different families of instruments. And even where certain details

Digitized by Google

betray his imperfect mastery of technique, it is not less true that the light lapses, if lapses they be, disappear absolutely in the glory of the work as a whole, which is grandiose. Certainly the color of his orchestration, by reason even of the fashion in which he groups the instruments and marches the harmony, has nothing of the luminous and beautiful clearness of Beethoven; it is grey, a little confused and misty. But even this finds its place as the expression of his personality and his character of profound dreamer; it always reaches the end which the composer had in view.

The delicious painting of beautiful mornings in spring, where on the surface of a pool the delicate tracery of the graceful birch is mirrored, is not this color uniformly grey, the same which is the mark, the monogram, of his genius? For the same reason would one say that the palette of Corot is monotonous and inferior to that of Theodore Rousseau, who is much more powerful and energetic? It is a question of values, of shades; but genius is visible with the one as with the other, and no one would conceive the idea of destroying all the canvases of Corot in order to preserve the pictures of Rousseau alone.

With Robert Schumann the color of the orchestration is often grey, a fact which is far from displeasing. The grey of the pearl is exquisite. Moreover, this which we love most in him is that the treatment is never obtrusive. It is profound thought in form of a dramatic poem which Schumann gives us.

After many other things, M. Weingartner repeats his assertion, saying that "a symphony of Schumann, even played by four hands, produces more effect than at a concert." It is necessary to look into this position once for all. The truth is that when one hears the symphonies of the master played upon the piano by four hands, one is led to suppose the orchestration less dense and more luminous. But to affirm from this that the Rhenish symphony (to take a single example) played by four hands produces more effect than when interpreted by an orchestra, is a world of difference. How could the piano possibly render in all their splendor the effects so typical of the Scherzo, a page full of light, abounding in picturesque motives from the shores of the Rhine? Let us remember the feeling awakened by the initial phrase of the cellos and the repeat by the other instruments, as well as of the persistent motive in

Digitized by Google

staccato by the strings, upon which presently a most languorous melody is imposed by the wind instruments, with reflection by the basses. Where is the excellent piano, be it Erard or Pleyel, played by a competent virtuoso, such as Diemer, Pugno, or Risler, which could interpret in their fullness these inspirations of the master, so elevating in their sublimity? And this admirable Maestoso, of a noble and religious character, which they say was inspired by the splendors of the cathedral at Cologna, where is the instrument other than the orchestra, I would ask, which could bring it out in all its grand and mystic simplicity? Let us confess, then, that the ideas avowed so simply do little credit to a musician of the capacity of M. Weingartner. This Rhenish symphony occupies in the cycle of works by the master of Zwickau a place corresponding to that of the heroic symphony in the areopagus of the nine muses.

Many musical scholars have attributed the relative inferiority of Schumann in the management of the orchestra to the fact of his commencing to write symphonic works so late as 1841, after having composed up to that time nothing but pieces for the pianofore and songs. M. Weingartner does not neglect this argument: "It was only when he was at the age of thirty-one that Schumann turned his attention to the larger forms of art and to symphony. Doubtless the composition of a symphony presented itself to the mind of the young musician as a duty, an unavoidable exercise for obtaining recognition, a grand prize worthy of his best efforts." In point of fact Schumann entered in to a new phase of development in the course of the year 1841, in writing the symphony in B flat major (op. 38) and other instrumental works. But it has escaped observation that for ten years at least before creating this beautiful symphony, which is by no means a school exercise (and in which Schumann declares in a manner positive and direct concerning the standpoint from which he would launch himself in the suite of Beethoven), the great composer had been preparing himself by earnest studies in the art of managing the orchestra. To be convinced of this it is only necessary to glance over a collection of his letters, which give indications most instructive upon this point.

In the year 1831, Schumann excused himself to Hummel at Weimar (letter of August 31, 1831,) for having understood

Digitized by Google

music somewhat blindly, in a small town, in the midst of a university course, almost without models. But later he had studied with an excellent master, Fr. Wieck, and while he had still much to learn he felt that he had made progress.

July 27, 1832, he made known to bachelor Kuntsch, organist and professor at the gymnasium of Zwickau, who was his first master, the admiration he felt for the works of John Sebastian Bach, the analysis he had made of all his fugues. He had set himself to read all his scores and to the study of instrumentation.. "Could not his former master supply him with old scores and the ancient music of the church?"

Schumann entered himself, even, Nov. 2, 1832, for lessons in instrumentation of the orchestral director at Leipsic, G. V. Mueller, and desired him to look over with him a movement of a symphony, composed by Schumann, which had already been played at Altenbourg. He added that having worked almost without direction, he was very doubtful of his talent as symphonist. True, but he had nevertheless made very serious and earnest studies of orchestration, by the aid of scores and methods, and this without relaxation.

In a letter of Nov. 6, 1832, addressed to his mother, Schumann spoke of this fragment of a symphony as about to be performed at Zwickau in a concert which he was to give with Clara Wieck. He announced to his mother that he wished to take up the violoncello again, because he thought it would be useful to him in composing his symphonies.

Do not these extracts furnish abundant proof of the arduous studies to which the young composer had given himself, to the end that he might master the art of managing the orchestra?

Dec. 17, 1832, in sending the "Intermezzi" to Hoffmeister at Leipsic, Schumann begged him to assist him in having his symphony performed in that winter of 1832; and in the course of the month of January, 1833, he speaks to Wieck in the same vein; finally, in June, 1833, he announces to his mother the success of his symphony.

These indications will suffice to establish that when at the beginning of the year 1841 Schumann produced this symphony in B flat major, which he called the "Spring Symphony," and of which "the creation had rendered him happy" (letter to

Digitized by Google

Wenzel, beginning of 1841), he had prepared himself by long preliminary studies. According to his desire, expressed by letter of March 17, 1841, the violinist Hilf read over with him this score; later, in a letter to the chief of orchestra at Detmold, Charles Korsmaly, we learn that this symphony was "received at Leipsic with a favor which no symphony had received since Beethoven." All the letters of this period show how that having previously composed mainly piano works and songs he now entered into symphonic music from the foundation. They show that he regarded himself as now mature for entering into this branch of musical art, for which he felt an impulse more and more irresistible.

Besides this, M. Weingartner maintains, which Ehlert had already announced, that "if the perfection of expression had matched the power of thought in Schumann, we would be obliged to hail in him a second Beethoven." Now with Schumann the form could not be other than what he himself made it, since it was adequate to his thoughts. Nothing comports better, in our opinion, for the expression of the romantic, dreamy, Jean-Paulish poetry of this master than his orchestration, as peculiar in his symphonies as his piano accompaniments for his songs. There is so perfect an agreement between his ideas and their expression that it is difficult if not impossible to imagine how he could have orchestrated otherwise the overture to "Manfred," for instance, or any other of his symphonic works.

Let us salute in him, then, a successor to Beethoven, as he himself has done for us in Johannes Brahms. And let us preserve as a marvelous heritage his symphonies.

II.

M. Weingartner seems to have been still less perspicacious and less just in his regard to Johannes Brahms. While having the air of rendering him justice, since he declares that he places the symphony in D major above the four symphonies of Schumann, and he classes them among the better of the neo-classic symphonies composed since Beethoven, he loses no occasion to undervalue his work. He even goes so far as to pronounce, absolutely as Saint-Saens, the most severe word possible to use in speaking of the music of a master—"Tiresome!" Is it per-

Digitized by Google

mitted to maintain that the Song of Triumph, the Fourth Symphony, and the clarinet Quintette are nothing but empty sonorities? Is it not a heresy to have written the following: "When I hear a piece which reveals to me the feebleness of modern program music, I experience, despite the excessive external variety, exactly the same sentiment as that awakened in me by a feeble work of Brahms. It is the same impression, tormented, insipid, empty, morose."?

That there exist here and there in the works of the Hambourg master pages less happy than others, more obscure, need not disconcert us. But truly the celebrated director seems to us to go very far when he declares that such pages seem to him "insipid, empty, morose." To him, possibly; but to us, and to many others, quite otherwise. The clarinet quintet, which he belittles, is one of the most enchanting works of Brahms. Why did he not speak of the two sextets for strings, the trios for piano and strings, the sonatas for piano and violin, the songs, etc., all pure marvels? Maybe M. Weingartner would have been bored to have to express admiration.

Have you an idea of what it is that M. Weingartner, intending to pronounce more in detail upon the works of Brahms, comes to reproach him with it? It is nothing else than the peculiar methods of writing which he employs from choice, and which form one of the marks of his genius. The combination of binary and ternary rhythms has not pleased the author of the pamphlet. Now it is precisely the conflicting rhythms which most often give his accompaniments a fluctuation, an undulation, a charming grace. They give his work an incredible suppleness. Are we to believe that the Allegretto of the string quartet (op. 51, No. 1,) has lost anything by this elegant entanglement? Far to the contrary. The property of the artist is not to write as his predecessors, even the most illustrious, but by instinct to imagine new forms which show his genius. For M. Weingartner, Brahms' use of syncopation, his placing the bass at disagreement with the treble, and vice versa, and the knack he has of "making any part at pleasure progress by unexpected intervals and times, and finally all together to fall into a confusion of syncopations," are the motives through which the compositions of this master acquire the impression of being labored and anti-natural, which all his masterly travail of tech-

Digitized by Google

nique is not sufficient to conceal. From this he adds, again a monotony, which ends "by producing a dangerous poison fatigue!"

In the works of Brahms there exist, however, a number of other proceedings, most ingenious, which are an important part of the characteristics of his genius; these M. Weingartner omits to cite, although they give his compositions so personal a character, so attractive to all who have not been warned against them in advance from the side of Bayreuth. Has he not a marvelous fashion of preparing an alliance between staccato and legato (scherzo of the quartet, op. 26)? Is not his method of answering the piano by the strings (first piece of the quartet, op. 60,) an innovation? Has he not a marked predilection for the horn and for the alto among instruments? Certainly all these inventions and many others still, which appertain to him alone, do not by themselves form his mastery, which reveals itself in the grandeur, majesty and charm of the melodic themes. But they are not the less the high lights which bring out still more plainly the personality of the author.

In his interesting study upon Johannes Brahms, Leonce Mesnard has said very justly, apropos to the monotony which seems to result from the great complication of Brahms: "There is nothing to say assuredly against these monochrome effects, since Beethoven knew how to relieve them by the imperious attraction of rhythm and the frankness of the accent. Brahms also understands well how to use them effectively. This appears in the exposition of the finale of the first symphony, this finale so interesting, where intermingle the influences exercised upon the author by Beethoven, Schubert, without forgetting the chords richly marshaled, a la Schumann, with which he prepares the end. And shall we reproach him for the clear-obscure effect which is so good in itself, and in this case has received yet an additional and powerful support."

Even to our own day it is universally admitted that an artist, be he composer, sculptor, painter, engraver or architect, if he has genius, has a system absolutely personal, which distinguishes his work from that of his contemporaries and his predecessors. It is in this way that Corot, Daubigny, Millet, Rous-

Digitized by Google

seau, Delacroix, etc., have imagined new forms which are the characteristic elements of their genius.

M. Weingartner finds that this sort of thing is factitious. He would prefer probably that they had this in a sort of standard from which they never would depart. There would be no more genius, but merely good workmanship. But what is very curious with M. Weingartner is the manner in which he tries to prove that a system exists or does not exist in such or such master. In the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner, he claims, there is no system peculiar to any one of them. And the proof is that it is impossible to parody these masters; while Brahms, who has a manner, is very easy to imitate, so easy to imitate that whenever one hears any chamber music written according to the system of Brahms the hearer takes it for his in all confidence and sincerity, until some one tells the name of the author." Whatever the differences which one might point out between one work of Haydn and another, is it not also true that there is in all of them a sort of family likeness? Certainly the "Mastersingers" are not the same as "Parsifal;" "Lohengrin" is not the "Gotterdaemerung"; but in all the Wagnerian dramas there is an unquestionable afilliation. Is it possible then to maintain that there is no system in Beethoven or Wagner?

No author has been more parodied than Richard Wagner; serious works have been produced by numberless young composers, according to the Wagnerian system, and it is not impossible to find gross parodies as well, even if M. Weingartner would have us not believe it. We may not approve of these works, but it is impossible to deny that these young neo-Wagnerians have applied the system of their god with a certain success. Thus with Wagner as with all true creators, the system exists. We do not suppose that there will be a great crop of imitators of Brahms, for the simple reason that the works of this master symphonist have not yet reached the point where they have become popular. And if we seem to predict with a certain confidence, it is because we have followed with much attention the musical movement for nearly a half century. Our conviction is that Brahms, as also Beethoven, cannot easily be imitated.

At bottom, what M. Weingartner cannot forgive is that Schu-

Digitized by Google

mann should have announced prophetically the brilliant future of Johannes Brahms. He never believed himself the Messiah of chamber music, the successor of Beethoven. He simply composed according to his aptitudes, and when they have approached the worth of those of the master of Bonn, they reproach him where they ought to congratulate him most highly.

To maintain that the music of Brahms is solely "scientific music," "a play of sonorous forms and phrases" is a real paradox. Unquestionably Brahms, the successor of the great symphonists, had a great baggage of musical science, and it would be puerile to try to prove that music is not simply an art, but still a science. Without this science symphonic music above all would be without solidity, without sparkle. But along with this imagine Brahms, on the same plane as other masters, with an inspiration which touches us and moves us. His language, of a beautiful purity, is commanding; by turns grave, dramatic and tender; it is the translation of our pains and our joys, more of the former than of the latter, since it is always grief which dominates in life. Listen to the Andante, so full of grace, in the quintet for piano and strings; consider the fugue in the Scherzo of the same work, the beautiful song of the violoncello in the sextet for strings, in B flat minor; the largeness of the melodic phrase, so very impassioned, of the Andante con Moto of the quartet for piano and strings (op. 25), the originality and at the same time the finesse of the Scherzo of the string quartet (op. 26); admire the ingenious use of reminiscence in his principal works (Allegro of the string quintet, op. 88), as well as the mystery which predominates at the beginning of the second string sextet; (Brahms is perhaps the sole symphonist since Beethoven who has introduced mystery into his works,) the peroration of the first Allegro of the second symphony, and of the last Allegro of the third, and of many other admirable pages. You cannot be otherwise than profoundly interested and moved. In the presence of such genius, so brilliantly illustrated, not to recognize that Brahms merits being called a successor of Beethoven would be on the part of one less versed in the works of the master an evidence of real incompetence; and in others, among whom must be comprised M. Weingartner, the result of the blindest of prejudice. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Digitized by Google

NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES

MR. SYDNEY BIDEN.

In one department of art, at least, there is prospect of a higher standard of attainment becoming general than that which formerly prevailed. This department is that of singing. Our younger singers, especially the young men, are taking the matter in a serious vein which would not have been possible a generation earlier in this country. Speaking only of men, it is possible to name a round half dozen or more American singers who combine the best qualities of good singing in a higher degree, perhaps, than any others in the world. For instance, beginning with David Bispham, a singer with a lovely voice and a perfectly delightful style of interpretation; there is Charles W. Clarke, Mr. Webster, the basso, George Hamlin, Evan Williams, and others who represent that combination of intelligence with rarely beautiful vocal tone, to a degree which formerly was to be found only in singers of worldwide reputation. Our women singers, also, are to be mentioned with respect, and some of them, such as Mme. Nordica and Mme. Eames, are noted the world over for their lovely voices and for their perfection of art. In another part of this issue will be found some comments upon certain defects which almost universally distinguish our American women singers; but in so far as lovely voices are concerned, America at this time stands high up in the estimation of the world.

A new comer in the world of men singers is the subject of this sketch, Mr. Sydney Biden, a young gentleman born in St. Louis, some twenty-five years ago, but of late years resident in Chicago. Mr. Biden was a pupil of that popular master, Mr. Clippinger, for two or three years, and it is perhaps to the encouragement of this appreciative teacher that his farther perseverence in the career of art is due.

Digitized by Google

About two years ago Mr. Biden went abroad, as all good Americans do sooner or later. In London he called upon Henschel, who gave him a very pleasant reception, and to whom he sang

MR. SYDNEY BIDEN.

a few songs. Later on he met Mr. Plunket Green, who directed him to a less celebrated teacher, with whom he coached a variety of songs in his repertory. But the main part of the work abroad

Digitized by Google

he did in Berlin with Professor Blume, formerly of the Royal Academy in London. With him he studied a large repertory of the best German lieder—Schubert, Schumann, Peter Cornelius, Robert Franz and Brahms. So marked was his success in the songs of Brahms that after his London visit he went back to Berlin, by especial engagement, to sing the four serious songs of Brahms and the baritone part in Bach's cantata, at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the great master, the concert being given under the direction of the distinguished Dr. Reimann, librarian of the musical department of the Royal library.

Mr. Biden is very fond of the songs of the late Peter Cornelius, author of the "Barber of Bagdad." Cornelius was one of the young men at Weimar with Liszt, early in the 50s, and Liszt brought out his opera there. Mr. Biden thinks his songs among the most beautiful of the class to which they belong, and that they ought to be much better known.

He is also fond of the songs of Franz, and, considering the exquisite finish of them and the happy correspondence between the music and the text, he cannot account for their being so little known by the generality of singers.

Mr. Biden naturally sings these German songs in the original language, and he has taken great pains to acquire a finished enunciation of German, good enough to satisfy a discriminating German ear. He admits that a song sung to a hearer ignorant of the text is practically nothing but an ensemble piece consisting of instrument and voice—like an elaborate vocalize; and he does not for a moment deny that it would be a great deal better for the English speaking hearer if the song could be sung in English. But the translations are many of them too bad; they are unpoetical and inelegant. He thinks it little better than a crime against Brahms, Franz, or even Schumann, to give one of his songs to an English text which is mere doggerel. Of course it is easy to say that the task of preparing a really fine English version is by no means insuperable; Mr. Biden is not so sure of this, considering the amount of money which American publishers have put into translations which are neither translations nor versions, to say nothing of poetry. Things of this sort are bound to adjust themselves sooner or later, and all

Digitized by Google

the standard German lieder will be supplied with living English texts which accurately reproduce the poetry of the original.

Mr. Biden intends to devote himself to concert work, oratorio, and song recital work—for all of which his qualifications are wholly exceptional. His voice is of a very rare quality, very smooth, sympathetic, musical and delightful. Naturally at his age it is fresh, and it is also naturally flexible. With less power than some, it is an organ capable of splendid work, and as soon as its qualities are generally known Mr. Biden is sure to be in wide demand. Mr. Biden is a man of ideas and enthusiasm, and MUSIC counts upon being able to furnish some practical material from his pen concerning the best of the great masters of German song, and the qualities which one finds in their work.

Digitized by Google

From the published accounts of the first performances of opera in English at the Metropolitan opera in New York, under the joint management of Messrs. Grau and Savage, it is easy to see that as yet nothing has been realized at all approaching a desirable standard of this kind of work. They complain that while the chorus works hard, looks well and is far above the standard of the regular season, it nevertheless lacks intelligent nuance, and, under the impression that the house is hard to fill, shouts forte nearly all the time. Even in the chorus they say the English words are rarely distinguishable. The orchestra is complained of as ragged, too loud, and wanting in refinement.

Of the principals, two complaints are universal: That the voices are insufficient for the house, and that the text cannot be made out by the hearers. Now and then a single word appears, and the language is identifiable as English; then ensue long stretches in which no words can be made out.

When these comments are reduced to a common denominator they are equivalent to pronouncing the leading singers incompetent for grand roles, and the musical direction not up to a proper standard. There is nothing remarkable in such a state of things. On the contrary, it was to have been expected. Why, is it asked? Because our American singers are not well trained.

* * *

Why is it that American women cannot sing in any kind of understandable speech? That they do not sing English, anybody can be sure who will attend a few concerts. If there is an English song upon the program, the words are obscure, if at all recognizable, and this in a small hall and to the light accompaniment of a ballad upon the piano. If this is the case under such circumstances, what should we expect when like singers are placed upon a grand stage, supported by a large orchestra of

Digitized by Google

fifty or more, and given roles to which the English text has been adapted by a common stage carpenter? (meaning no disrespect to a most useful craft.)

Observe, it is the women who cannot sing words. Many men sing their text beautifully—both sing it and speak it in the endless melody of Wagnerian "song-speech." Think of Bispham, Charles W. Clarke, Myron Whitney, all the good baritones, many tenors—but here we come again upon dangerous ground, for tenors begin to be feminine in their weaknesses and often avoid the text. Yet the good tenors sing well in all the languages they know.

Contraltos sometimes sing fairly well; but not invariably. Sopranos rarely deliver their lines with clearness. Why? Is this a token of some kind of unclassified female loveliness? An idiosyncrasy of the everlasting wifely?

It is a hallucination of most of these women that whatever the defects of their English text may be, they really sing German, Italian and French as they are spoken in their own countries. But do they? Not a bit. A few of our American girls, by dint of multitudinous lessons in Paris, have arrived at that particular pitch of culture in the French language that they can be tolerated upon a French stage as foreigners. Never one of them has sung the language as natives sing it; none of them are heard with pleasure by Frenchmen, except in so far as they are willing to forego the delight of their evasive tongue for the sake of the pure bright tones of the American voice.

I have before called attention to the fact that in England a different state of things prevails. All the good London teachers of singing have pupils able to deliver English songs with clearness, due emphasis, and at the same time without sacrificing the language to the phrasing or the phrasing to the language. Why do we not have this in America?

The first reason is because we do not teach singing in the English tongue. It is taken for granted that any kind of Italian combination of letters is more musical than our own speech. Accordingly the pupil works through her elementary course without language; she then takes a few arias in Italian and German; now and then she relapses into French. English undergoes that curious modification which gives the well-known "hot-potato" effect (the effect of holding a small hot potato in the mouth

Digitized by Google

while the singing is going on). I know not whether this standard effect of the pupils of our Italian singing teachers may not be actually taught as something desirable. At all events they communicate it as part of the trade mark.

* * *

I cheerfully admit that opera is rarely well given in completeness anywhere. Even with the high-priced singers of the American grand opera season, some of the best singers obtainable, a good ensemble is very rare. Generally there are two or three roles, frequently one of the leading ones, sung without rehearsal, by a singer unaccustomed to the stage. That a blot of this sort is not noticed by the audiences is due partly to ignorance and partly to their absorption in the two or three leading singers.

What does it take to give opera well aside from a competent orchestra and chorus and some reliable utility singers for minor roles? Opera, I answer, is a kind of entertainment which combines many artistic elements. It is drama and song combined in such proportions that the drama is complete and made more intense by the song, which expresses its great moments and crises. It takes, therefore, singers with vocal resources of a high order, able to become impassioned on occasion without losing the proportion of the situation. Voices capable of adequately filling large spaces without effort upon the part of the singers. Voices trained to the most delicate finish of verbal articulation, without ever sacrificing the purely musical and emotional demands of the role and the moment. I know not whether there be at this moment a single American woman of the younger generation upon the stage equal to these demands. I even doubt whether Mme. Nordica could measure up to this standard in English singing. Mme. Eames-Story takes too lazy a view of things; her text is always slid over to leave her voice as evident as possible. If an American could sing the English language as well as Mme. Schumann-Heink sings her native German—then indeed we might hope to have an opera in English.

* * *

Imperfect text in singing is always proof of one or the other of two things: Either the training has been insufficient, or else the singer is lazy; or both. Imperfect method, or lack of artistic

Digitized by Google

sense. These are the two causes. Imperfect method is due in part to the study under foreign teachers who do not understand how to teach the English articulation; and in part to the hurry of American girls who desire to undertake difficult arias while as yet they ought to have two or three years' solid work in voice-placing and tone-work before they are even ready to begin the serious study of phrasing. During the course of this part of the training all the foundation of good verbal delivery is laid in purifying the vowels, learning how to precede and follow each vowel by the consonants, and the manner of articulating these consonants without impairing the legato flow of tone. This is a very large contract. Men go through it and master it; why not women? Think of Bispham's enunciation of text in connection with phrasing. I quote Bispham with pleasure, because in his case it is not altogether due to a very intense artistic temperament. When Max Heinrich delivers his text forcibly, we recognize at once that it is necessary in his case. The word contains the idea, and it would be impossible for him, with his clearness of thought, to ignore so vital a part of the apparatus for awakening in the listener a certain mood and artistic experience.

But Bispham, with his smooth tone, might well have chosen to do as many singers do, and rest his fame upon the tone quality alone; yet Bispham knows also that the word has in it the idea; and that music without ideas, vocal music, is impossible and a contradiction of terms. A baritone or a basso cannot delight the ear by his roulades and the tricks of trills and fancy singing. The range of pitch forbids. Hence bassos and baritones are free from this temptation to deal with the musical part of their roles alone, ignoring the text, which at once explains the melody and is its reason for being.

* * *

A singer who can really sing well in Italian, German or English, can easily be taught to sing well in the others, subject only to the national defects regarding certain idiomatic combinations peculiar to the new language alone. For instance, an Italian singer, no matter how well trained in her own tongue, finds it very difficult and generally impossible to finish words with strong consonants; usually there is what telegraphers call a "back-stroke" (as where the sounder finishes a dash) in the form of

Digitized by Google

an "a" as round-a, deep-a, strong-a, etc. So, also, Italians find certain German sounds very difficult; and Germans almost all fail to get the English sharp sound for th, as in thin—which they transform into "tin." Still, when these smaller discrepancies are duly allowed for, good singers can be taught to sing other languages quite successfully, as the records of the stage show. Whether a German can ever be taught to sing French well is one of those things which the summer is too short to fight out. Besides, it was probably settled, once for all, at the Paris exposition, in the musical congresses.

* * *

Opera in English presents another difficulty which is not enough taken into account. It is that every language has its own habits of quantity and a certain temperamental cadence of its own. It is one thing to adapt English equivalents to a phrase of recitative in such a way that emphatic syllables fall upon emphatic notes; but when this is done, it is no less true, nine times out of ten, that the natural cadence of the verbal phrase, which the music accurately expressed for the original, is violated in the English version. And what the adapter would need to do is to reconstruct the text in such a manner that the English version would fit the movement and cadence of the phrase as exactly as the original. This inherent difficulty of translating any text into any other language runs all through opera, and most of the existing adaptations do not rise to cope with it, but content themselves with merely furnishing English words which can be sung to the same music.

Now it is evident that opera thus prepared for singing in English cannot possibly be interpreted in such a manner as to produce an equivalent artistic effect to that of the original well sung. It is this which makes many hold the opinion that songs ought not to be translated, but always be sung in the original. Yet these forget that a song without understandable words is merely an instrumental piece with a vocal melody obligato, its good or bad effect turning upon the music as such and the agreeable sound of the voice; but the song as a song, the song as a setting of a poetic text, no longer exists, except for those who not only have an idea what it is about, but are able to enter into and follow the poem syllable by syllable—as one drinks water without tasting it.

Digitized by Google

I admit that almost any Schubert song has music enough in it, melody and agreeable harmony, and a mood so clearly defined that it produces a good effect when merely played upon the piano, as in Liszt arrangement. Yet this effect is not that of the song as such, but of Schubert's music merely, assisted by the general poetic concept of the title of the poem. For instance, the Shakespeare serenade, "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings," when played upon the piano remains a fascinating bit of melody, a clear and inviting rhythm, and most fetching modulation into G flat in the middle piece of the melody; yet it is not what Schubert had in mind. He meant it to reproduce the Shakespeare lines, and it is only when the lines are heard with the music that we get the full effect which Schubert intended.

Much more is this the case in such masterly tonal improvisations as Schumann's music to his "Woman's Love and Life," the "Spring Night," and the like. Take, for instance, the "Spring Night." Who in hearing this bounding and irrepressible music can forget that it stands for something full of life, bubbling over and quivering all through with the mysterious world-forces of young pulses and growing pains? But it is only when we follow the music phrase by phrase, enlightened by the poem to which it is set, that we get all which Schumann intended. And while the general mood of the song may be awakened by singing it well in any language, or with no language at all, or by following the suggestion of the old lady and singing over and over again the one verbal masterpiece of the Bible, the musical-word "Mesopotamia"—how far short is this of the effect when the poem is heard and the music following it.

So of the "Two Grenadiers." The mood is plain enough in the music; but what shall we make of the low-spoken soliloquy of the old soldiers? This part of the song means nothing without the words.

And if this is true of songs, how much more is it true of the music of opera.

* * *

It is possible to maintain the opposite side of this question and hold that the time is almost here when music is so much better understood than words, that to play operas without words will afford more satisfaction. I believe that Mr. Theodore Thomas might hold this position and prefer to hear the music

Digitized by Google

of the entire ring, without a single word sung, or a single utterance from a singer, because he regards the limitations of the human voice as a handicap too great for a modern orchestra to overcome and still give the inner spirit of this swelling, hard-working, struggling, and impassioned music of Wagner, with its crises of passion, its raptures, its tremendous realizations of unsuppressed elemental temperament.

And despite the difficulty of turning all this German mysticism and elemental passion of Wagner into staid English speech and conceivable situations of English temperament, I am not sure but that the difficulty is even as great in the case of the old operas, where the aria cuts so important a figure. Take, for instance, Bellini's "Norma," and what are we to do with the lovely aria, "Casta diva," addressed to the moon?

* * *

They had a different conception of the office of a text in the times of Mozart from that prevailing with Peri, revived by Gluck, and again revived by Wagner. In another part of this magazine there is an amusing criticism from the first of omniscient Americans, the philosopher, Benjamin Franklin. I imagine that Franklin must have met the Chevalier Gluck somewhere, or have come across the Gluck ideas; and that his criticism of Handel's misuse of words is the result of Gluck's idea of the place of text, worked out by his plain New England common-sense. Anyway, he makes out a very pretty case—quite as good as Wagner would make out for him.

Franklin and Mozart are at opposites regarding the place of text in operatic arias. Franklin did not know that the aria in opera has nothing to do with the dramatic movement—nothing, I mean, in the sense of advancing it; the aria is a prolongation of a single moment in the drama, where a certain crisis having been reached the aria arrests the movement and dwells upon this moment. Of course it is an illogical proceeding—but so are soap and many other useful things. And what admirable results Mozart contrived to accomplish by means of the aria! The great moment having been thus solemnly recognized, the dramatic movement goes on again by means of the recitative and action. Even the ensembles sometimes amount to little more than complicated arias; at other times they carry forward the action. But when it comes to words, are we to suppose that in

Digitized by Google

the long finale of the second act of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart expected the different speakers all to be heard, when at times there are no less than seven, mostly singing different words? Not a bit of it. He probably expected that the words of one or two of the principals would be made out; and, their position in the dramatic moment being well understood by the audience (for these ensembles only arise when the dramatic collision is unmistakable), he thought that a word now and then caught from each speaker in turn would sufficiently assist the imagination of the hearer, and the music might safely give itself over to developing the mood or moods of the dramatic moment. This is the same kind of thing we have in the great finale in the third act of Wagner's "Mastersingers."

I think that even the most resolute verbal purist must give it up as unlikely that Mozart cared for text very much in such moments as these. Yet Handel, in writing his oratorios, in which he brings to bear all his accumulated experience as an operatic writer, treats the words beautifully, and the hearer unable to discern them in the singing misses one of the most enjoyable parts of the artistic effect.

Wagner had very pure ideas, to hear him define them; but is there any composer who has had more violent paroxysms of wholesale delivery than he? If you doubt it, try to follow the words in the Swan chorus in "Lohengrin," or the words in places in "Tristan and Isolde" and elsewhere. It is impossible that he could have expected the hearer to recognize more than now and then a word.

* * *

The fundamental difficulty of opera in English is to discover some kind of elevated phraseology, or commonplace music, adequate to reasonable exploitation of the bits where the hero desires his boots to be brought, his clothes pressed, his beard trimmed, or the prima donna her bangs curled. These less noble (but now useful!) moments in life, the French or Italian librettist glosses over in some kind of ornamental phrase which makes even a napkin or a curling iron almost poetical; but our English speech (our deadly English straightforwardness) is against any kind of atmosphere of this kind. It was an Englishman who first discovered the great truth that it is hard for a man to be a hero to his valet—or wanting this useful servant, to be a hero

Digitized by Google

to his wife. Halos are an extremely rare domestic property in English-speaking circles, and therefore rare in English speech. Now this is one of the difficulties opera encounters; it is like trying to set forth a banquet of salt codfish, brown bread, and water. Magnificent articles of diet, which have nourished how many generations of high thinkers—yet for festive purposes how unpromising!

* * *

I am quite sure that this innate poverty of operatic libretto must have struck our honest American composers, used to the noble phrases and the sublime ideas of the King James Bible. Dudley Buck, for instance. I would like to know how his Columbus manages to get himself into his fighting or court togs, when the occasion demands. Does he do this before us, and by the aid of the orchestra? Or is it already completed when the hero, like a strong man or a newly risen sun, emerges from the obscurity of night? And the lady in the case; does anything ordinary happen to her, or is she already keyed upon a transcendental key when she comes in sight? Is it possible to apply realism in opera and still develop it to the height of lofty sentiment and critical choices in life, not to say tragedy? In real life tragedy is apt to be rather dull and unimaginative. It usually smacks of insanity, degeneracy, and lack of noble outlook. Will it be possible to avoid these defects, for avoided they must be if music is to have a chance, in opera?

Digitized by Google

THINGS HERE AND THERE

THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

At the second concert of the Chicago Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, there were three novelties. The first was a "Dramatic Overture," by Ludwig Thuille, op. 16. Of the author the program notes had the following, from the pen of Mr. Hubbard W. Harris: "This young musician, who is herewith brought to the attention of the Chicago Orchestra's audience for the first time, belongs to the ultra-modern school of composition, whose leaders are to be found in Richard Strauss, Christian Sinding, Vincent d'Indy, and other similar writers. His musical career began at Innsbruck, where for a time he pursued the study of pianoforte playing and counterpoint under the guidance of Joseph Pembaur. Later—from 1879 to 1883—he was the pupil of Carl Baermann, in pianoforte playing, and of Rheinberger in composition, at the Munich Music School, where he has since remained as a teacher of these branches. He is also the conductor of the mannerchor, "Liederhort," in that city. In 1891 he received the degree of "Royal Professor of Music." His compositions include a three-act opera, "Theuerdank," which was produced with much success at Munich in 1897, obtaining for its author the Luitpold prize; another opera, entitled "Lobetanz," which was brought out at Karlsruhe and Berlin during the following year; a sonata for violin and pianoforte, an organ sonata, a sextet for pianoforte and wind instruments, a song cycle, "Von Lust und Lied," and numerous pianoforte pieces, songs, and men's choruses.

The present composition, which bears a dedication "To the Memory of Alexander Ritter," was published in 1899. Its character is defined in a general way by its title, and its poetic intent is further made plain bv the following "Romanze" by Fritz Neff, which adorns the fly-leaf of the score:

The night, a crown for his ambition,
Girds himself in ratt'ling mail;
Springing then upon his charger,
Goes he forth o'er hill and dale.

Goes he where the blue flower lures him,
Where, defiant, blooms the thorn;
Springs he, clanking from the saddle,
Blows, resoundingly, his horn.

Digitized by Google

Tenderly he plucks the blossoms,
And the thorns he roughly breaks;
Of his foes he fells the stoutest,
Kisses from fair dames he takes.

Then, still heated from the conquest,
Soiled yet from charge and blow,
He the golden circlet places
Proudly 'pon his noble brow.

The Overture is in D major and 4-4 time, and, having no introduction, opens with the announcement of the rushing principal theme —*feurig, doch nicht zu rasch* (fiery, but not too fast)—by the violins, violas and smaller woodwinds, *fortissimo*. This is forthwith carried through a long stretch of elaborate polyphonic writing, further embellished by the introduction of sundry subsidiary material. Presently another and contrasting theme is brought into evidence, being given out by the flute and second violins (the first violins quickly joining in) over an accompaniment from the horns, heavier woodwinds and strings, enriched by figurations in the violas. Later on the first theme is taken up and worked over with much variety of expression and with occasional hintings at the second theme, which latter finally comes back in the violins, in a somewhat modified form. A short rushing passage for the strings at last leads over into the showy coda which brings the composition to a brilliant conclusion."

The overture is well made, like all good writing nowadays, rather richly scored, and so pleasant to hear. It did not strike me as a work of at all strong imagination.

The second novelty was of a different sort, being the first part of the "Wallenstein Trilogy of Mr. Vincent d'Indy. It is a humorous movement, this first one which was played, intending to represent the roystering sounds of the camp. It is full of vigorous musical ideas and the treatment is masterly in precision, cleverness, and good insight as to the effect of contrasted tone colors. The sketch of M. d'Indy was incomplete in the program book, in making no mention of his important relation as acting head of the *Schola Cantorum*, at Paris, the school where church music is taught from the Palestrinian standpoint. M. d'Indy, being a man of inherited means, is able to permit himself the luxury of maintaining ideals—which he does. But it is certainly a curious combination that so advanced a modern master should also be so loyal to the severity of the Palestrinian idea in church music.

The third novelty was a curious orchestral arrangement, by Mr. Thomas himself, of the Andante and variations of the well-known "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven, originally written for piano and violin. In making the score Mr. Thomas followed quite carefully the effects produced by the instruments as given by Beethoven—followed, that is, as closely as is possible for an orchestra to represent the effect of piano and violin. In general the scheme is this: He begins the theme by the low strings, mainly the cellos and violas; later, with the

Digitized by Google

coming in of the solo violin, all the violins have the melody. The middle part opens with woodwind effect. The first variation, in which the pianoforte has most of the work, is here given to the woodwind, the clarinet and flute having the upper parts. The triangle is modestly introduced once or twice, and in the middle theme the woodwind becomes fuller. The violins have very little to do, and that mainly the notes of the solo violin part. The second variation, which belongs to the solo violin, he takes with all the violins together (firsts and seconds) upon the solo, while the accompaniment is given to the woodwind and harp; later the soft brass assists in enriching the tone mass. The third variation, in minor tonality, he has written quite close and full, but low in pitch. Here Beethoven did about as well as he knew in polyphony, and this idea Mr. Thomas carries out. The color is woodwind. The fourth variation is given with flute and harp, very light, and some of the softer woodwind. The solo violin part is here a solo, indeed, and it was well played by Mr. Kramer. the concertmaster of the orchestra. In the da capo all the violins have the solo.

Opinions will differ as to the advisability of such an arrangement. Certainly it makes a pleasing impression. It is not to be compared, for instance, to a really modern work, like the variations by Dvorak or Brahms for orchestra—the variety is insufficient and Mr. Thomas has not been daring enough in his scoring. But, as said before, the work pleased the audience mightily, and, after all, this is perhaps verdict enough. To the mind of the present writer the least satisfactory part of the work is the coda, which is commonplace to a degree.

I would like to hear a new Beethoven symphony, in which a skilled modern master, such as M. Vincent d'Indy, for instance, should transcribe one of the great sonatas or trios of Beethoven. There is a field here, but preferably it should be worked by someone who possesses originality as well as scholarship.

There was yet another novelty in this concert, in the form of three Moorish dances by Professor John K. Paine, from his opera of "Azara." The program notes furnished the following information:

"The opera, "Azara,"—from which these ballet selections are taken, and for which Mr. Paine has written the text as well as the music—represents the last dozen years or so of his labors in the field of composition. The libretto, founded on an oriental theme, has already been published, but the music has not, nor has the work in its entirety been performed. The excerpts now presented were given their first public reading by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, March 9th and 10th last."

The first of the three dances is better than the others. The last is least novel. The scoring was clever and more piquant than would have been expected from the composer of "St. Peter." The conception of the dance was perhaps a trifle too moderate and not languorous enough—too much intellect and too little sensuousness. But perhaps the French have misrepresented the voluptuousness of the East to our ears. This, in "Azara," may have been a sort of Sunday school, living-

Digitized by Google

picture ballet, in which grace and beauty have part, but maidenly reserve is nowhere violated.

WILCOX, OF THE "CONCERT-GOER," ON ENGLISH AS SHE IS SUNG.

In the Concert-Goer for October 20, Mr. J. C. Wilcox, the well-known baritone, makes the following strictures upon the manner in which the text is delivered, or more properly ignored, in the English company now singing at the Metropolitan, and it will be seen from these how far from exaggerated are the strictures upon this phase of the work given elsewhere. Of the first performance of "Aida" he says:

Viewed compositely, as a "production," the presentation of "Aida" by the Metropolitan English Opera Co., last Monday evening, was about all that could reasonably be expected. There was ensemble. A hearty co-operation of forces was evidenced in the spirited and earnest work of all who were concerned in the production. And this is a vital thing. There is another vital thing in the English opera scheme, however, and that is to have English sung. This was not done last Monday evening, when I witnessed the performance of "Aida." The only distinction to draw between this "English" performance and one in Italian is that the latter would have been somewhat easier to vocalize and quite as intelligible to the auditors. I defy anyone who who is not conversant with the story of "Aida" to gain the slightest insight from what is sung on the Metropolitan stage. This is unpardonable, because it is useless. Any singer who can speak English with a correct accent should be able to sing it with absolute distinctness. Mr. Whitehill, who was the High Priest in Monday evening's performance, enunciates rather than most of his confreres in the English Opera Co., and it was possible to understand an occasional word of his text. Yet those who heard Joseph Baernstein sing the same role with the Castle Square Opera Co. last season know that had he been in Mr. Whitehill's place not a syllable would have been lost to an attentive listener, while his vocalization would at least have suffered nothing in comparison. I make this analogy because Mr. Baernstein is a shining example in support of the contention that it is possible to combine dramatic singing with absolute clarity in elocution. Since it is possible, the ability to do it should be made, so far as practicable, a condition of membership in the English Opera Co. If, in the face of the discrepancy between supply and demand, we must either condone a lack of stage exeprience or the inability to sing English, let us forgive angular pose and gesture for the sake of agreeable voices and good diction.

Returning to the specific consideration of the "Aida" performance (for all that I have written about the lack of recognizable English may be applied to almost any performance at the Metropolitan) it may be recorded that with the exception already made, it was a pro-

Digitized by Google

duction to stimulate great hopes for the future of the native opera enterprise. Excepting only the orchestra (which was a trifle rough and uncertain at times, though not fatally so) and the individual singers of the cast, it was a production that will easily bear comparison with Mr. Grau's. And in the departments mentioned, the difference is hardly so marked as in the prices of admission to the respective productions.

Those who gained their first knowledge of "Aida" at the Metropolitan this week obtained an adequate idea of its music and its pageantry, and were not obliged to pay extravagantly for the opportunity. If this much can be said of every production it will justify the existence of the Metropolitan English Opera Co.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE FACULTY CONCERT.

If someone had invited Dr. Florence Ziegfeld, thirty years ago, to hire a hall at the rate of $400 a night, in order to give a faculty concert of his musical school; and if, further, it had been proposed to employ the best orchestra in town to the number of fifty or more to accompany the leading professors in their numbers, he would have answered: "Go to; do I look so silly? Why, man alive, you are planning for an expense reaching into the thousands of dollars, and what is a hard-working music teacher, that he should undertake a work like this?" But times change and men change with them. Dr. Ziegfeld likewise, and here we have him hiring the Chicago Auditorium, the largest opera house in the world, with its 5,000 seats. Nor was this the whole of the expense involved. The daily papers, for several weeks before, had advertisements of this concert, and many householders have received envelopes at their homes giving programs of the concert, portraits of the artists, and a notice of the school.

Nothing succeeds like success. The Auditorium was full, and the foyer bristled with standees quite like a very full night of Italian opera.

The orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Hans von Schiller, opened the program with the first performance of a march from an orchestral suite by Adolph Brune, teacher of harmony and counterpoint in the college. The march as is described in the program notes written by Felix Borowski, is in the key of A major, and is cast in the orthodox form, commencing with a short introduction in which fanfares for brass instruments occupy an important position. The march was richly scored and enthusiastically received by the audience. The first appearance of Mr. Rudolph Ganz was naturally awaited with much interest. Mr. Ganz is an attractive player of the German school, and is a decided acquisition to the pianists of the college. His greatest success was in the Hungarian fantasy of Liszt, which he played with unusual infallibility. Mr. Ganz is a player of refinement and considerable virtuosity, playing difficult works unostentatiously

Digitized by Google

and showing a mastery of the instrument and sound musicianship, as well as much poetic feeling.

MM. Gauthier and Herman Devries made their first appearance as members of the faculty of the college, although both are well known through the Italian and French opera, of which they were members. M. Gauthier is undoubtedly the best dramatic tenor heard here since Tamagno. He is an artist of wholly exceptional powers, having a voice of great power and range, imaginative quality and fire. As an actor he is one of the best upon the lyric stage. Even if we grant him to illustrate the traditions of the olden school of the French conservatory in acting, he is nevertheless a singularly imposing figure in any of his heroic roles.

He was hardly at his best last evening, owing to a very heavy cold, but he, nevertheless, made a profound impression in "La Juive. The audience also appreciated the encore, "The Palms," sung in English, which doubtless cost him a good deal of trouble.

Herman Devries was in excellent voice and gave a remarkable performance of Massenet's "Noel Paien."

The old-time favorite, Mr. Bernhard Listemann, renewed his artistic triumphs in the Paginini Concerto No. 1, which he played with his usual astonishing vigor. The audience gave him a great ovation.

The closing number on the program was a fitting climax to a remarkable faculty concert. Following is the program in full:

March from Suite op. 7.....Adolf Brune
ORCHESTRA.

Piano—Concerto, op. 11, E minor.....Chopin
Allegro, larghetto, rondo.
RUDOLPH GANZ.

Vocal—"Noel Paien" .....Massenet
HERMAN DEVRIES.

Violin—Concerto, No. 1. Adagio, finale.....Paginini
BERNHARD LISTEMANN.

Vocal—Aria "La Juive".....Halevy
CHARLES GAUTHIER.

Piano—Hungarian Fantasie .....Liszt
RUDOLPH GANZ.

Vocal Duo—"Pecheurs de Perles".....Bizet
M. GAUTHIER, M. DEVRIES.

RECITAL BY A. D. DUVIVIER AND HIS PUPILS.

Mr. A. D. Duvivier, the celebrated teacher of singing, composer and musician, gave a recital of his pupils, October 18th, which differed in several material respects from the ordinary run of such entertainments. In the first place, Mr. Duvivier is one of our oldest musicians, his opera of "Deborah" having been given at Paris in 1869. He was

Digitized by Google

classmate, at the Paris conservatory, with Bizet, author of "Carmen," "Saint-Saens," was well acquainted with Berlioz, intimate at the house of L. M. Gottschalk, the pianist, knew Rossini, visited Richard Wagner at his modest apartments, when he was bringing out "Tannhaueser" there, somewhere about 1860. Yet Mr. Duvivier belongs to the class of hale and hearty musicians (Verdi is dean of the tribe, among the living) who, at an age of lean shanks and slippered pantaloons, as Shakespeare has it, are still full of creative vigor. Duvivier's freshly composed symphony for grand orchestra was played by Mr. Thomas last year, and with very good success. Upon the present occasion no less than seven of the Duvivier songs were sung by pupils—and the pupils were, in their way, as remarkable as the songs, the composer and the occasion. At the head was the well-known club singer and accomplished artist, Mrs. Theodore Brentano. There was also Mrs. Martha Holstander, with a beautiful contralto voice; Mr. Elmer De Pue, who has an attractive tenor di grazia; Miss Bertha Nixon, who has a very attractive light soprano, and is a promising young singer; a very imposing and handsome baritone, in the person of Dr. E. Zoepffel Guellenstein; Miss Lillian Forssee; Mr. G. J. Liebich, a young baritone who gives promise; a Swedish singer, Mrs. Ella Lund, who sang several Swedish songs. The star of all failed to appear—the delightful soprano, Miss Frances Perce, one of the best young singers now before the public—for she is already upon the stage.

One of the songs of Mr. Duvivier was a "Moorish Serenade," the same which Mr. Wilson has been singing with so much effect in London. Then there was an aria from the opera of "Deborah," with 'cello obligato; a song with German text, "Komm, liebschen, Komm," which at least sounds promising; "The Cooing of the Dove" and "Come," a flute song, all of which would seem to indicate that the recent marriage of Mr. Duvivier to one of his younger pupils was what religionists call "an outward sign of an inward work."

The music was well made, well placed for the voice and pleasing. As for the singing, it was, of course, of high quality for the most part, Mrs. Brentano naturally at the head. Mr. Duvivier played most of the accompaniments, but others were given by that accomplished player, Mrs. Nellie Bangs Skelton. Mr. Unger, the 'cellist, assisted. The audience was of good size and appreciative.

PROGRAMS BY FREDERICK HORACE CLARKE.

Mr. Frederick Horace Clarke has designed the following six programs which he will play on the last Saturdays of September, October, November, February and March, before the Saint Clara's Academy, near Dubuque, Iowa. Each program will be played previously at the Northern Indiana Normal School, at Valparaiso, Ind., on Wednesday evenings, and at the Stevan School, 4313 Drexel boulevard, Chicago, on Tuesday evenings. With regard to the programs, it will be noted that Mr. Clarke has affixed to each Beethoven sonata a theory

Digitized by Google

to account for its being. These explanations are curious and interesting, although they have no authority beyond that of representing the reflection of Beethoven's music as it touches the consciousness of Mr. Clarke. In other words, they are valid subjectively, only, and it is by no means likely that Beethoven would remember meaning any one of these things, saving probably the bars, notes, signatures, tempi and general mood. Nevertheless the recitals ought to be interesting:

I.

Beethoven.....Original Variations, op. 34
"A Noble Soul"; in Childhood (Var. I.), in Youth (Var. II.), in Love (Var. III.), in Marriage (Var. IV.), in Death (Var. V.) and in the Resurrection (Var. VI.).

Beethoven.....Two Sonatas, op. 27, Nos. 1 and 2
(Anticipation of Love and Loss of the Beloved.)

I. Andante, Vivace; moods in Beethoven's love. Allegro, Trio; Views of Juliette the beloved. Adagio, the religious aspect of Love. Rondo, ideal view of Marriage.

II. ("Moonlight Sonata.") Adagio, Presto; Woe because of the loss and struggling to renounce the love. Andante (Menuetto), At Juliette's wedding.

Bach.....Prelude and fugue in G major
Schubert.....Impromptus in A and E flat
Mendelssohn..... Spinning Song
Schumann.....Sonata in G minor, op. 22
Chopin.....Ballade in A flat major

II.

Beethoven.....Sonatas in D minor, op. 31, and in F major, op. 54
(The Soul's Evolution from Darkness Into Light.)

I. (Storm Sonata.) Largo-Allegro; rebellion against the harmony of unity and because of pain and loss. Adagio; religious contemplation of and ecstasy in the harmonic power. Rondo; applying the newly found power to life.

II. (The Sonata of Triumph.) Minuetto tempo; the harmonic unity as heavenly light, and, Rondo; as means conquering earth's burdens.

Bach.....Prelude and fugue in F major
Schubert.....Last Impromptu in F minor
Mendelssohn..... Spring Song
Schumann..... Symphonic Etudes
Chopin.....Second Scherzo, B flat minor

III.

Beethoven .....VIII. Variations
"I Have Only a Little Hut."

Beethoven.....Sonata Characteristique, op. 81
An Ode to Friendship.
(The soul's temporary separation from and permanent reunion with its beloved.) Adagio-Allegro, the good-bye. Andante, the absence. Vivacissimamente, the reunion.

Digitized by Google

Bach.....Preambule in G
Scarlatti.....Sonata in D major
Weber..... Momento Capriccioso
Schubert-Liszt....."Wohin" and "Hark the Lark"
Liszt.....II. Concert Polonaise, E major
Clark..... Octave Gavotte

IV.

Beethoven.....XII. Variations in A, on a Russian melody
Beethoven.....Sonata in E, op. 109
(The Soul's Sleep, Awakening and Development.)
Vivace, Adagio; dreaming and suffering as in natural happiness and pain. Prestissimo; purgatorial scene. Theme et Variations; supernatural life of mind (Var. I.). emotions (Var. II.), spirit any body (Var. III.), reason (Var. I.), all these in harmony (Var. V.), and fruitfulness (Var. VI.), and in conclusion the eternal identity of the soul's personality.
Bach-Liszt.....Fantasie et fugue in G minor
Schumann.....Fantasia in C (dedicated to Liszt)
Chopin.....Fantasia in F minor
Liszt..... Lucia Fantasia
Liszt..... Rigoletto Fantasia

V.

Beethoven.....Aurora Sonata, op. 53 and Andante favori
Allegro con brio, dawning of conscious moral life in the soul. Andante favori, the peacefulness and beauty thereof (originally written for this Sonata). Introduzione, free harmonic unity as basis of soul sentiment. Rondo, the light of a fully rounded life.
Clarke.....First two Hiawatha Impromptus
Brahms.....I Vol. Paganini Variations
Moskowsky.....Ocean Etude (op. 24, No. 1)
Liszt.....Ocean Etude (concert study, D flat)
Rubinstein.....Ocean Etude (in C major)
Chopin.....Ocean Etude (op. 25, No. 12)
Chopin..... Four Etudes

VI.

Beethoven.....Pathetic Sonata, op. 13 in C minor
Grave, a life bravely battling with inherent limitations. Adagio, a hopeful meditation therein. Rondo, meeting the same with Christian resignation and power.
Beethoven.....Pastoral Sonata, op. 28 in D
The Soul's Sabbath. Allegro, restfulness in Nature. Andante, a puritanical and a prehistoric Sabbath. Scherzo and Trio, a village feast. Rondo, a peasant's wedding.
Clarke.....Scherzo from first Sonata, G minor
Clarke.....Third Hiawatha Impromptu
Godowsky.....Capriccio in C minor
Godowsky.....Chopin, A minor study for left hand
Chopin.....Four Impromptus, op. 29, 36, 51, 66
Chopin.....Andante Spianato and Grand Polonaise

Digitized by Google

MINOR MENTION.

Mr. Carl Faelten gave his first piano recital in Steinert Hall, October 22nd, the following program being given: Sonata Pathetique, Beethoven; Minuet, B minor, from op. 78; Impromptu, G major, op. 90, No. 3; Impromptu, E flat major, op. 90, No. 2; Rondo, allegro, moderato, from op. 52, Schubert; Valse Caprice, A minor, from Soirees de Vienne, Schubert-Liszt; Polonaise, E major, Liszt. A distinguished audience showed their appreciation of the program, which is one of a series of six to be given throughout the winter. It is seldom that we find an artist and teacher who is able to prepare six new programs in a season, at the same time directing so large a school.

* * *

MUSIC is very glad to present the following program, given in Crete, Neb., by Mr. William Irving Andruss, director of the department of music in Doane college. Program: Bach, "Tours," Gavotte in E major; Beethoven, Largo appassionato from Sonata, op. 2, No. 2; Brahms, "First Rhapsody"; Schumann, "Entrance to the Forest," "Bird as Prophet," "Wayside Inn" (from "Forest Scenes"); Chopin, Preludes 4, 7, 6, 20; waltz, op. 64, No. 2; waltz, op. 70, No. 3; etude, op. 25, No. 2; nocturne, op. 15, No. 3; mazurka, op. 7, No. 1; polonaise, op. 40.

* * *

Among the notable selections at a recital given in the Gottschalk school, lately, were Damrosch's "Danny Deever," sung by Mr. Sedgewick MacGregor; the Schumann variations for two pianos, played by Mr. Frank Low and Mr. Nelson, and vocal selections from the "Barber" (Una voce poco fa) and "Favorita."

* * *

Mr. Prof. P. C. Lutkin has been re-engaged as director of the Ravenswood Musical Club, and the following is the work blocked out for the present season: First concert, November 13th, Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden" (quartet), and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Second concert, February 15th, a Mendelssohn evening, including the "Hymn of Praise" and other works. Third Concert, May 21st, selections from grand opera. In the latter Signor Mareschalchi will doubtless shine, his name appearing as baritone.

* * *

At the opening concert of the Toledo conservatory Mr. MacDowell's "Sonata Tragica" was played by Mr. Owen. Was this a premonition to the pupils failing to practice?

* * *

Mr. E. R. Kroeger, of St. Louis, is offering six different lecture-recitals this season for clubs, societies and schools. The subjects are:

Digitized by Google

"Wagner's Great Music Dramas," "How to Listen to Music," "The Emotional and the Picturesque in Music," "Modern Forms," "How Music Came to Be What It Is?" "How Composers Compose." As all these are illustrated with music examples and the programs are enriched by suitable selections upon the pianoforte, of which Mr. Kroeger is an accomplished master, the subjects ought to prove attractive.

* * *

Mr. Charles E. Watt lately gave a recital in Chicago, with the following unusually varied list of selections: Bach, Gavotte in D; Scarlatti, "Pastorale"; Handel, "Air and Variations"; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 27, No. 2; Mendelssohn, "Boat Song"; Chopin, "Nocturne and Valse"; Saint-Saens, "Song Without Words"; Scharwenka, "A Little Waltz"; Leschetizky, "The Two Sky-Larks"; Wilson G. Smith, "Berceuse"; H. H. Watt, "Reminiscences and Perdita." The whole concluded with Nevin's "A Day in Venice." At another recital Mr. Watt brought out a concerto for two pianos by Handel, and a variety of other matter.

* * *

Mrs. Theodore Worcester, whose playing is so highly recommended by Mr. Godowsky, has many applications for her recital of Russian music, which she prepared under Mr. Godowsky's supervision.

* * *

Miss Sarah E. Wildman gave an organ recital October 23rd, in Chicago, with a program beginning with the Bach Prelude and Fugue in A minor, and followed by a variety of interesting matter from old masters and new ones.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

M. CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS.

Digitized by Google

MUSIC.

DECEMBER, 1900.

SYMPHONY SINCE BEETHOVEN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. HUGHES IMBERT.

After having spoken briefly of other German and foreign composers who have made symphony since Beethoven, such as Bruckner, "whose immense knowledge ought to ally him to the technique of Brahms," Alexander Ritter, Joachim Raff, a composer of very secondary order, Felix Draeseke, Hermann Goetz (prematurely deceased), the Dane, Christian Sinding, an imitator of the methods of Wagner (a fact which M. Weingartner omits to mention), the Russian, Alexander Borodine, Carl Goldmarck, Antoine Rubinstein, who was Russian only in his birth, and finally Peter Tschaikowsky, whose faults he omits to mention (that is to say, the length of his developments), Mr. Weingartner arrests this very incomplete list of composers who have written symphony since Beethoven, in order to pass to the consideration of "program music."

In his masterly study of "Symphony for Orchestra" ("History of Symphony for Orchestra from its origin down to Beethoven," by M. Michel Brenet), a work much consulted by M. Emile Michel in writing his "The Masters of Symphony," the second part of his "History of Art," M. Michel Brenet has the following lines: "Although the successors of Beethoven have chosen their models among the masterworks of that immortal master or among those of Haydn or Mozart, the symphony of the nineteenth century is assuredly a beautiful creation. We have not to follow it through the last quarter of the century." This task, which had not been undertaken by M. Brenet, since it was his intention to trace the symphony from its origin to Beethoven

Digitized by Google

inclusively, M. Weingartner attempts to assume completely, since even the title of his study indicates his intention of narrating the story of symphony from Beethoven down. It would be impossible to pass in silence all the laudable efforts in symphony which have been made since Schumann and Brahms. The names and the works of a majority of French and foreign com-

M. WEINGARTNER.

posers who have written instrumental music during the nineteenth century fail to present themselves to him; his labor is therefore incomplete. Without speaking of the omissions of names of foreign composers, it is necessary to remark that M. Weingartner has completely forgotten the names of French symphonists. He mentions only the name of Hector Berlioz (at length, it is true) under the head of program music.

Digitized by Google

We will not attempt to entirely make up for his omissions, but will content ourselves with indicating briefly the important role which they have played and the place filled by many of our masters in this branch of the art. We write these lines with the greater pleasure since abroad, and particularly in Germany, it is fashion to ignore the symphonic works of our contemporary masters.

When one desires to write the history of symphony in France, it will be impossible not to pay homage to the memory of Francis Joseph Gossec (1733 or 1734-1829), who was the true originator of this form of art in our country. Enlarging the labors of his predecessors, notably those of Rameau, he wrote no less than twenty-nine symphonies and, a point worthy of remark, the first were published in 1754, that is to say four years before the time when Haydn wrote his first symphony, namely in 1759. They were the star features of the Spiritual Concerts, and even while they now seem out of date, he remains none the less the first creator in this branch of art. Gossec was, therefore, a founder.

Of Cherubini (1760-1842)Robert Schumann said, after hearing a performance of one of his overtures given at Leipsic in 1840: "Of the composers living contemporaneously with Beethoven, Cherubini was certainly the second of the masters of that epoch, and since the death of the first he must be considered as the first of living composers." Cherubini wrote one symphony and some chamber music which Schumann esteemed as manifesting great qualities. After Gossec, he demonstrated that French composers were able to rival those of all other countries in all branches of their art.

Mehul (1765-1817) made one incursion into the domain of symphony, where he was far from attaining the perfection and beauty of his theatrical works, of "Joseph" above all. His symphonies, played at the conservatory concerts, left the impression of having been carefully and conscientiously worked out, but without charm.

There was one composer, however, Georges Onslow (1784-1853), who manifested a peculiar attraction for symphony and chamber music. His work of this kind is considerable; there remain from him not less than four symphonies, thirty-four quintets, thirty-six quartets, seven trios, etc. It was he who for the

Digitized by Google

first time utilized the double bass in chamber music. Although too uniform in style, written without sparkle and with an abuse of elaboration, his symphonies show a certain comprehension of

M. LUIGI CHERUBINI.

the classic style, which he had acquired by study of the works of Haydn and Mozart; they all have a very easy grace. Onslow did not take his departure from the last quartets of Beethoven;

Digitized by Google

but at the epoch when he wrote he was by no means the only one who remained shut up against the beauties of these last works of the master from Bonn. His compositions, which for the most part approach more nearly the school of Mozart and Haydn than that of Beethoven, had in their time a great reputation, even in Germany; but they seem to be a little forgotten nowadays.

In a modest village of Isere, in the suburb of Saint-Andre, was born, December 11, 1803, he who was destined to be the most brilliant representative of the musical art in France during the nineteenth century, the creator of a new symphonic form, nevertheless "without the least disposition to destroy any of the elements composing the art as it existed." Berlioz did not follow the example of Beethoven, and he wrote no symphonies in classical form, divided into four regular parts and conceived without the idea of a literary canvas. His "Symphony Fantastic," which already contained all the elements of his manner; "The Damnation of Faust," "Romeo and Juliette," his master work, "Harold in Italy," are truly music which follows a program. The author of the "Damnation of Faust" was first of all a poet, who, enthused by the works of Virgil, Shakespeare, Gluck, Goethe, translated his noble ideas into a language which seemed to him more suitable to the artistic temperament. It was under the impulse of an internal necessity that Berlioz, having only confused and contradictory ideas concerning opera, adopted this form of symphony with chorus and solos, which was destined to raise him so high in the realm of art. But even while it placed him far apart from the classical symphony, his instrumental and descriptive work contained qualities of the first order, which caused it to be said of him that he was a Latin influenced by German thought. In Beethoven there are indeterminate dreams of the human heart, which are translated into superb orchestral pages. Berlioz made clear the passions which agitated this heart; he wrote the history of the life of an artist, like that of "Romeo and Juliette." His musical style was even a translation of his spirit, shaken by passion, torment and fantasy.

In studying him as the most astonishing illustration of program music, M. Weingartner has expressed upon the subject of Berlioz very just ideas, and quite properly devotes to him a large part of his work. According to him there are three rea-

Digitized by Google

sons to be mentioned as an explanation of the fact that these works of Berlioz, at present so highly esteemed, were considered at their appearance as being the creations of a disordered brain.

"At first view his invention seems dry and inaccessible; his isolated melodic phrases lack an attractive character; we seem to experience cold and severity where in truth an ardent flame and passion are pressing for artistic utterance.

"The second explanation is his phenominal originality in orchestration; the orchestral means which he employs, what he accomplishes by means of isolated instruments, the manner in which he combines sonorous colors—all these give his orchestral color a personal quality, which never existed before him and has not been successfully imitated since.

"The last cause which renders the works of Berlioz more difficult to comprehend, is to be found in the elements and in the poetic subjects chosen for his works, and in the manner in which the music applies itself to working out these determinate subjects and in a fashion personifies them."

These reflections are followed by many others not less sensible. But in giving them out, in developing them, M. Weingartner appears to have forgotten that he has previously tried to deny that any of the great masters had a particular system of their own. There are curious and often beautiful innovations introduced into the very foundation and the form of his works of art, which at first considered anomalies, constitute nevertheless an integral part of the genius of a Berlioz, as formerly with a Beethoven or later with a Brahms or a Wagner. If the crowd does not realize these when they first appear, it is because they are in advance of their century and they will astonish by their audacity even those whom they do not touch. Only the open spirits adopt them almost immediately and divine their future influence. Was this what happened in the case of Robert Schumann concerning Brahms?

Berlioz, as we have already remarked, is the only French composer mentioned by M. Weingartner in speaking of symphony after Beethoven. We will therefore now proceed to mention the names of others among our composers who have made important contributions to this branch of art.

Reber (1807-1880) shows himself to be quite distinctly in the

Digitized by Google

direction of instrumental music. He composed only four symphonies, one overture, one suite for orchestra, three quartets,

M. HECTOR BERLIOZ.

one quintet for strings, seven trios with piano, pieces for piano and violin. We pass over in this mention his music for theater. Pupil of Reicha and Lesueur, Reber composed serious works

Digitized by Google

having affinity to the classical German school; they have a gracious and naive character, at times not unlike that of Schubert.

Felicien David (1810-1876) received instructions from Reber, and like Berlioz distinguished himself in the production of "symphonic odes," of which the most remarkable, "The Desert," is a translation of impressions received by the author in a journey in the Orient. He dreams a long time under the palms of the oasis, and his dream took a satisfying realization in this beautiful ode. Despite the feeblenesses esay to find in the number of his compositions of this kind, if he had not written more than the single page of line so pure, "Oh Night," in the "Desert," Felicien David would have deserved to pass on to posterity. He wrote many instrumental works of unequal value, of which one of the best is the symphony in F. Without going so far as Berlioz, who considers this work a masterpiece, Felicien David remains the type of those musicians who translate into tones the Orient and its happy tonalties. He has a note of his own, but did not accomplish all he wished.

Of Gouvy (1822-1898) we might almost say that first of all he was a symphonist whose tendencies approach those of the German school, the work of Mendelssohn seeming to have captivated him. It was at Berlin, after having completed his course at the Conservatory, that he finished his education. If we run through a list of his works, we observe that aside from a single work for the stage ("The Cid") his work is composed exclusively of symphonies, six in all, concert overtures, chamber music, dramatic scenes ("Aslega," "Electra," "Iphigenie," "Oedipus," "The Dream of Spring"), and of two masses. In the last years of his life he resided more in Germany than in France, hoping to find in that country of symphony a readier appreciation than in his own country. His melodic ideas, although a little tinted by German poesie, remain nevertheless French. His instrumentation and style are analogous to that of Mendelssohn.

Cesar Franck (1822-1890) was born upon Belgian soil; but he acquired naturalization in France and there he lived his entire life. He was a musician of superior temperament, an admirable and productive worker, who imagined numberless new harmonies, of whom our school ought to be proud. And it is certainly to be regretted for M. Weingartner, that he has not

Digitized by Google

even mentioned the work of this great musician, whose noble tendencies in symphony relate him so decidedly to those of Sebastian Bach. It was in fact from this old master, the father of the musical church, that Cesar Franck derived a part of his science; he joined it to his own mystic manner, of which we might call him the creator. Although he cultivated particularly oratorio ("Ruth," "Redemption," "The Beatitudes," "Rebecca"), he did not the less completely succeed in the realm of pure symphony. His symphonic poems, the "Eolides" (1876), "Le Chasseur Maudit" (1883), "Psyche," with chorus (1887-1888), his "Variations Symphoniques" for piano and orchestra, his wonderful chamber music, and his important organ works, give Cesar Franck a very important place among composers who have written symphony since Beethoven. The symphony in D. minor is distinguished by the unity which subsists between the three movements, in consequence of a fundamental theme which dominates in all the work, by the character so dreamy and mystic of the numerous motives which boil up at the side of the main theme, and which, so to say, replace the usual developments; the conception is very novel. His other symphonic works and his chamber music, as already mentioned, are not less suggestive; some of them are even superior to the symphony in D minor. Despite his lack of condensation, which is the great fault of Franck, and which deprives his works of a part of the interest which they ought to excite, it is easy to see how highly posterity will be obliged to estimate him.

Does not another deserve to be called a symphonist considering that the habitues of the opera gave him this title as soon as his ballet of Namouna was played at the grand opera? Edouard Lalo (1823-1892) has certainly cultivated with preference orchestral music, and it is not for us to criticize his tendencies. We felicitate him thereupon. For even if he came to the theater one day with a brilliant success, it must be remembered that his "Roi d'Ys" derived its merits not alone from the charm of its melodic themes, but still more from the delicious handling of the orchestral colors. Perhaps Lalo was better calculated to write a splendid orchestral suite than a real symphony, by reason of his themes being short and not lending themselves readily to development. Perhaps we might obtain proof of this by comparing with each other his symphony in G minor, his

Digitized by Google

orchestral suite Namouna, Divertissement for orchestra, the Spanish Symphony for violin and orchestra, his Norwegian Rhapsody, etc. His chamber music is more interesting, and it would be possible to name certain pages of his trio which could be compared to those of the greatest masters.

M. Camille Saint-Saens (1835) owes to his symphonic poems a great part of his reputation, but it is a great injustice to ignore his symphonies and his chamber music, which have very great value. If he had written no more than the symphony in C minor, the first trio in F major, the sonata for piano and 'cellos (Op. 32), the quartet with piano (Op. 81), his beautiful concertos for piano and orchestra (and there are many other pages to cite) he would have taken one of the highest places among the masters who since Schumann and Brahms have written orchestral music. It would be no exaggeration to advance the idea that his orchestration, by its clearness, its power, its beautiful color, recalls sometimes that of Beethoven. He is also a master who has written in a great variety of styles, since he has composed operas (among which "Samson and Delilah" is a masterwork), symphonic poems, symphonies and chamber music, oratorios, cantatas, pieces for piano, songs. If one compares these with the works of many composers whom M. Weingartner has cited complaisantly, such as Joachim Raff, who was a writer of second order, one can only be profoundly astonished at the silence regarding Saint-Saens in the count of Symphony after Beethoven.

It was to Paul Lacombe (1837) that Georges Bizet wrote his captivating letters, letters of advice given by a man of genius to a man of talent, and in which he does not cease, after having seen his first works for chamber, to urge him to write symphonies. "Is it the orchestra which frightens you? What folly! You know how to orchestrate, I reply. You have not the right to fail to write a symphony." Heeding the advice of such a master, Paul Lacombe wrote three symphonies (Op. 30, in B flat minor, Op. 34, in D, Op. 48 in A), of which two were crowned in honor by the society of musical composers. He composed still other pages for orchestra and much chamber music. In all his works is to be traced the influence over him of three German masters, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Chopin. We might even add to these three names that of Beethoven. Writ-

Digitized by Google

ing in a clear and easy style, he is not in his early works far from the classical manner. It seems that in his later ones he sought to follow the contemporaneous movement, especially in his harmonies. He had a color of his own and it is a pity that his modesty kept him so far from Paris. His compositions brought out by himself would have been better known and appreciated.

M. Theodore Dubois (1847), after having written operas and the religious works, so well known, would not be expected to appear upon this altogether too short list of French composers who have cultivated instrumental music exclusively. But, since he has been made director of the Conservatory, he has written certain works which indicate that if he had reached his present position of comparative leisure earlier in his career, he would without doubt have made more extended incursions into this branch of art. Many orchestral suites, and above all his overture "Frithjoff," composed as long ago as 1879, give evidences of certain tendencies towards symphonic music, properly so called. His last works, such as the concertos for piano and for violin, with accompaniment of orchestra, his sonata for piano and violin, emphasize the new role which as composer he has taken up, being still one of the most remarkable professors in our national school.

(To be Concluded.)

Digitized by Google

TSCHAIKOWSKY IN LEIPSIC IN 1888.

FROM TSCHAIKOWSKY'S REMINISCENCES, BY E. E. SIMPSON.

I was received in Leipsic by three of my countrymen, Brodsky, Siloti, and Arthur Friedheim, and a musical critic of Leipsic. With Brodsky, whose name is well known to the Russian public, particularly that of Moscow, I had been for some years in intimate friendship. He was a professor in the Moscow Conservatory when I was teaching the theory classes there. In 1877 Brodsky gave up his position at the conservatory and busied himself at Kiev as director of the musical society. Then for a time he made tours in other lands and was next given an honorable post as professor of violin in the Conservatory of Leipsic. At this place I cannot forego the opportunity to express my unending gratitude to Brodsky for the following episode.

In the year 1877 I wrote a violin concerto and dedicated it to Leopold Auer. I do not know if Mr. Auer felt pleased with the dedication, but, notwithstanding our friendship, he would never overcome the difficulties of the composition. Furthermore, he declared it almost impossible of performance. Such an opinion from this virtuoso of St. Petersburg threw my unlucky production far into the rearground of obscurity. About five years later, while I was living in Rome, in happening upon a copy of the "New Free Press" (Vienna) my eye fell upon a critique by Professor Edward Hanslick, on a concert given by the Philharmonic Society of Vienna.

My unhappy violin concerto had been taken up on this program, and the violinist, who was none other than my friend Brodsky, was taken severely to task by Hanslick, and the concerto was made the subject of biting irony. "We know," he wrote, "that in contemporaneous literature, works appear more frequently than before, whose authors delight in describing repugnant physical phenomena, and among them, bad odors. One may call this a bad smelling literature. The concerto by Mr. Tschaikowsky convinces us also of the existence of bad smelling

Digitized by Google

music." As I read this decision of the celebrated critic, it occurred to me how much effort and industry friend Brodsky must have wasted in getting the concerto ready for perform-

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

ance, and how ungrateful this criticism of his friend and countryman must have seemed.

I hastened naturally to express to him my warmest gratitude. Then I learned all that he had to undergo to accomplish his pur-

Digitized by Google

pose—to save the concerto from undeserved oblivion. From this time on Brodsky played the concerto everywhere and often met with opposition from the critics like Hanslick, but the work was saved and is now often performed in western Europe. This is especially true since a second great artist, Mr. Carl Halir, has come to Brodsky's assistance.

One may understand, then, how well it was for me to have from the time of my first arrival in Leipsic the moral support of such a dear friend for the experience that was about to follow. I was not less pleased to again meet the young though widely known pianist, Alexander Siloti. I had known him as a boy, when as a pupil at the Moscow Conservatory he had taken a course in composition under me. Siloti had afterwards studied with Liszt, and after his death, with Rubinstein. In Russia and Germany he had made a good name, and especially in Leipsic, where he took up his residence some years ago, and from which place he made concert tours. Like Brodsky, Siloti had also conferred many favors upon me and helped considerably to broaden the acquaintance with my compositions in Germany. Through him I found a circle of musicians who were warmly interested in my creations, and by reason of Leipsic's position in the German musical world it meant a great deal to me. I had the morbid presentiment that they would probably lock me up in a garrison and scoff at me and my art, but to my pleasant surprise I became convinced that the Germans, and particularly the Leipsicers, did not hold themselves so much against us as many in Russia believed. I say here decisively, that I really feared the reception, but I was very happy to find that instead of falling in among enemies, I was among men who were acquainted with my music, and who met me in warmest sympathy.

The third of my countrymen that I found in Leipsic was the talanted pianist Arthur Friedheim, a native of St. Petersburg, a pupil of Liszt, and for some years a resident of Leipsic. The musical critic mentioned was Martin Krause, critic on the Leipziger Tageblatt and a friend of some years' standing. Leipsic greeted me with genuine Russian winter weather. The snow lay a foot deep in the streets, and from the station I rode in a peculiarly constructed sleigh to Brodsky's home, where I came into a genuine Russian circle that was beautified by two fine Russian women, the wife and sister-in-law of my host.

Digitized by Google

Since in later years I had lived almost uninterruptedly in my own country, as soon as I stepped over its boundaries I experienced a most distressing homesickness, and I cannot sufficiently praise the warm comfort that I received that evening and during my three subsequent visits to Leipsic, when I was permitted to remain in Brodsky's home for a few hours. I was not less comfortable in Siloti's home, since he had lately married a young lady whom I had known from childhood in Moscow, and whom I had learned to love.

On the day after my arival in Leipsic I formed two unusually interesting acquaintances. As I got to Brodsky's house for dinner at one o'clock, I heard chords from a violin, piano, and 'cello. It was a rehearsal of a new trio by Brahms, which was to have its first public performance on the following day. Brahms played the piano part himself. It was the first opportunity of my life to stand in the presence of this greatest of modern German composers. Brahms is not tall, but he is slightly corpulent. His handsome gray head reminded me of a devout old Russian divine. In my opinion his were not characteristic features of a German, and I cannot understand how a distinguished ethnographer (I am sustained herein by a note from the composer himself), could select Brahms' head for the title engraving for a book, on account of the typical German features of the composer. A certain delicacy and gradual rounding of the lines, rather long, thin gray hair, friendly eyes, a thick gray streaked beard—all that was much more a type of the large genuine Russian, and particularly like one would often meet among the clergy. Brahms carried himself easily and simply, without any show of pride, and the few hours I was permitted to remain in his company have left a very pleasant remembrance of him. To my sorrow I must confess that notwithstanding our comparatively long stay in Leipsic at the same time, I did not succeed in getting closer to the greatest of modern German composers. The reason is this: Like all my musical friends in Russia, I esteemed Brahms as an honorable and energetic musician, always true to his convictions, but in face of all this good will I can not like his music. The liking for Brahms is very extensive in Germany. There are a host of authors and whole musical societies who devote themselves en-

Digitized by Google

tirely to Brahms, hold him as one of the very greatest and place him almost upon an equality with Beethoven.

True, he also has enemies in Germany, and in other lands his works are very little known, with the probable exception of London. There, thanks to the propaganda of his friend Joachim, who is very popular in England, Brahms has become recognized. On the other hand, there is no country where he has taken such a small hold as in Russia. There is something in the Brahms music that is dry, cold, hazy and disagreeable to the Russians, and from our standpoint Brahms has no power of melodic invention. The musical thought is never completely given out. Scarcely is a melody indicated before it is overwhelmed with harmonic modulations, as if the composer's chief aim were to become deep and unintelligible. He irritates our musical sense by failing to satisfy the desire, and he refrains from speaking to us in the tones that go to the heart.

One who hears him asks: "Is Brahms profound in fact, or is he coquetting in the depths of his musical fancy in order to hide the poverty of his creative fund?" And it may be considered a difficult matter to decide the question. No one can hear a Brahms composition and say that it is weak and unimportant. His style is always dignified, and he never strives for rough outward effects. He does not seek to astonish his hearers by any brilliant orchestral combination, nor can we accuse him of brutality or a lack of gentility. It is all earnest and compact, somewhat arbitrary withal, but it fails in the main requisite—the beautiful.

That is my estimate of the work of Brahms. So far as I know, all of the Russian musicians and the entire music loving public of Russia stand in the same attitude. When, some years ago, I spoke frankly about Brahms to Hans von Buelow, he replied: "Just wait and there will come a time when the depth and beauty of Brahms' work will appear to you. Like you, it was a long time before I could understand him, but gradually I became more worthy to know his genius, and so it will be with you."

I have waited but the revelation has not come. I can only reiterate that I recognize in Brahms the highest artistic personality, I bow to the purity of his style and rejoice in the strength of his position as against the triumphant followers

Digitized by Google

of Wagner and Liszt—but I do not love his music. The reader will understand that this fact hindered me from getting in closer communion with Brahms, however much I was an admirer of his personality. I saw him continually in the company of his trusting admirers, of whom my friend Brodsky was one.

It was painful for me to remain among them without taking part in the worship of their idol, thereby bringing a discord into the harmony of souls. And all on account of my unbelief in the strange musical dogma.

On the other hand it seemed that Brahms instinctively felt or knew that I was not one of his followers, and that on this account he could take no further steps toward a closer association. He met me calmly and in a friendly manner as with everyone, but nothing more. All that I saw and heard of the man Brahms increased my regret that the revelation promised by von Buelow would not appear. The close friends of the Vienna master praise his character. The celebrated Bohemian composer, Dvorak, related to me with tears in his eyes, how good and noble Brahms was upon first becoming acquainted with his works, that no one would publish nor any artist would play. Brahms had been a great factor in keeping the works of his slavonic brother from remaining unknown. Brodsky also told me of the fine modesty of the great composer.

Richard Wagner, who, it is well known, was not very much in sympathy with any of his contemporaries, was accustomed to express himself in especially disagreeable terms about the creations of Brahms. When some one once sent a particularly vicious attack of Wagner's to Brahms' address, the latter exclaimed: "My God! Wagner is shrieking triumphantly in the streets. In what way can I be a hindrance to him when I go quietly on my own way, and why can he not leave me in peace when I shall never cross his path?"

At the time of the same dinner at Brodsky's I formed another acquaintance not less interesting, which proved fortunately to be not simply a casual meeting. But it was to be repeated and soon to form a true friendship, whose foundation should be the soul relationship of two musical natures, though they were not of the same nationality. During the rehearsal of the new Brahms' trio, wherein I took the liberty to make some sug-

Digitized by Google

gestions as to tempo, which the composer graciously accepted and followed, a gentleman came into the room.

He was of small stature, rather frail, with shoulders of unequal height, high waving blond hair and a beard almost like that of a youth. The features of this man, whose exterior excited immediate sympathy, were of nothing uncommon. Neither handsome nor ordinary, but unusually attractive. Medium sized blue eyes, whose gaze reminded one of an innocent child, took the observer captive at once. I was pleased not a little as the introduction occurred, to learn that the gentleman who was possessor of the fine eyes and head was a musician whose finely invented melodies had already won my heart. It was Eduard Grieg, the distinguished Norwegian composer, who for about fifteen years had enjoyed a fine popularity in Russia as well as the Scandinavian north.

I think it is no error when I say that in the same degree that Brahms has been perhaps wrongfully disliked in Russia, Eduard Grieg has found it possible to capture the Russian heart forever. In his melodies pervaded by a gentle sadness, the beauties of the Norwegian nature are reflected. They are grand, almost sublime, almost hazy, and unassumingly inadequate, but possessing something inexpressibly beautiful, a kindred tone that arouses an echo in our hearts. It is probable that Grieg is much less a master than Brahms, follows many less elevated paths and denies himself the search for a bottomless depth; but on this account he stands much nearer to humanity. When we hear music by Grieg, we feel instinctively that a man speaks who wishes to pour out in tone the fancy and feeling of a highly poetic nature. And he neither tramples upon theories nor laws previously laid down, but follows the impulse of a living and artistic being. Completeness in the mechanical form, with strong and faultless working out of the themes, will not be always looked for in Grieg; but what charm, what directness and freshness of musical fancy are there to make up for their absence! How much of buoyant life and compassion are in his harmonies; how much originality in his pliant modulations, and how much individuality in his rythm. Add to this that his music does not try to present something deep and altogether unheard of, and that everything far fetched and tormenting is kept out of the way, and it is not to be wondered that Grieg is

Digitized by Google

popular everywhere. It is not a cause for wonder that his name is found on all concert programs in Germany and in Scandinavia, in Paris and London, as well as in Vienna and Moscow, and that the foreigners who visit the old bay city of Bergen in Norway consider it a pleasant duty to look, if only from a distance, upon the little retreat which Grieg has built for himself among the rocks on the strand, and in which he spends the greater part of his life.

It would seem like self praise, since previous to this dithyramb upon Grieg's talent, I explained that his nature and mine were closely related. Though I call attention to Grieg's superb qualities, I certainly do not claim to be possessor of the same. I shall leave it to others to decide how many I lack of those attributes that Grieg seems to have in abundance, and content myself by only establishing the fact that the gifted Norwegian found in me something of that sympathy which had first drawn me to him. At a later time I shall be able to present further evidence of this.

When Grieg entered the room that day at Brodsky's he was accompanied by a woman grown slightly gray, who resembled him very much, and was of that same gentle and sympathetic demeanor. It was his wife and cousin as well, and this kinship explained the resemblance. Afterwards I had opportunities of becoming acquainted with Frau Grieg's good qualities. In the first place she was a beautiful singer, though she had received no instruction, and secondly, she had a fine knowledge of our literature, for which Grieg also showed a fine interest; and, thirdly, she was quite as agreeable and goodhearted as her distinguished consort.

In the same company was still another personality with which I wish to dwell for a time. As we sat at tea there came suddenly into the room a beautiful setter hound of fine breeding, and the animal proceeded to greet the members of the family in turn.

"This means that Miss Smith will soon be here," they all cried as if in a single voice. A few minutes later the lady did appear—a tall, slender Englishwoman, neither young nor beautiful, but who had a shrewd and expressive countenance. She was introduced as an art lover. Miss Smith is one of the few woman composers who can be taken seriously. She has

Digitized by Google

lived in Leipsic for some years, has made a careful study of composition and has written a few interesting things, principal among which is a violin sonata that I have since heard her play superbly with Brodsky. As there are no Englishwomen without their whims and peculiarities, so Miss Smith has hers. First, the beautiful dog, that was hardly ever away from his mistress; second, the passion for hunting, on which account the lady often made visits to England; and, third, the blind and almost incomprehensible worship of the genius of Brahms. It was her belief that Brahms constituted the pinnacle of all music, that all music which had gone before was only preparatory to his, and that the ideal of absolute musical beauty was all embodied in the person of the master of Vienna. As ever, when I have met such fanatic Brahms worshipers, I asked myself with some anxiety if these people were somewhat wrong, or if God and nature had left me neglected and unworthy to receive the dispensation predicted by von Buelow.

On this same day that was so rich in various other experiences and was also New Year's Day, 1888, I attended an unusual concert in the Gewandhaus, wherein a composition by Brahms was performed for the first time. It was the double concerto for violin and 'cello. Joachim played the violin part, the Berlin virtuoso Hausmann played the 'cello and Brahms directed the orchestra in person. Notwithstanding the superb performance, the composition left no impression upon me. But I was greatly moved by the production of several choruses very well sung a capella, among which were a motette by Bach. The organization was one of young men and boys constituting the Leipsic Thomas Choir. I had never before heard anything like it, and I must say that I was astonished and grieved, since I had believed that some among the best of our Russian choruses were the finest in the world. The performance of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony would have also given me great delight had I not found that the venerable conductor, Professor Carl Reinecke, took the tempo too slowly. Probably it was in accordance with time honored tradition, but even at this, it were better not to remain a slave to it, for I am thoroughly convinced that we perform this huge tone creation in a manner much more animated and imposing.

The hall of the Gewandhaus pleased me immensely. It holds

Digitized by Google

a large audience, is well lighted and well ventilated, tastefully and richly decorated, and what is most important, possesses model acoustic properties. In the spacious logis reserved for the concert directory were many important personalities of the Leipsic concert world, with al of whom I became acquainted—among them, Professor Reinecke, who was very gracious toward me.

Digitized by Google

SCHOOL MUSIC IN THE PRIMARY GRADES.

BY CHARLES I. RICE.*

Successful teaching of music in the primary grades calls for the carrying on of two distinct lines of work both of equal importance. First, the introduction of the child to the great subject of music itself through the medium of rote-songs presented orally by the teacher, and learned by the pupil purely by imitation, and second, the training of the child in the use of a few of the many symbols by means of which composers communicate their musical ideas to others. In this discussion, the rote-song is to be regarded as a necessary part of a well devised scheme for teaching the art of reading music to children, and will be treated in its relations to the desired end. Incidentally, much good along many lines of general development may accrue to the schools where rote work is carried on in a skillful, orderly manner, but as a teacher of music, I shall regard the rote-song simply as a factor in the child's musical education.

In passing, it may be said that any subject which has come to be represented by a recognized set of symbols, is of vastly more vital interest than the symbols by which it is represented, and that, as a consequence, in introducing the subject of music to children, it should never be through the medium of the symbol, but through actual touch with the vital, effervescing essence of music itself. Viewed in this way, the rote-song is, as it were, the cup from which our little ones receive their first draught from the great fountain of music, and capacity for the full enjoyment of the draught is conditional, not on any previous analytical knowledge of the subject, but solely on the thirst of the recipient.

The chemist in his laboratory derives no more satisfaction from the draught of H_2O drunk from his graduate than does the unlettered child from his drink of cool spring water dipped up in a gourd-shell or battered tin cup.

The knowledge or ignorance of symbol does not add to, or de-

*Read at the Annual Meeting of the Worcester County Teachers Association. Friday October 20. 1899.

Digitized by Google

tract from, the appreciation of either drinker—each enjoys the draught equally if equally thirsty.

The position of those who believe that the teaching of songs as a part of the child's musical education should be delayed until the pupil can learn them by his own efforts, either from numerals or notes, is similar to that of a parent who would withhold from his child the first taste of water until such time as the child was able to go and get it for himself, or perhaps a better parallel, until he had learned the chemical symbol for water.

Such a child, denied all experimental knowledge of the subject itself, seeing no use for the symbol, wants nothing to do with it; for, having never tasted of the fountain, he knows not the sweetness of its water. In the eyes of a child thus taught, the purveyor of music from the street-piano is a much greater man than his teacher, and from the child's standpoint, rightly so, for he is unable to see any connection between the dry-bones of music which are rattled in his hearing daily, and the enlivening strains at the sound of which he must perforce caper about and kick up his heels.

I must on my own account plead guilty to having, in the past, filled the children's heads with a lot of sterile hieroglyphics which I hoped after a suitable period of incubation would hatch out a musical brood.

The fact that a few of the pupils thus treated have turned out well is because in some way their nest-full of infertile symbols became impregnated with the living embryo of Music without my knowledge. The farmer, whose old hen is faithful concerning the dozen eggs entrusted to her care and comes off the nest with but one chicken, concluded at once that there was something the matter with the eggs, and it is my opinion that the small percentage of results with which we have in the past been satisfied ought to lead us to scrutinize the eggs with a good deal of care.

It is our business in teaching music, to see that the symbols are constantly vitalized by touch with song itself, for only so shall we get the best returns from our pupils in the interest in, and love of, the subject.

In speaking to an audience of teachers, I need not generalize on the power of habit, good or bad, in all lines of our school work, but will simply say that every good rote-song properly

Digitized by Google

taught is an important factor in the training of the ear, and a forward step in the cultivation of a discriminating taste.

Every succeeding rendition should be a training for the voice; and the cumulative result of careful guidance in the subject, an ever increasing intelligence in the rendering of new songs.

While all these desirable things—good tone production, distinct enunciation, correct habits of breathing, and proper song-rendering, follow naturally where rote singing is conducted at its best, we will consider for a moment some violations of the ethics of the subject which are always disastrous—not sometimes, but always.

One or two illustrations will suffice. I have seen pupils come in from play full of muscle and animal spirits induced by open-air exercise, and in the dressing-room strike up a song on some hap-hazard pitch, tramping noisily to their seats, and singing (save the mark) in a manner calculated to make the windows rattle.

I have heard of teachers who, to gain time for recording attendance, turn the school loose on music while working over the register, sitting placidly by, examples of inhibition, while murder most foul is being done upon the defenceless body of a song.

We hear much about the community of feeling induced by the singing of a song—that is unifies the scattered attention of the class and brings the warped wills of the forty or fifty different pupils back into shape, so that the teacher may arrange them into neat and compact groups, distributing to this section, arithmetic; to that, geography, and to the other, language.

Now let me say that no community of feeling brought about for the unification of a class, can fulfil its mission if its basic principle is license or disorder. I have seen the most perfect unity of purpose and good feeling manifest itself instantaneously in a school-room where, but a moment before, each individual had been intent on his own schemes or perplexities, and this sudden change was brought about by the appearance of a mouse about two inches long. Such a community of purpose is not healthful, viewed from the teacher's standpoint, and is apt to prove unhealthful for the mouse, which, should it

Digitized by Google

escape, is rendered unfit by reason of the nervous shock for attendance upon educational matters for several days.

Insecure as is the position of the mouse at such a time, the predicament of the rote-song is much worse, for while the former always has its hole into which it can retreat when hard pressed, the latter, once carelessly given to the children and habitually performed without skillful supervision, is at everybody's mercy to be bandied about from mouth to mouth until twisted out of all semblance of its original form.

This particular variety of community feeling, as a preparative for educational action, is entirely useless to a teacher, whether it be brought about by "rough and tumble" rote-singing, or some other means equally outside the pale of the educational fold. I raise no objection to the rote-song being made to carry other peoples' bundles if its main object is kept constantly in view.

Understand me, I am not arguing selfishly for a more restricted field of action, but for a broader usefulness through a better understanding of the dignity of the song. Where this understanding prevails the rote-song is never asked to take the place of a whispering recess, nor is its safety ever hazarded for the purpose of removing other varieties of educational roasted chestnuts from the dangers of incineration. Rote-singing, like any other branch of school work, needs the care of the teacher to keep it true to itself and to render it incidentally useful in other directions. Remember that carelessness or indifference in the attitude of the teacher regarding any one of the subjects taught, is a constant menace to success in all. Let the rote-song do its legitimate work in the training of the ear, the vocal and articulatory organs and in the building up of a good standard for the exercise of musical judgment. Let it bring its message of good cheer, of the beauties of nature, of reverance to God and love for all His works, always doing it the honor of a respectful, orderly presentation and performance, and all the other desirable things, such as unanimity of feeling and readiness for action, will follow. I wish to make it plain first, last and always, that rote-singing conducted for its own sake, and kept true to its mission, will incidentally do better service in all other lines. In other words, it will be able to do its own work better, and carry more bundles for others.

Digitized by Google

II.

Having thus exploited the ethics of the subject showing what we may reasonably expect from the song and indicating the kind of treatment rightfully due to the song from the teacher, I will devote a few minutes to the practical detail work.

First, the Character of the Songs. Let them be songs that touch upon something within the range of the child's experience. Let children sing about the sun, moon, and stars; about mother's love, dolls, or pets, birds or flowers; about the seasons, snow-storms or showers—in short, anything that is of common interest.

Avoid somber songs; let there be no "melancholy days" or "saddest" time of the year in the child's calendar.

Second, as to difficulty. The songs used in the first grade must of necessity be short, of easy range and well marked rhythm, but the imitative faculties develop so rapidly that in the second and third grades the limitations of the teacher are often more in the way than those of the pupils. At this point I cannot do better than to quote from a well-known writer and practical school-room teacher. Complications of rhythm, of pitch, difficulties of execution need not stand in the way, if you are complete master of them yourself."

If I had not in the earlier part of this paper devoted so much time to the explanation of the little-understood ethics of rote-singing, it might be deemed presumptuous in me to stand before a body of teachers trained in the general science of education, and advise them not to try to teach a class something they do not know themselves. It would be an insult in any other line of work, and yet, after a goodly number of years experience, what I would especially impress upon all teachers regarding the rote-song work is first, know the song. Know the language in all its bearings; know the music; know it as a whole and know it line by line. It is a direct musical quotation from some one who is most assuredly entitled to be quoted correctly.

Certain songs traditionally sung in the schools at the Thanksgiving or Christmas seasons, Washington's birthday, Memorial Day, etc., should be correctly taught early in the course, instead of allowing the little ones to pick up vitiated renderings from older children.

The first verse, at least, of "America" should be known by

Digitized by Google

every first grade child, and every third grade pupil should have all the verses at his tongue's end, special attention being paid to the long note half way through on the word "sing," and to the language. Allow no substitutes of personal pronouns for definite articles. Did you ever hear "Land of thy pilgrims pride?" If this were to be universally done, the mortifying experiences of more than one of my acquaintances would in a few years become an impossibility.

On the trans-Atlantic steamship lines a very popular dull-day pastime is singing, and it frequently happens when the tunes known in common are exhausted, that the different groups fall to singing their national anthems. A few Germans can always make the air resound with their "Watch on the Rhine." Likewise, "God Save the Queen" is safe if a half dozen sturdy Britons are present, but nothing short of a Divine inspiration or the tune book can ever save "America" from total collapse after the first verse.

While there may be sentimental reasons for our wishing the children to know the poem "Star Spangled Banner," the music should not be taught in the primary grades on account of its extreme range, or in any other grades on account of its general unsingableness. That the music is from an old English hunting song is of no consequence in itself if the words and music only fitted each other; but such is far from the case. Gluck says: "The union between the air and the words should be so close that the poem seems made for the music, no less than the music for the poem." When you have an opportunity apply this test and I think you will agree with me that the song "Star Spangled Banner" is a proper candidate for the musical divorce courts, on grounds of general incompatibility of the two parties of the union.

The song beginning "O Columbia Gem of the Ocean" usually appears with the name of David F. Shaw attached as author and composer, but according to Fitz-Gerald in "Stories of Famous Songs," the poem is tracable to Timothy Dwight, ancestor of the recent president of Yale, and himself at the head of this college from 1795 to 1817. Whether it was a product of his own brain or, as some would have us believe, a plagiarism from an earlier author's creation, beginning "O Brittannia Gem of the Ocean," the line quoted is an anomaly to which

Digitized by Google

the mature college president would probably point as illustrative of the folly of youth. The figure which so aptly describes Queen Victoria's little sea-girt isle appears little short of absurd when applied to Columbia, and lends color to the latter supposition. "Gem of the Ocean" forsooth! Why, there is not an ocean on the globe of sufficient size so but what if Columbia could be taken up and dropped into it unannounced, the dwellers upon its shores would think the second deluge had come. "Gem of the Ocean!!" No! We should not only strive to be poetical, but our figures of speech should stand the test of analysis. How would "Columbia Whale of the Ocean" do?

"Mt. Vernon's Bells," often sung in the neighborhood of Feb. 22d, is an illustration of the fact that the commonplace of colloquial speech are unendurable when language is wedded to music. The following: "Mt. Vernon is situated on the 'Putomuc' River" would pass muster very well in a geography lesson, but let me sing (illustrating) "Where Putomucs Stream is flowing," and it would be a dull ear indeed which would raise no protest. Ferdinand Hiller says: "The union of speech and music is the noblest bond that has ever been consummated," and from the above citation it is readily seen that language is gainer by reason of the union, as it is raised to a plane which demands a more dignified and refined treatment than when it lived a life of single blessedness. This is not the first time that the appearance of a sometime old bachelor has been improved by association with gentler influences.

Von Weber says: "Strict truth in declamation is the first and foremost requisite of vocal music."

I have read somewhere that over 500,000 copies of the song and chorus "Marching Through Georgia" (Sherman's march to the sea) have been sold, and I speak advisedly when I say that never but once have I heard this song rendered correctly.

While all sorts of mistakes in intonation and time are heard, there is one error which stands out invariably, and it is of a sort which we as teachers would be expected to remedy, namely a departure from "strict truth in declamation." I refer to the burden of the song "While we were marching through Georgia."

The composer has done all in his power to indicate by notes his intention; the publishers have printed copies without stint; the public has bought liberally, as above stated, but despite all

Digitized by Google

this and in face of our supposed common sense, we always hear it sung "While we were mar-ching through Georgia."

If there were such a thing as the bestowal of a martyr's crown upon an inanimate object, "Lead Kindly Light" would be entitled to one of gold, studded with diamonds, for it has received more kinds of ill treatment than would seem possible. Notes changed, rhythm disregarded, modifiers and their principal words torn asunder, and finally, this hymn, the humble prayer of a contrite soul to God for guidance, sung with lawless abandon and stentorian tones, such as would do credit to a bus-load of people returning from a husking, where good cheer had prevailed.

Let me say once more, know the song before you teach it, and this brings me to a consideration of the question: "How shall I teach a rote-song to a class?" Having to teach a song I would begin the first thing in the morning in order that I might, by having a half dozen short periods during the day, fix matters pretty thoroughly before giving the children an opportunity for practice by themselves. The next morning, before asking the children to sing, I would hold up the model to them by singing the song as if it was entirely new, then have it sung by the school, carefully noting any over-night inaccuracies and making corrections.

Proceeding as on the first day in respect to a number of short periods, the second afternoon should see the song well in hand and unlikely to give trouble if subsequent performances are well looked after. The details of teaching a song vary somewhat among first-class teachers of my acquaintances, so I will say that the following method which I prefer is not advanced as being the only right one.

I begin by singing the song through to the class, not once, but five or six times, or at least until I see by watching the faces that my hearers begin to anticipate what is coming next. It is essential that the spirit of the song be made plain before you are ready to take up the detail work of a single phrase. While I know that many teachers are in the habit of teaching words and music separately, I do not prefer that method. I would say, teach the song complete, and if afterwards the language needs any special attention for its better understanding or its better pronounciation, give what is necessary. Music is one thing,

Digitized by Google

language is another, and the union of the two results is something quite different from either. Richard Wagner says: "I examined the relations of music to poetry, and came to the conclusion that the extreme limits of one mark the exact point at which the sphere of the other begins, and that it is, therefore, a close union of both which affords us a means of expressing with the utmost truth and clearness, what separately and individually they cannot express."

To illustrate: I have spent much time in private, preparing for this occasion, and now stand before this class of children with my song well learned. I never have to ask children to forget themselves, you know, so I shall proceed at once to business. Now in teaching you this song, I need nothing but your ears and shall request you to close your eyes and shut out from your consciousness everything but that which can come to you through your sense of hearing. Very good! Now each one in this hall is, to all practical purposes, alone. You are expectant, but passively so; listen:

(Song is sung.)

Now you have changed; you are alert and keenly observant of every word and tone. I shall sing this song over and over to you until I see a relaxation of your faces, and when that look of keenness gives way to a more placid expression, I shall know that it is time for me to call for dividends on my investment and that you will presently return to me five hundred fold that which I have given you.

Now what impressions do you take away regarding this performance? You say, "He used the pitch-pipe frequently." Your classes will notice the same thing in you, and your opportunity for impressing, or neglecting to impress, the necessity of accuracy in pitch, comes daily, while mine with you comes but once.

The song was repeated a sufficient number of times so that all might fully realize its general character before the pupils were asked to attempt any part of it. The teacher sang for, not with, his pupils, then they sang for, not with, him, and each listened politely to the others' performance.

As a finale to this division of my address I will quote from a writer in the "School Music Journal." "Pedagogically you

Digitized by Google

have no excuse whatever for singing with your pupils. Sing to them, but do not sing with them." Let me add on my own account: Never start the singing of a song without first accurately determining the pitch from tuning fork, pitch-pipe, or some other convenient standard.

Digitized by Google

GOTTSCHALK ON THE VOCAL TREMOLO.

Chicago, May 15, 1900.

My Dear Mr. Matthews: Tremolo of the voice is a defect, and as such has no excuse for its existence, being the result of either one of the three following causes: Diseased vocal organs, old age, or defective breathing.

If vocal students, and consequently singers, would bear in mind the position of the lungs in relation to the larynx, they would possibly comprehend in a quicker way that the glottis is to be hermetically closed one instant before the air furnished from the lungs (consequently from below the larynx) strikes the vocal cord which form the inner edges of the glottis.

I do not think it is exaggeration to say that two-thirds of the people indulging in the defect called tremolo bring it upon themselves by the lack of firmness in attacking the note, thus allowing the air to filtrate through the vocal cords before the glottis is hermetically closed. Sincerely yours,

L. G. GOTTSCHALK.

Digitized by Google

THE TIME-MARKING SYSTEM IN MUSIC.

BY T. CARL WHITMER.

(Concluded from p. 173 June, 1900.)

Now, our present system recognizes that a quarter is always twice as long as an eighth. Let us also recognize that the quarter note is always twice as accentuated as the eighth. But, someone will say, we can always tell the relation of the quarter and eighth because they occur in one measure together; how are we to tell what unit to use for a time-mark simply by thinking abstractly? You can't. There is only one way: Resort to the metronome again. Measure off distances—or degrees, rather—adopting a plan consistent with number of units desired for time-marks. The metronome does not contain enough marks to satisfy our principle and therefore we will be obliged to calculate some way from the metronome.

Let the whole note be represented by M. M. 20; the half note be represented by M. M. 40; the quarter note be represented by M. M. 80; the eighth note be represented by M. M. 160; the sixteenth note be represented by M. M. 320; the thirty-second note be represented by M. M. 640.

But that alone is far too rigid. To give pliability:

Let the whole note be represented by M. M. from 20 to 40 (not including latter); the half, 40 to 80; the quarter, 80 to 160; the eighth, 160 to 320; the sixteenth, 320 to 640; and the thirty-second, 640 to 1,280.

Which means that if we desire to write a piece, the unit of which shall be metronomically rated at 108, we should mark the unit by a quarter note. The Adagio of Widor (before mentioned) would have greater significance if written in 3-2 time than in 3-8. If I desire this same piece in compound time (6-4 T. B.) let the metronome be marked 92 for a quarter note, and the calculating of accents remains accurate.

I have said that the longa and breve should be retained in our system. I suggest the use of the longa, not as a time

Digitized by Google

unit only but as a convenient way of marking a measure value when we shall use times such as 4-1, etc. If need be in similar cases let the old maxima occasionally be used. These signs are very readily seen and will save the use of ties. I have also said that the metronomic degree should determine the unit-value; not only should it determine; it must determine. Hence we need not write as at present M. M. 108 equals a quarter note, for the quarter note in the time-mark will at once explain the rate of speed as well as accent.

Some Weaknesses in Our Present System.

First—The use—almost entirely—of the fraction form in the time-mark.

Second—The use of the "Alla Breve."

Third—The dependence upon words to express certain rate of movement.

Fourth—The use of C for common time, or the same mark crossed for alla breve.

Fifth—The little use of uneven time.

Consideration of the first weakness: The fraction form of the time-mark should be completely abolished. Because (1) 4-4 or 2-4 or 6-8 are not fractions. Fractions can be reduced to lower terms while these cannot be changed, simply because the denominator does not mean what it says. The absurdity of placing 4 for a quarter note.

(2) Children have trouble with it. They are taught in school that 6-8 can be reduced to 3-4. Then when they come to the music lesson they are taught that it cannot be reduced. I do not object to the vertical system as will be seen by my here recommending the use generally of the form of 4 over a quarter note, or 3 over a quarter, etc., at the head of a composition.

Consideration of the second weakness: Alla Breve is one way for overcoming the inaccuracy of a weak accentual system. It is more suggestive than the fraction-form equivalent would be. But suggestiveness is not enough. We must know. I will not repeat myself so will conclude by saying that the Alla Breve method is not necessary when we calculate according to the method suggested in this article. Like other useless things the Alla Breve will not be missed.

Digitized by Google

Consideration of the third weakness: Accuracy and economy are necessary to every system. As long as we use five or seven signs to suggest—intuitively, of course—what can be accomplished with one or two signs we are not frugal. And frugality—the kind you can't see—is the first principle of art and a system or art.

We have no moodal metronome and so a word becomes of use to indicate a certain spirit or mood—when once the grammatical accents are decided by our metronome. But away with all those useless French, German, Italian and English names. A piece of music is too polyglot.

Consideration of the fourth weakness: C, common time; common time—I should think so!

C crossed, common time alla-breved, so to speak. Put both these signs where the goats at judgment day are supposed to go. They are not fit for an exact accentual system.

Consideration of the fifth weakness: As one will find on examination very little use is made in existing music of "time" which we call uneven. And this is another great mystery. Chopin's type of music, for example, should have it. As we found in our perusal of marks found in the examples of Widor, Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin no uneven time was used. A few examples here and there seem like foundlings; only there are so few asylums for these poor musical castaways (I often think them). So few men will recognize that they have a worth. Sometimes the composer seems even ashamed of them. Baron F. de La Tombelle writes an Organ Elegie in 7-4 time and puts a little dotted line down the staff after the fourth count.

Then other composers are afraid of the number seven (7) so they head their pieces 4-4, 3-4, in double-headed fashion; and alternate measures will indulge in four counts and the "other alternates" will have one less. And in the third place conductors are equally afraid of their fives and sevens, etc. They beat 3-2 or 4-3, etc., instead of a straight seven. Quinary and septenary times have as much independent existence as duple binary, duple ternary, etc.

Each grouping is individually functional and must be thought that way, written that way, played that way and beat (not beaten) that way.

Digitized by Google

There is one justification for "double-headed" marking. It is when the composer desires two impulses in the course of seven (7) counts. E. g. 7-4 has only one impulse and six pulses; (4-4 3-4) has two impulses and five pulses. (Those impulses must be calculated by a metronomic oscillation and the pulses will be relatively weak. This question of the proper use of the metronome is very interesting. In fact both proper and improper uses have afforded me much opportunity for the observation of the infantile efforts of some editors and composers to indicate in an indirect way the accentual intention. For example a composition is in 4-4, while the metronome marks according to an eighth note. By this was inatended, "This piece should have more equalization of impulses and pulses than is suggested by the quarter-note unit." I do not refer to those pieces where, there not being any degree to correspond with a certain unit, a doubled or halved degree would be given; but to cases where no mechanical factor was to be considered. These few cases are very suggestive. And this is, as earlier stated, what the alla breve too really is, an attempt to indicate accent by an indirect means.

This alla breve is a cross between simple and compound time, having the effect of simple time with the signs of the compound article.

There is an important affecting element entering into the selection of time values. This element is form.

It is, of course, quite unnecessary to carry my plan any farther because it will stand by virtue of its present consistency. But the discussion so far has been concerned principally with the rendering units absolute and with the defining of certain arbitrary standards. But, in order to render my meaning more clear and my suggestion more vital, I append the following:

It is necessary to fully understand the fundamental characteristics of a certain form before a satisfactory interpretation can exist. We must have an appreciation of the conventional form and rhythmic features of a gavotte, for example, or of a march, or of a bourree. Various forms have various characteristics and those characteristics are sometimes consistently maintained as with the gavotte. In some other

Digitized by Google

forms there is no palpable characteristic. All gavottes have their form and their rhythmic features (which latter alone may determine or define the kind of dance) similar to all other gavottes; while sonatas have only a similarity as to form. Now, all form musical is rhythm. Hence we divide our affecting element into two heads:

(1) Type-rhythm (that feature e. g. which belongs to the gavotte alone and makes it appreciable to the mind even without actually hearing the melody, but which has nothing to do with form); (2) form-rhythm (relating to the phrases, sections, periods, etc.

Type-Rhythm—This type-rhythm has both grammatically accentual features, and features of speed. The grammatical features decide the species as simple or compound, etc.; the tempo features must decide the unit-value.

E. g., Gavottes—if in the old-style tempo—should always be in compound time and the unit large. I'd like to see that Bach B. minor gavotte written in 4-2 or even 8-4.

Form-Rhythm—Those "grammatical features" have the most to do with our decisions as to exact markings. Nevertheless the form, in the broad sense of that word "rhythm," must be considered. In order to get at this I will have to resort to what is known as "talk." But it is recognized that suggestive writing is more effective at times than that which presents great aggregations of facts. As Mr. W. S. B. Mathews puts it: "It is freely admitted that there is in music a considerable nimbus of mysticism and that many students derive positive advantage from suggestive writing which never reaches the point of actually expressing an idea."

So with what follows. Form is a factor in our music. It is the only factor which is at all tangible. This tangibility expresses itself to the ear, to the eye, to the finger-point. Certain lengths and breadths are suggestive of certain unwordable ideas. These ideas affect only the auricular sense. There are factors within these ideas—i. e., in their physical expression—which are, to a degree, material. The main factor is accent. The main idea which this main factor presents is movement. Movement is expressed by character of inherent emotion. This emotion is expressed by the "length and breadth"—or "form" as we call it—as well as by the

Digitized by Google

specific energy. Specific energy confines itself to a measure or a part of it. Length and breadth, or "form," requires a dominating general emotion in order to mould it. Therefore, as the character of an emotion defines the length and breadth, the length and breadth are the material realization of this emotion and express the character thereof. As this is the case, the form defines (for the ear) the emotion; and as specific form (which is accent by compound) is included in general form (which is a definer of a general emotion) and in fact is created by the same emotion, it is necessary to gauge one's impulses and pulses by—to a degree—the general form (which is sufficiently comprehensive to include phrases, sections, periods, etc.).

Sonatas, for instance, require a very much more frequent adjusting of units and number of units owing to the diversity of matter and "lengths" within its form than marches, minuets, etc.

There should be, in Beethoven's early Sonata in C major (Op. 2, No. 3) a change of units at the beginning of measures 13, 27, 61, etc., in the first movement.for an example of what I mean.

In a short piece; or, in other words, in a composition which has small unity—as gavottes, minuets, etc.—it is not necessary as a rule to change the units, etc., until the trio is reached.

But in long compositions—and the longer they are the more so is this true—one must change units and time-markings whenever the musical idea or intention changes, in order to indicate the accurate accenting. Without being didactic and pedantic, I assert that the speed, character and length of measures, phrases, sections, periods and complete "forms" must be the determiners of units in the time-marking, species and changes of the units in the time-markings and species.

Gavottes—when normal—must have large rather than small units; compound rather than simple time.

Marches slow or marches fast must show by the unit and species their characteristics, etc.

And now there are two more affecters of decisions as to species:

1. Styles of expression (legato, staccato, etc.).

Digitized by Google

2. Dynamics of expression (pp., ff., mf., sfz., etc.).

These styles and dynamics of expression affect the case in so far only as they are maintained consistently for any length of time. It would be a stiff, formal system—and worthy of Arabic Finicals—which would allow of no foreign affecters unless each and every unit and species was changed to suit it. It is a fact that legato passages in the abstract are less pulsed and impulsed, so to speak, than staccato. Also a fact that pianissimo passages stand in a similar relation to fortissimo passages.

* * *

I will bring this article to a close with a partial resume.

Simple time has but one accent, to speak according to our present way. But every note in music has, when it becomes rhythmic by association with one or more values, an accent. That accent is palpable, too. Consequently it must be designated. But as the "value" is farther and farther removed from the "impulse" it is correspondingly weakened in force. Simple time should be spoken of as having one impulse, rather than one accent. Therefore what is usually said to be a "strong accent" we will designate as impulse. (An impulse is a creative force; a pulse is passive.)

Then, too, the "value" is weakened relatively as it is distant from the impulse. Therefore pulses in simple time are decreasingly weak according to position, which brings forward my second point, viz., that in ternary, quinary, septenary, novenary, etc., time (simple) there is one impulse and two, four, six, eight, etc., pulses according to the time.

Three-quarter (3-4) time is usually written with one heavy accent and two light. I write it one heavy, one moderate, one light, which means in both cases that there is one impulse and two pulses; but, as I write it, the pulses grow gradually weaker (as expressed by different sizes).

Compound time has impulses, in number, according to number of compounded groups; and the pulses, in number, are calculated according to factors minus one of the simple group. The impulses weaken relatively and the pulses weaken according to the enervation of the impulses newly environed.

It is possible to extend a system indefinitely, but for all

Digitized by Google

practical purposes it is sufficient to use the following units: thirty-second, sixteenth, eighth, fourth, half, and whole; and the following species, using as individual each of the preceding units: binary, ternary, quinary and septenary in simple time; and duple, triple, quadruple, quintuple, sextuple, septuple and octuple binary; duple, triple, quadruple, quintuple and sextuple ternary; duple and triple quinary, and duple septenary.

There is embarrassment at first when we find such a wide field to work in. The difficulty lies in the numerous "values" from which one may select. Now suppose that a man is undecided whether to use a six-quarter with three impulses (T. B.) or three-half, which is simple ternary, and has, of course, but one impulse. The following reasoning will take place in his mind:

"Three-two is simple time. Therefore it has but one impulse. Six-four is compound time. Therefore, being triple binary, it has three impulses. That one impulse in 3-2 is not so creative (specifically)—not so projective—as the impulse in 6-4, which is the actuater of a triply compounded time. Then, too, there are three impulses in 6-4, two of which are enervated, it is true, but nevertheless impulses, to one in 3-2. And those two weakened impulses in 6-4 are more equalized and energetic emphasis than the two pulses in 3-2, even leaving the three to two pulses (three in 6-4 and two in 3-2) out of the question of comparison. My theme does not admit of the simple time, owing to its (the theme's) weight." (Of course a composer must first be intimate with his theme.)

The whole matter stands thus: Each and every and any factor (or factors) is each and every and any individually functional.

It seems to me that this is a splendid attitude towards our system. And it is only one more proof of its adequacy, this being found equal to an arbitrary development theory; of which, in part, my application does partake. But the arbitrariness lies only in the application and not in the underlying principle.

In order to render yet more pliable our system I beg to note the following:

I have said that binary, ternary, quinary and septenary

Digitized by Google

time are simple yet did not include quaternary or sextenary, etc., for the reason that these latter are really compound times. But to render them of use in simple time I suggest that if, for example, we desire 4 time (which has two impulses and two pulses) to carry but one impulse—thereby making it simple time—we adopt a signature thus (4-5—), which means that only one impulse will be expressed. This variation will not interfere with the consistency of our system.

If we, at any time, may desire an absolute equality of impulse and pulse (impulse with pulse is more clear, perhaps) there is only one way to secure it, viz., by temporarily dropping our theory that no less than two factors make a measure and make our time mark show a one (1) in the upper member (e, g. 1-0).

It is quite possible to extend our number of times very considerably. But, to my mind, it is as already defined adequate to all present needs. It must be remembered that the theoretical list of times is inexhaustible while the practical or auricular limits are soon defined.

It has been my endeavor to keep from theorizing as much as possible; but notwithstanding this, a great many difficulties will be met in the exact application of the herein contained suggestions. Or, if not the application on the part of the composer at least a ready understanding on the part of the interpreter. New relations of impulses and accents are met with; but as our present system is arbitrary (yet the "relations" are understood—perhaps by tradition, so to speak), so this system, being really but our old system enlarged, is arbitrary, too. The arbitrariness here is merely that which exists in the present system.

But, what is here superior, these arbitrarinesses are systematized, which they are not to any extent in the present usage.

I felt, during the preparation of this article, that the subject of accent—for I use the word accent when intended to cover the general sense of this vital and energetic factor—was, after all, but a drop in the bucket. But before I began and since I have finished I recognized and I recognize that it is at least the largest drop.

There is nothing which bears so vital a relation to expres-

Digitized by Google

sion as do accents, and therefore there is no field in which more or better work can be done.

I desire that my plan be freely taken up, torn apart and examined. If we wish to develop our system let there be a unity of purpose among musicians in order that we attain for our system a scope of accentual expression on the written page hitherto unattained.

I ask all who intend thinking on this subject to kindly forget that Bach, Beethoven, et al., did not use this system.

Therefore, let me state, in conclusion, that I am perfectly well acquainted with the fact that this system is not in use, nor has it been, saeculorum, etc.

Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.

TO MUSIC.

O Music, when thy spell is on my heart,
What in my weakness thou dost seem, I am;
But what thou art—great God, I cannot think,
Yet far, far hence I know I shall become.

—Walter Francis Kenrick.

Digitized by Google

HOPE IS GREEN.

BY FREDERIC S. LAW.

(From the German of Alexander Kielland.)

"Ole, you are kicking up a dust," cried Hans.

Ole did not hear him. "He is as deaf as Frank Maren," thought Hans, and cried louder, "Ole, you are kicking up a dust."

"I beg your pardon," said Ole, and lifted his feet high in the air with every step. Not for the world would he do anything to annoy his brother; he already had enough on his conscience. Was he not even now thinking of the one his brother loved, and was it not wicked in him that he could not control an affection which was an injury to Hans, his own brother, especially as it was utterly hopeless? Ole sat in strict judgment on himself and while he kept on the other side of the road in order not to raise the dust he strove with all his might to think only of indifferent things. But no matter where he began he always found himself back at the forbidden subject; his thoughts fluttered around it like moths around a candle.

The brothers, who were passing the vacation with their uncle, the pastor, were on their way to the head bailiff's, where the young people were to meet for a dance. A large number of students were visiting in the neighborhood, and in consequence the dancing fever was spreading like an epidemic from farm to farm. Hans therefore was in his element; he sang, danced, cracked jokes from morning to night, and if he had been a little sharp with his brother about the dust it was only because he was vexed at not being able to inspire him with the same high spirits.

We know what weighed on Ole's mind, but even under normal conditions he was more quiet and silent than his brother. He danced "like a nut cracker," Hans said, nor could he sing; Hans declared that his voice even in speaking was monotonous and unsympathetic—besides he was timid and awkward when in the company of ladies.

Digitized by Google

As they neared the bailiff's they heard a carriage behind them.

"Here comes the doctor," said Hans, as he stepped aside for a greeting, for the doctor's daughter was the object of his admiration.

"Oh, how charming she looks in pink," cried Hans. Ole saw from the first that she was dressed in light pink, but did not dare to say a word for fear that his voice would betray him—his heart was fairly in his mouth.

The carriage rolled swiftly by. The young people bowed and smiled while the doctor called out, "We shall see you later."

"No, she wore light green," said Hans, who had hardly time to change his impression from pink to green; "but isn't she a beauty, Ole?"

"Yes," answered Ole stiffly.

"You are a stupid," cried Hans angrily, "but even if you have no eye for beauty it seems to me that you might at least show some interest in my—my—my future."

"If you only knew how much interest I did have in her," sighed Ole to himself, casting his eyes to the ground.

This meeting raised Hans' spirits to an unwonted height even for him; he swung his stick, snapped his fingers and sang at the top of his voice. As he thought of the fleeting vision in green, which he said made him think of spring flowers and summer birds, an old song occurred to him which he forthwith proceeded to sing: "Hope is green—trom-melommelom, trommelommelom. Ever fair—trommelom-melom, trommelommelom."

This appeared so appropriate to the situation that he repeated it not only ad infinitum but ad libitum. Sometimes in the waltz movement of the original melody, sometimes as a march; now in loud, exulting tones, then in a whisper as though he were confiding the secret of his love to the moon and the forest.

It grated so on Ole's ears that he was almost beside himself. Though he had great veneration for his brother's singing yet he became so weary of the everlasting "trommelom-melom" that it was a great relief when they finally arrived at their destination.

Digitized by Google

The afternoon passed off much as usual. Most of the guests were in love and those who were not, enjoyed themselves even more than those who were, since they had the amusement of watching the lovers. They played throwing the ring. Hans ran around the circle in all directions, cracking a thousand jokes, confusing the players and showed every possible attention to his fair one. Ole took the affair seriously, kept steadfastly at his post, catching and throwing the ring with the utmost precision. He also would have enjoyed himself if his conscience had not continually reproached with his unlawful love for his brother's "future."

As the evening grew cool the company repaired to the great hall and the dancing began. Ole never cared much for dancing at any time and on this occasion he felt like it less than ever. He passed the time in observing Hans, who paid the most devoted attention to his "future." It seemed to Ole that they were together in every dance and his heart tightened involuntarily every time that the light green dress swept by him on his brother's arm.

At last the hour for breaking up arrived. Most of the older people had already driven off in their venerable, unwieldy vehicles. As the night was clear the young people planned to walk home together in the moonlight. But when the last galop was over the hostess declared that she could not allow the young ladies to leave directly after dancing; they must stay indoors for a half hour and cool off before venturing out into the night air. In order to pass the time pleasantly she asked Hans to sing. Hans, for his part, was nothing loath; he was not one of those unpleasant people who require to be coaxed; he was fully aware of his own merits.

Opinions as to his singing were, however, singularly divided. Three persons regarded it with undisguised admiration. They were first Ole, then Tanke Maren and finally Hans himself. Then came a large number who confessed that it amused them to hear Hans sing—"he always put so much into it." A few envious ones frankly asserted that he could neither sing nor play. Even Ole's admiration for his brother did not prevent him from secretly finding fault with him on the last score—that of his playing. He knew how much trouble the accompaniments cost Hans and his sisters who taught

Digitized by Google

them to him, especially those three minor chords with which he always wound up, and which he never failed to practice before going out into company. So when he saw Hans seat himself at the piano, run his fingers carelessly over the keys, throw his eyes up to the ceiling and murmur to himself, "How does it go now!" as if he were doing it on the spur of the moment, it ran cold down his back because he knew that Hans could only play three accompaniments, two major and one minor. And when just before rising from the piano he threw off the three minor chords in such an unstudied manner as if they had just occured to him, Ole shook his head and said to himself: "That is not strictly honest of Hans."

In the meantime Hans did not spare himself. Schubert and Kjerulf were his favorites, so he sang "Du bist die Ruh," "Ich grolle nicht," "Die alku bosen Lieder," "Alles leg ich dir zer Fussen," "Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen mach' ich die kleinen Lieder," all with the same careless assumption of ease and a light, only half-played accompaniment. The only place where disaster threatened him was in the dangerous passage, "Ich legt' auch meine Liebe und meinen Schmerz hinein," but he luckily got through with it without breaking down.

Suddenly Ole, who knew Hans' limitations as a pianist, was startled to hear him leave the beaten track and grope among the keys, bringing out something which to his dismay sounded like that unlucky song, "Hope is Green." To his great relief the attempt failed and Hans contented himself by carelessly humming the melody while he struck his three well-known chords.

"Now we are cooled off!" cried the doctor's daughter. Her anxiety to be off aroused a general laugh which so embarrassed her that her cheeks glowed like flame as she said good night.

Ole, who stood near the hostess, paid his respects to her and left the room, but Hans was detained by the bailiff who wanted to know who had been his instructor in music. Thus it happened that Ole and his charmer in light green met in the ante-room, where the young people had gathered around the clothes hooks, partly to get their own wraps, partly to pull down those belonging to the others.

Digitized by Google

"It's no use to go into that crowd," she said. With that Ole's throat contracted to such an extent that he could not speak—all he could do was to utter an inarticulate sound. The room was so small that they were side by side, and Ole would have given his little finger to be able to say something agreeable or even sensible, but it was utterly impossible.

"I am afraid that you have not enjoyed yourself this evening," she continued, in a friendly manner. As Ole thought of the stupid part he had played all evening his dullness seemed so oppressive that he burst out with what appeared to him even while speaking the silliest thing he could have said:

"It's a pity I can't sing."

"Perhaps it is a family weakness," she replied, with a mischievous look.

"Oh, no-o-o!" said Ole, greatly confused; "my brother sings beautifully."

"Indeed! Do you think so?" she returned drily.

This was the most singular experience which Ole had ever had; that there could be more than one opinion about his brother's singing, and that she, the "future," should not admire it! It was by no means pleasant.

Again a silence which Ole struggled to break, but in vain.

"Are you fond of dancing?" she asked.

"Not with every one," he blurted out.

She laughed, "Oh, but a man is always free to choose."

Ole felt as though the floor were giving away beneath him. He was like a pedestrian who, hurrying along on a winter evening absorbed in thought, suddenly finds himself on an icy surface—there was nothing to do but face the situation and hold himself erect as best he could, so with an energy born of despair he stammered:

"If I knew—or if I dared hope—that one of the ladies—no—I mean—that if the lady I wished for my partner—if she would be pleased—h'm—if she would dance with me—then—then I——"but there he stopped and after repeating "then I" a couple of times, remained silent.

"But you could ask," said she of the light green dress. Her bracelet had become undone and the catch was so stiff that

Digitized by Google

she had to bend over to press it in; this exertion made her very red.

"Would you, for example, dance with me?" Ole felt as though everything reeled around him.

"Yes, why not?" she replied, as she carefully fitted the toe of her foot into a crack in the floor.

"Next Friday there is to be company at the parsonage. Will you give me a dance then?"

"With pleasure; which one will you have?" she answered, trying to imitate in her reply the one of a fine lady.

"A francaise?" It's such a long dance, thought Ole. "I can give you the second francaise and a galop?"

"Yes, if you will; the first galop," she replied, hesitatingly.

"And a polka?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried anxiously; no more—that is enough."

Just then Hans came up in great haste. "Ah, how glad I am to find you at last, but—I did not dream of finding you in such company," and with his usual effusive manner drew her away to look for her cloak, after which they joined the others.

"A francaise and a galop, but no more—so, so—" repeated Ole, standing as if rooted to the spot. Finally he became conscious of the fact that he was entirely alone. Hastily seizing the first cap that came under his hand, he slipped out by the back door, stole through the garden and with great labor climbed over the fence, though he was near the gate, which stood half open. He struck into the first footpath he came to which crossed the meadow, and steered his course by the chimney of the parsonage, upon which he fastened his eyes. He had a slight sensation of being drenched to the knees as he walked through the high grass, but had not the least idea that the bailiff's old military cap, which he had grasped as he made his exit, had been shaken from one side of his head to the other until it had finally found a resting place with its broad visor over his right ear.

"A francaise and a galop, but no more—so, so—"

It was quite late when Hans reached the parsonage. He had accompanied the ladies of the doctor's family home and was reckoning up the events of the day. "She is a little shy, but, on the whole, I like that." As he hurried into the path

Digitized by Google

which led into the garden he said to himself: "She is confoundedly shy—almost more than I really like." As he reached the open space before the house he swore that he could not imagine anything more unbearable than a pert, whimsical girl.

The fact is, he was by no means satisfied with the result of his reckoning. Not that he doubted in the least being the favored one, but that was the very reason he found her shyness and reserve so irritating. Not once had she thrown him the ring; on the way home she had talked with all the others except him. But the next time he should manage differently —she should rue having treated him in this fashion.

He slipped quietly into the house, so that his uncle might not know how late he came home. In order to reach the room which he and his brother occupied together he had to cross a large garret. In this there was a window which was used as a door to reach a sort of platform formed by the roof over the steps below, which led into the garden. Hans noticed that this window was open and on the platform outside he saw a form, which by the moonlight, he recognized as his brother. Ole still had on his white ball gloves and while he grasped the railing with both hands, was gazing steadfastly at the moon. Hans could not understand why his brother should be there at that time of night, still less could he see why he should be wearing a flower pot upside down on his head. "He must be drunk," thought Hans, as he drew near him on tip-toe. He then heard Ole murmur something about a francaise and a galop, while he made the most incomprehensible movement with his hands. Hans thought he was trying to snap his fingers, when he heard him say slowly and distinctly in his dull, monotonous voice—the poor fellow could not sing—

"Hope is green—trommelommelom."

Digitized by Google

MUSIC IN A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

BY R. H. HOWLAND.

"That man. I think, has had a liberal education, who nas been so trained in his youth, that his body is the ready servant of his will and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready like the steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one, who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to feel, by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself."

Measured by this standard of Professor Huxley, how many men, generally considered liberally educated, would not be found wanting? Yet there is nothing wrong in the standard, including as it does all kinds of education, physical, intellectual, moral and emotional. Circumstances must be favorable, indeed, to produce such an ideal, and, as circumstances are not made to order, the result in the case, even the well educated, is a more or less inequable development of the human powers. Still, education is making progress, and the well-educated man of the present is nearer the ideal than the well-developed man of fifty years ago. This is largely due to the extension of the curriculum of studies, with one of which, one of rapidly increasing importance, I propose to deal. I shall try to show that music may be extensively used in the production of a liberally educated man.

That man, I think, has been well educated in music who has been so trained in his youth that he is physically able to render efficiently the best music, both vocal and instrumental;

Digitized by Google

whose intellect is equal to the task of reading the mind of the master, as it is found unfolded in his compositions; whose mind is stored with the truths and laws of nature, as far as they are involved in the science and art of music; whose passions have yielded to the refining influence of his art, and have been brought into subjection by a strong will, the servant of his sense of what is due to that art; who has learned to love all that is beautiful in music, and to hate everything that tends to drag it down from the exalted position that it claims.

For the sake of comparison, I have modeled my definition on Professor Huxley's. Notice first the necessity for training in youth, a matter which none will dispute. The formation of proper habits is all-important and cannot be begun too early; physical, mental and emotional perfection in music depend on an early start. The child's musical education begins with the development of the organ of hearing, the sense of pitch and a feeling for the beautiful, as it is revealed in the soothing strains of the lullaby, that comes from his mother's heart. Unfortunately, many children do not go far beyond this stage, because they are not trained in music; but the introduction of music into our public schools has furnished, to some extent, a remedy for this neglect. That music is adapted to the ordinary child is proved by the fact that nearly all school children study it with great interest and pleasure. That there are some children without the first requisite for a musical education, the sense of pitch, is a lamentable fact; but such cases are few, and under present conditions the number is rapidly diminishing.

My assertion that a well-educated musician should be able to sing may meet with the objection, "But what if you have a poor voice?" It is my opinion that every voice should be trained to do what it is capable of; and voices that can not be made into fairly good musical instruments, provided the training is begun sufficiently early, are few and far between. It is unfortunate that methods of voice production are so uncertain and so much at variance with one another; still, much can be done, and the amount of time required is so small, that there can be little excuse on that score for not cultivating what should be one of the greatest physical attractions in

Digitized by Google

every human being. It is a duty not only to ourselves but to the race, for the usefulness of muscles improperly used or not used at all will degenerate, and physical imperfections are inherited. For instance we have inherited muscles that were used by our ancestors to move their ears; how many people of the present generation have the use of those muscles? Of course the loss in this case amounts to nothing, but the voice is a thing of value. Surely, when its value has been recognized in our public schools, our professional musicians should not lag behind in the good work.

Another plea for vocal culture is its grand effect on health and physique. Think of any great singer you ever saw, and I need not say another word on this matter. Hand in hand with health and physique goes perfect control of nerve and muscle, which is the aim of both the singer and the instrumentalist. In fact, the body of the well-trained musician will do with ease and pleasure nearly all the work that it is capable of, thus answering to one requirement of the well-educated man.

The intellectual requirements of a good musical training are greater than is generally supposed. The proper interpretation of a piece of music demands a knowledge of the history of music and of the life of the composer; for the circumstances under which any work is composed must inevitably affect the composition. Furthermore, the finished product cannot be perfectly understood by anyone who has not a good knowledge of the processes and laws of composition; hence the necessity for the study of sound and musical form. Only the master of these studies is in a position to analyze any composition and make a very accurate guess at the designs of the composer with regard to the rendition of every movement, every phase, every note; and any violation of the composer's intentions, whether through ignorance or by design, should not be tolerated. Unfortunately, however, it is universally not only tolerated but applauded, for musical people generally are not well enough educated to be competent critics, and too many performers, taking advantage of this, make very little study of the compositions they render, but use them to show off their technical ability, and to express their own feelings and ideas, rather than those of the

Digitized by Google

composer. Such performers are, of course, not true musicians.

The musician's intellect must be, then, a "clear, cold, logic engine," the parts of which, perception, memory, imagination and reason, have been developed by the study of the musical subjects mentioned above. It may be doubted whether these mental functions are equally developed by such study, for some subjects appeal more particularly to some functions than to others; still, the mind is a unit, and what appeals to one function must include the others. For instance, to follow a piece of music intelligently requires the perception of chords, motives, modulations, etc., and memory is involved in this; memory is further required to hold the various sections together, and the imagination is exercised in giving the music meaning; then, if we wish to be critical, we subject the composition to an examination, to see how it conforms to law, and this is a process of reasoning. Having thus the material for each kind of development, it is rather our own fault than that of the subjects, if we grow one-sided. Involving as it does the study of science, art, history and poetry, music is, in my opinion, fully equal, as a means of mental development, to any other subjects in college curricula; and I have no hesitation in saying that the man who has properly studied music is capable of doing good work in other departments of mental activity. Such a man may again challenge comparison with Professor Huxley's ideal.

The next part of the comparison seems, at first sight, to be greatly to the disadvantage of the musician. Music as an art differs from painting and sculpture in that it has no model in nature. It is true that the sound of running water and the singing of birds give us a feeling of pleasure, but such sounds are only the materials used by music; they do not involve intellectual activity on the part of the hearer, as music does. But, although music is a product of the human mind, we have to study its materials, and we find exemplified in the phenomena of sound many of the truths of nature and the laws of her operations. The necessity for physical development, also, leads to a knowledge of nature; for life itself, not to mention physique, depends on conformance to her laws. Moreover, the fact that nature is often the composer's source

Digitized by Google

of inspiration gives such knowledge considerable value in the interpretation of many musical compositions. Here again the man who would be liberally educated may have recourse to music.

That music has a powerful influence over the emotions, everyone who is at all susceptible to its charms will freely admit. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and it has also the power to arouse an audience to a degree of excitement almost unattainable by any other means. It is primarily the language of pure feeling, and, if I am right in my belief that it can inspire no ignoble feelings, it must be a force for good, the importance of which can hardly be overestimated.

One of the worst characteristics of the average man of the present day is his excessive materialistic tendencies, his ardent devotion to the business of life. His emotions are either suppressed or allowed to die for want of exercise, because they seem to him to have no practical value. He has little time for poetry or music, especially for that of the better class, and he has little use for the average musician. On the other hand the musician is almost proverbially sensitive; his emotions override his reason. His devotion to music tends to keep him ignorant of the world around him, and he cannot, therefore, escape the contempt of the man of business. In my opinion the musician has the best of it, and he could return the sneers with interest, if it were not for his more charitable disposition. However, it is not my object to defend narrowness of view, even on the part of the musician; I am merely advocating the use of music as a training for the emotions. Such a training will produce not only a better musician, but also a better man; and as a means of emotional development music is, in my opinion, superior to any other art.

The necessity for control of the feelings is too generally recognized to require much comment. In fact the majority of people err on the side of restraint, having disturbed the balance that should exist between feeling and will, to the advantage of the latter. On the other hand, the best musicians sometimes allow their emotions to run riot, even while rendering a piece of music before an audience. Such a display,

Digitized by Google

of course, generally secures the hearty approval of the ignorant, but it is to the cultured musician, and often to the player himself, a thing to be regretted. No true musician can fail to recognize it as his duty, to subordinate his own personality to the desires of the composer whose works he seeks to interpret for an audience. Here, then, is plainly seen the necessity for a strong will, for the obtrusion of self seems to be a failing very prevalent among musicians. The persistence and concentration of effort necessary for high attainments in the art affords plenty of scope for the exercise of will, and, of course, will power is developed only by exercise.

Another consideration enters in here, however. In music, as in everything else, the more we love the work, the less will power do we require to keep us at it. Some people love labor for its own sake, others endure it as a means of satisfying their desires. The strength of the desires regulates the effort of will, and their kind governs the quality of the work. For instance, the person who uses music as a means of personal aggrandizement may have sufficient ambition to make the work a comparatively easy task, but he will not love it, and the quality of it will correspond to the meanness of his motive. The proper motive is a love of the art and a consequent desire for its advancement.

It remains to explain the cause of love for music. The explanation lies in the fact that music is one form of the beautiful; and, according to Kant, the philosopher, "the beautiful is that which, through the harmony of its form with the faculty of human knowledge, awakens a disinterested, universal and necessary satisfaction." Now, as human knowledge varies in kind and degree, the perception of beauty will vary accordingly; some people will find more satisfaction in painting than in music, and vice versa; and some will find much pleasure in a work of art that others will not enjoy in the least. Many people do not enjoy some forms of beauty, because they are not "disinterested;" that is, they have preconceived notions which bias their judgment; the beauty really exists, but they fail to see it. This explains the meaning of "universal"; the satisfaction is the right of everyone who cares to seek it. Devotion to one form of beauty should not be allowed to prejudice us against other forms. In fact

Digitized by Google

the tendency is generally the other way, and the more our sense of the beautiful is cultivated by one art, the more readily will it respond to the appeals of other arts. It is the ideal element of every art, not the material, that appeals to us most strongly; hence the man who is well educated in music will have a strong inclination "to love all beauty; whether of nature or of art." The hatred of all vileness is a natural outcome of a love of all beauty; and I have no doubt that the man who is properly educated in music will "respect others as himself."

Digitized by Google

I have often envied the writing of those who are not hampered by a minute knowledge of their subject. There is an ease and certainty about their work, like that of Tartarin ascending the Jungfrau, which can only come from a complete liberation from responsibility. In God they trust; or they think that "the company" will take care of them. Something of this sort I find in a remarkably well meant essay upon church music printed some time ago in the Methodist Review by Professor James Taft Hatfield, son of the famous Methodist preacher. With the general intention of Professor Hatfield's remarks I am in profound sympathy, but I do not agree with him in some of his facts. For instance, the following concerning the plain song:

"We turn, first of all, to the most ancient and characteristic Christian music, the plain song, or Gregorian choral, going back to the 'Ambrosian Chant' and the melodies of the church at Antioch. It has entered largely into the stately service of the Church of Rome, and a large and influential association in England, under the presidency of the Duke of Newcastle, is doing much to show its adaptation to the English Book of Common Prayer. Certainly nothing which has served a noble purpose from the days of classical antiquity is to be lightly thrown aside as worthless. This music has religious depth, it puts the singer in the fundamental mood of worship, and the melody is subordinate to the thought which it carries. One can but feel the pith and genuineness of these old melodies as compared with the complex, conscious phrases of the modern style. They should never die out entirely; the long-meter doxology shows that this type can maintain a long existence; but yet the ancient melodies are practically extinct; they are essentially foreign to our taste, they give little pleasure to the majority of hearers. Moreover, they demand greater purity of

Digitized by Google

tone than an average congregation can produce. The flexible American temperament demands more brightness, variety and vigorous movement."

I think every musician will agree with me that the plain song has little or no musical expression, properly considered. Upon what facts do I base this charge, it is asked? Upon the following: Every office of the plain song consists practically of a certain very limited melodic pattern repeated over and over to the successive stanzas of the canticle. There is no musical rhythm, no harmony, no attempt at correspondence between the melody and the changing sentiment of the verses. The expression of such a melody, therefore, is conventional entirely, and due not to anything in the melody as such, but to association, conventionalism and habit. Even when the organist harmonizes the plain song, as in accompanying the preface in the Mass, the expression is still very indefinite, although nearer than without such an aid. I do not deny that some of the melodies have a certain character, enough to distinguish one from the other. The "Magnificat," for instance (to the eighth tone), is not the same thing as the "Bonum Est" to the second tone.

Moreover, I am not with Professor Hatfield in his historical implications. The Duke of Newcastle is no doubt a very useful person, but the plain song has been the authoritative musical ritual of the English Church ever since the Reformation, just as it has been of the Roman Church ever since the time of Bishop Ambros. The English Church fell off in their allegiance. The Duke of Newcastle may, for aught I know, be one of those well-meaning Mrs. Partingtons who try to sweep back the waves of incoming worldiness with the broom of title and tradition.

Professor Hatfield seems to have missed one point where the average writer upon church music gets thrown down, namely, he makes no pretense of desiring a restoration of the music of Palestrina. This is one to his credit. Palestrina wrote music for the Sistine Chapel, music which for his time was singularly pure in style and had in it a great deal of real pathos. It is, however, fugal music almost entirely, to be sung without accompaniment, and it is written in the church modes, which are so far from modern ears that a choir has to be

Digitized by Google

trained from two to three years before being able to sing even the simplest of Palestrina's works with expression. When the choir has reached this point, the congregation, being still less ductile, needs three years more before discovering that this strange-sounding music has the real heart of the matter in it. We must not be deceived by the rhapsodies of Richard Wagner, who probably in all his life never heard ten pages of Palestrina music sung.

Note also the tone of this pleasing writer concerning the church tunes of Americans:

"Emphatically not to be ignored as an element in the solution of our problem is church music as historically developed in America, for America has had an important productivity in this field, in which, however, Methodism has shared only generally without having played any distinctive part. The work of our real American composers has found its way into the heart of the whole people, and has proved one of the most visible signs of the essential unity of our immense and varied population. Billings, Ingalls, Swan, Holden, Lowell Mason, Woodbury, Hastings, Bradbury and Root are distinctively American in their work. They have given us a body of hymns which has immeasurably refreshed and popularized our worship music. The American hymn has a sweeter melody, a more flowing movement, for which we ought to be grateful. It reflects the national temperament, the essential condition of a real music. Nor will I speak with unmixed censure of the much-reviled Gospel Hymns, light, cheap and frivolous as they often are. What Bliss and Sankey and Doane and O'Kane have done has not only made the conquest of the hearts of our people, but has gone out to conquer all lands; and that in the American Gospel hymn are deep spiritual possibilities no one need question who remembers with what power the simple words of 'I Need Thee Every Hour' speak in Mrs. Ward's American story, 'A Singular Life.'"

Every organist will thank Professor Hatfield for his remarks concerning the habitual church use of music to cover up other noises. He says:

"By the musical instrument we mean, practically, the church organ. The voluntary, as a rule, involves a complex theme whose intricate treatment, when heard for the first time, taxes

Digitized by Google

severely the attention of the best amateurs in the congregation, and is not followed or grasped at all by ninety-nine in one hundred. Is there any other degradation to which musical art is subjected like the usual treatment by the congregation of this most difficult task, the sounding of the very ground-note of the whole religious service? The Dresden court theater has done away with all music between the acts, and Liszt did the same thing when director at Weimar, because of the indignity done to music by the inattention of the public. Doubtless there is a duty of the public to listen, but how shall they follow sympathetically that which they cannot grasp? Variations of simple religious airs, in the spirit of Bach's preludes to the German chorals, or Lux's treatment of the "O Sanctissima," can be made full of the deepest religious feeling and will lay hold of many persons to whom the most brilliant works of the French school would be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. In leading the congregational singing the organist should refrain from the use of the mixed stops which compete with the vocal effects, and should fill in the harmonies with the rich diapason tones."

Professor Hatfield is so good a Christian Methodist that he finds it queer to conceive of church music too good for all the congregation to join in.

"As regards congregational singing, I am supported by some of the best qualified musicians in my firm belief that it ought to occupy a large part, perhaps the chief part, in church music. There are other views. A lady of musical taste in Baltimore told me that she did not think the congregation ought to join in the music at all; it simply killed the fine work of the choir. In the chapel of Magdalen College, Oxford, visitors are asked by a printed notice to join in the service silently. One is minded of the verger in Westminster Abbey who roughly disturbed a devout Catholic as he knelt to pray, and indignantly added, 'Hif this sort of thing goes hon, we shall soon 'ave people praying hall hover the habbey.' Heaven save us from too much propriety."

He then goes on to discuss various plans of successful management of choirs, finding in that of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a notable illustration. And he might have found a still better and larger one, also, in Brooklyn, Mr. E. M. Bowman's

Digitized by Google

Tabernacle choir. He recommends that the children be trained in music.

All these excellent suggestions, which when summed up amount to a restatement of the great American principle of always getting the best, fall before the inner feeling of every organist, and most choirmasters, that the one thing which the average congregation does not want is "good church music," using the term to mean simple, sincere music of noble feeling and religious dignity. What the church thinks it is is one thing; what it really is is another. The plain fact is that the average congregation is simply a friendly club, holding stated meetings weekly for the purpose of seeing each other, talking with some, and listening to a few safe ecclesiastical platitudes, carefully cut not to interfere with the dominational foreordination. Just as Plato says that the ancient Egyptians had patterns of melodies, poems and hymns hung up in the temples, from which new writers were not allowed to deviate, so the modern church hangs up its special tapestry, called a "creed." Thinking is permissable only within the limits thus defined. The members of this club, being all "saved" people, give no heed to the destiny of sinners. What they want is to be nicely talked to. If upon a fast day the preacher tells them a little plain truth, they take it in a Pickwickian sense, and eat just as good a dinner and sleep the sleep of the just. As for music, it is something which first of all must have melody. With this in plain hearing, and with a pace which is at least not absolutely and unmistakably that of the dance, they are as near church music as they care to come.

* * *

It is interesting to speculate upon the probable influence of the Aeolian principle applied to organs. The W. W. Kimball Company, which is now building first-class organs of large size as well as smaller instruments, has a self-playing attachment which can be added to any of its instruments at a small expense—two or three hundred dollars, according to the size of the instruments. By the aid of the rolls all the standard repertory of the organ becomes available to players of ordinary ability. All that it is necessary for them to do is to make the registration, control the tempo, and change the rolls. If the Kimball people fully succeed in their quest for

Digitized by Google

complete automatism, the roll will do both these things, so that the janitor of the church, aided by a water or electric motor, will be able to give a first-class organ recital complete in every respect.

It is an interesting question what influence this will have upon the future organist. Will it tend to displace the experienced professional by boy labor at the organ? Or will the richer trustees and the wealthy widows wake up to a healthy rivalry in organ study and reach a point where they are willing to pay liberally to the church funds for the privilege of "presiding at the organ," at so much a preside? Or will the development take a different tack and the minister control the music from the pulpit by touching an electric button, just as the clergyman in Boston Trinity Church is able to stir up an electric buzzer in the choir whenever the conversation between singers gets too lively during sermon time. (I know not whether the great Phillips Brooks was the author of this suggestive little piece of choir furniture.)

* * *

There is another question which deserves to be discussed; but it is time the bellows boy had a rest. The question is this:

What is destined to be the ultimate status of organ transcriptions of orchestral pieces? Are overtures, extracts from symphonies and sweet fragments of sensuous ballet music to retain a place in the repertory of the instrument? In other words, has the organ a call to be as musical as it can, or at least to pretend to be as musical as it can deceive anybody into thinking it? Or shall it restrict itself to the performance of organ music proper—well seasoned, kiln-dried, fine grain, quarter-sawed, shellacked to protect against the weather, and warranted "not to crack in any climate"? This is a question which experts may chew upon.

* * *

Does anybody really like organ music, and if so, why? This is one of the questions that I have often asked myself, and never with more interest than during the organ recitals given in University Hall by the distinguished American mas-

Digitized by Google

ter, Mr. Clarence Eddy. I freely admit that there are times when an organ sounds much less bad than it does at other times. For instance, in a church of the proper temperature, when the organ is a good one and has recently been tuned, and the congregation is waiting for a rather dry sermon; under these circumstances there is something in the pervading oow-oow-oow of the organ which is conducive to repose and suggests that very little change is anticipated in the immediate future. There are also many conventions where the organ assists with a propriety at least quasi-dramatic, as, for instance, when the bridal party is coming up the aisle, or when the organist in a sweet, distant echo is playing "Call Me Thine Own" while the minister is pronouncing the ceremony, or when the contribution box is being passed about; the jubilation of the organ at the close of the service is also something more than a finish, it is as the old theologian said of baptism, "an outward sign of an inward work."

A contributor to this magazine has well pointed out the curious and wholly unique effect of the old contrapuntal music when heard in a large European cathedral. This is one of those experiences in music which are often referred to in this easy way, but as a matter of fact the cathedrals of Europe are not particularly well furnished with organs. In the beautiful cathedral at Florence, if I remember aright, there is no organ at all; St. Peter's at Rome has a very small rusty organ; in St. Mark's at Venice there is a very poor organ; and even in the great Cologne cathedral the organ is by no means first-class. Still, a heartily voiced instrument with plenty of diapasons in one of those Gothic cathedrals produces a musical effect which is unique and unlike anything which can be heard under other circumstances. For a few moments one might almost imagine that one liked it. True, it says very little, but it says that over a good many times and at a great distance and in a semi-sanctified obscurity, and this is something.

In our American churches where the organ is near the congregation, and so lustily inspirited and screamy in its mixtures, what does anyone care for such ear-splitting ponderosities as the concert pieces of Thiele for instance, or the still worse one that was written for four hands and two perform-

Digitized by Google

ers? I do not say that these works are not masterly and unique, if three different works can be unique. They show a new style of organ writing, having been composed for full organ and to illustrate the bravoura of the player and the cumulative effect of much noise contrapuntally handled.

I do not even care particularly for a Bach fugue begun pianissimo with a solo stop, and one or two stops added at each repetition of the theme. I do not believe that Bach had any such idea in his mind. If the orchestra were playing a composition of that kind all the violins would play the theme, and the second violins the entrance of the alto, and so on through the work, and this succession of solo voices would find no place at all.

When one of the old Bach preludes and fugues is taken upon the full organ, and the organ is in something resembling good tune, a musical effect is produced which has in it a great deal of real inspiration. The ideas are weighty, full of dignity, and very musical, and the counterpoint of course is masterly to the extreme.

But what started me off on this train of thought was the curious composition of the programs of Mr. Eddy. For instance, in his first recital he brought forward eleven pieces. Of these one was the famous toccata in F of Bach, which is precisely one of those compositions calculated to sound gloriously in a large cathedral, the organ being at a great distance from the hearer. All the remaining pieces on this program were small and light with the exception of the concert overture in E flat by William Faulkes. I did not have the pleasure of hearing this work, but it is the production of a provincial English organist and probably shares the inspiring qualities characteristic of English music. The great majority of the other pieces were simple pieces, meaningless symmetries of melody, without force or significance, and the question arising in my mind was what effect could be expected from a succession of unimportant pieces which neither displayed the organ in its best light nor illustrated any particular power on the part of the organist. It seems to be the same thing as giving a piano recital opening with a sonata by Dussek, a variety of little movements by Pleyel, Gottschalk, Nevin, a

Digitized by Google

few moments of Sousa, a little of Leybach, and several new compositions dedicated to the pianist by various provincial teachers.

* * *

In speaking of the late Frank H. King I omitted to mention that the first transcontinental trip of Theo. Thomas and his orchestra was made possible through the direction of this same modest manipulator. Here was the situation: Thomas had a fine orchestra and naturally wanted to go across the continent. There was California wanting to hear this famous band. Here was King with a pianist, then his wife, whom he sincerely believed to be the best player on the whole this country had then known. He was not able to make advantageous arrangements with the Steinway house, which was popularly supposed to control Thomas. Yet he was determined that Mrs. King should play with Thomas, not once but a whole tour, and should play his piano, which just then was the Decker, King being the traveling representative of that house.

So it happened that Charles E. Locke, of American opera fame later on, came from California to try and engage Thomas for a few concerts in California. He came at once to King to get pointers, for it had been no secret for years that this man had pointers of great value. King showed Locke that the expense was too great and the risk too great. He should take a year to do it, and sell out concerts for the entire trip—absolutely sell along the route. So Locke went back and made his engagements. Soon he had a complete trip, lasting some months, every available night sold out under guarantee. He then came again to King. King told him to go and see Thomas. So he called upon Thomas, who immediately thanked him for his interest, but said it would be impossible to start out upon so expensive a trip without a deposit of $50,000 in bank as a guarantee. Locke, who hadn't a cent, came back to King in the dumps. "Go to Steinway," said King; "they back Thomas." So to Steinway Locke went; but the Steinways declined to back the risky undertaking to any such amount, believing that Thomas would not permit any other piano to be played, and that no other maker would put up the money. Back to King Locke came. Then King

Digitized by Google

went to his house, and the Deckers immediately, upon his representations, made the requisite deposit. So back to Thomas went Locke, informing him that the deposit had been made. Incidentally it was remarked that the Steinways had declined to take an interest, and that therefore the pianist would be Mme. Rive-King and the piano the Decker. When the Steinways discovered the situation they attempted to remonstrate with Thomas, but he said: "Gentlemen, you had the first chance, but you said you did not care for it." And so it happened first and last that Mme. King played with Thomas some hundreds of times. Part of these concerts were upon the Steinway, which she used for several seasons. And the Deckers got their money back later on, as it was not needed.

I do not think there was another man in the piano business, saving possibly W. W. Kimball or Geo. P. Bent, who could have planned and carried through such a reversal of the established relations, and without having appeared at all personally. This was an example of the way in which King accomplished his points.

Owing to his great love for Mrs. King, and his relations to a great piano house, Mr. King also placed music lovers under lasting obligations by the tours he planned and carried out for her. She played first-class programs in hundreds of small cities, where up to that time, no good pianist had ever been heard.

The shrewdness of Mr. King was brilliant in his relations to newspaper men. At the beginning he managed the first appearances of Mrs. Julia Rive with the New York Philharmonic, and the Harvard symphony concerts. In both cities she was recognized as a very strong pianist. But in the west it was not until Mr. Upton wrote so enthusiastically about her second Rhapsody of Liszt, at an Apollo concert in 1874, that it began to be the fashion to speak of her in first-class terms. King had no end of trouble to get proper notices written. The critics would not come to the concerts but wished to content themselves with: "Miss Julia Rive played a recital last night in her usual brilliant manner"—the form of notice which makes even so cool a person as Emil Liebling experience a rise of temperature amounting to several degrees. To obviate

Digitized by Google

this difficulty, King made the acquaintance of every managing editor and business manager all over the country.

* * *

I had the opportunity of a few minutes conversation with Mr. Rafael Joseffy, in New York; that great pianist who is heard so seldom. Joseffy raised the standard in America, and gave an impulse towards purity of style, grace, lightness and beauty of playing which has been of incalculable advantage to the piano-playing United States. He says he may get as far west as Chicago this season, perhaps under the direction of that enterprising manager, Mr. F. Wight Neumann. I hope he will come. He is a genial man, modest, quiet, efficient. Even his mercantile instincts are at a low ebb. He stopped a lesson to speak with me, stopped it against my earnest objections. "I never look at my watch," he said; "I go on until the lesson is finished, no matter what the hour. So I have a right to a moment if I choose." He was teaching an "artist class," and while waiting outside I heard some splendid playing.

* * *

Dr. William Mason played for me his "Improvisation," that very brilliant piano piece which he published last year, a piece written when the composer was seventy-one. He played it also with fingers of the vintage of 1829; but good fingers still. The Improvisation is a remarkably well-made piano piece, as suitable to the instrument as any of Liszt or Schumann. A splendid piece for study and for playing upon a good piano.

* * *

His gifted assistant, Miss Martha Walther, I did not hear, my time in New York being too short. Dr. Mason tells me that she is now playing most beautifully and that she will soon appear before the public. Miss Walther is the younger of two sisters who came to Mason for advice, some ten years ago, and to whom he has given lessons most of the time since—the older ceasing at her marriage to a prominent artist in New York. Miss Martha Walther was about twelve when she came to Dr. Mason, and he has developed her talent from the foundation. She had harmony with Dudley Buck for several years. When I heard her, a year ago or more, she had a beautiful hand and a very musical and accomplished style of playing. I count

Digitized by Google

upon her as one of the most gifted young pianists I have heard. She was a year with Moszkowsky, and it was of some use; but I still hold to my former opinion that better use of the year might have been made in New York, excepting solely for giving the girl a certain self-dependence due to living a year among comparative strangers. Miss Walther assists Dr. Mason and he tells me that she is very fortunate in this calling—which I can well believe.

* * *

Dr. Mason took me to task for the Remenyi story about Brahms. He thinks it extremely unlikely that the incident related by Remenyi ever took place. At least he does not recall a time when it could have. He is quite certain that upon the first visit to Liszt, Brahms and Remenyi came to Weimar in the morning of a hot June day, after an all night ride in the train. Early in the afternoon they appeared at Liszt's studio, as related in his memories. They went away that night. Of course, in a case of this sort I cannot decide, but considering the Hungarian fondness Liszt had for Remenyi, whose childlike improvidence at that time and his talent appealed to him, an incident such as Remenyi told me would not be unlikely. Liszt was a Hungarian first of all; an artist second, a lover third, and later a master.

* * *

Dr. Mason does not remember that the Brahms trio was ever played at Weimar; I still have the impression that he told me years ago that it was, and that he himself played the piano part in it. He does not now recall this. He does, however, agree that for Brahms music Liszt felt very little attraction at first; and later, when the famous letter of Schumann had caused the opponents of Wagner to rally around this promising "Messiah" of music, this coolness became still more pronounced. And this in spite of Joachim's partiality for Brahms, a partiality which he retained all his life. It will be remembered that after one or two short concert tours of Remenyi and Brahms together, Brahms met Joachim, who sent him to Schumann, with the result shown in the famous letter. Thereupon Brahms broke off with Remenyi, under circumstances never fully explained, but evidently leaving in the mind of the generous and impulsive Remenyi a sense of slight and injury. This was the story which Remenyi often promised to write in full for these

Digitized by Google

pages. He claimed that it would make at least sixty printed pages, and that it was nearly done; but since his death no scrap has been found. Remenyi claimed to have given Brahms the melodies in his Hungarian Dances, and very likely he did.

* * *

Speaking of Brahms, Dr. Mason still fails to find in the German Requiem those impressions of beauty which its lovers find in it and underlying its magnificent structural masterships. Nor does he find the æsthetic element in the piano pieces or symphonies. Despite Brahms having developed new technical demands upon the pianoforte, he having been a pioneer in this later development of the left hand, he thinks him of little account where the piano is concerned and that his works as a whole will go down to posterity mainly by reason of the structural mastership which they display. I do not agree with this verdict. I believe that Brahms' music is full of beauty and poetry and deep sentiment.

* * *

Speaking of symphony concerts, Mr. Thomas has promised a Beethoven cycle this winter, or rather a partial cycle. The following are the selections and dates for these concerts:

Nov. 24:

Heroic Symphony.
Fourth Concerto for Piano (Mr. Dohnanyi).
Overture to Leonore. No. 2.
Overture to Leonore. No. 3.

Dec. 15:

Symphony No. 4.
Concerto for Violin (Mr. Kreisler).
Overture, Coriolanus.
Symphony, No. 5.

* * *

A person actively concerned in the Chicago orchestra tells me that society ladies are making great progress towards entering into the work of these concerts with interest and intelligence. Classes are held under various teachers, devoted to discussing the programs of the coming concerts, from aesthetic and practical stand-points. This stimulus has been of great use to many individuals, and its influence is now being felt far be-

Digitized by Google

yond the apparent limits of the class, in a more lively interest in this class of music as a form of art having in it, as I have so often said, the seeds of life and immortality. Music is the one form of art which is still living and true to its ideals; more, it is the form of art which is most true to the ideals of spiritual expression, the great conception which underlies all our noble art of today, and which, unconsciously in some cases, formed the inner light of the great musical art of the latter part of the eighteenth century and all of the nineteenth.

* * *

It appears to me that the interest of this class of sincere hearers might be aided by a better handling of the annotations in the programs. The writer of those notes, Mr. Hubbard William Harris, succeeds very well in turning out explanations of most of the novelties presented. He generally avoids the pedantic technical analyses which to my mind are an objectionable feature in the Boston programs, as Mr. Apthorp makes them. What hearers want to know in listening to a long work the first time, are the main subjects (in musical notes, in order to assist the memory upon return of the main themes) the ideal of the piece, its story-telling intention, if any, and some general information concerning the author and his place of art. The latter element needs to be touched with care, since the mere performance of a work in concerts of such a character is equivalent to saying that in the judgment of the director it was worth playing. And even when a work may not be of the highest character, it is a false play to note this in the program; this is criticism, which has its place after the concert. What the program has to do is to give the standpoint of the work and enough information to assist intelligent and appreciative hearing, for if a work has no points to appreciate, why play it?

The Boston programs are very uncomely in their external dress, the literary matter falling upon divided pages, advertising coming in anywhere the customer is willing to pay for—like the pig in the parlor of the proverbial Irish cottager. No musical illustrations are used. This is a great omission, which also prevailed in Chicago until the present writer insisted upon a different policy and promised to pay for them if the society could not afford to do so. They have been of such obvious value that all later annotators have retained them.

Digitized by Google

The Boston programs afford an illustration of the disposition of prominent writers to write for the eye of each other. A few leading writers get very friendly and make a sort of a syndicate. Thus it is that Apthorp, Elson, Wolf, Hale, and so on in Boston, have a way of pouring out information especially of a recondite kind, mainly to make an impression upon the other fellows. I cannot otherwise account, for instance, for Mr. Apthorp's notice of the Mozart overture to the "Magic Flute," in the Boston program book of Nov. 2 and 3, 1900. The annotations extend to about five hundred words, of which about three hundred belong to the opera as a whole, statistics as to its first performance, its changes, etc. Concerning the overture itself, as a piece of music, there are about two hundred words. The statistics concerning the first performances of the opera (more than a century ago) appear to me like the "flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la," which have nothing to do with the case.

On the other hand, Mr. Apthorp comes out strong where the Chicago annotator would probably have said nothing, namely, in his notes upon Mr. Dohnanyi's concerto, which was played then for the first time in Boston. Granted the impecuniosity of Boston in the matter of musical notation, Mr. Apthorp does about as well as one can in indicating the character and details of the work.

Another point where I praise the Boston program is in its handling of the Schumann symphony in C, a work played many times before during the twenty years of the Boston concerts. The Chicago annotator would have been instructed to ignore it, on the ground that, having been played before, the reader could refer to former annotations—a manifest absurdity in view of the fact that such former annotations might have been published in an ephemeral program one, two, or even four years earlier. The true view is this of the Boston usage, which is that we are not to expect the hearer to come provided with a file of back programs of former years. He has paid well for his privilege; let us assist him with what little information we happen to have.

Mr. Apthorp has another custom which I rather like, and in the year when I had the onerous duty of preparing these annotations I generally conformed to it; that namely of what he

Digitized by Google

calls an "Entr'act," in other words, a short essay, generally in light vein, upon whatever topic happens to seem timely. In these parts of his work one may find some of his most attractive writing, which serves to promulgate an idea and also to pass away the vacant minutes before the concert begins or during the intermission. In fact, while I could wish the Boston program a little less technical, and the typographical appearance more first-class and like a literary magazine, in other respects it still holds over our own program many strong points of superiority.

I do not know how far the Boston annotator is subject to the demand of the manager for "matter to face advertising." During my year at the Chicago annotations I was often drawn upon for additional matter when the advertising happened to be liberal; and as often obliged to cut out useful and good matter when the advertising happened to be less than usual. But this was when fair woman ruled, in the person of the dear departed Miss Anna Millar—the same who so liberally patronized the "Courier" for praise of the work of Mr. Thomas.

The position of the managers of the Chicago orchestra, with reference to the proper place and plan of program annotations is short sighted and ill-advised. Of course there is no great expense in making these annotations full enough to afford some information concerning every number upon the program. In fact, Miss Millar told me (though this may have been one of her "ben trovato" facts) that she had offered to the Chicago symphony society to furnish the program books at her own expense and take the profits from the enterprise in place of salary —something she could well afford to do, the profits running to about $3,500 a year.

* * *

There are two other points in which the Chicago concerts could learn a good lesson from Boston. The Boston evening concerts begin at eight precisely; there is an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony and the concert closes about three minutes before ten. This is something like, and a very different thing to beginning at twenty minutes past eight, having a twenty minute intermission and closing, as Mr. Thomas generally does, at about eleven. The late hours are absurd, useless, and a great disadvantage to the concerts. They ac-

Digitized by Google

commodate only a few who try to be ultra fashionable, and therefore come late and gossip.

Mr. Thomas' programs are often by far too long. Sometimes he piles in numbers with a curious disregard for the time they take in playing. This is all the more remarkable on his part since he formerly gave such close attention to this part of the work. I admit that he is able by his long programs to play a longer list of works in a year; but to what good when the listeners are so fatigued? The Chicago concerts, four times out of five, are tiresome to a degree. This is the real reason why the subscription lists remain so incomplete and so far below what the expenses demand. The remedy lies in making shorter and better contrasted programs and in playing them with, if possible, a little more spirit.

* * *

Speaking of "musical atmosphere," in which Europe is popularly supposed to greatly surpass America, I note with pleasure an important improvement in connection with the so-called "Fine Arts Building" of Chicago. The building, as out of town readers may not know, is the conspicuous Studebaker building, on Michigan avenue, just north of the Auditorium hotel. Under the inspiration of Mr. Charles C. Curtiss, this building was remodeled a few years ago into a magnificent studio building, with two exceedingly attractive halls—the Studebaker theater and university hall. The Chicago Musical College occupies an adjacent building, part of the same property, so that around this one spot clusters the teaching of a hundred or more prominent teachers and at least three or four thousand music students.

University hall is an exceedingly pleasant room for chamber concerts, lectures and recitals not requiring more than six or seven hundred sittings. With a view of utilizing such an opportunity, and in the expectation of still further adding to the attractiveness of the location, Mr. Curtiss is understood to have made very liberal arrangements with several prominent artists for morning lectures and recitals, open to all students at a moderate fee.

Mr. Max Heinrich opened the course, Nov. 15, with a very interesting and entertaining lecture called "A Lesson in Singing." He told some of the mistakes students make in their studies, and towards the end gave a very weighty discourse

Digitized by Google

(which is earnestly desired for these columns later) upon the importance of the text in learning a song and the manner in which he trains students to understand a song and prepare for its interpretation. The discourse was admirable, and one of the most interesting possible.

A second exercise in the course was given Nov. 17, by Mr. Theodore Spiering, a violin recital, the accompaniments played by Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck. Mr. Spiering gave no lecture, but simply played the following rare program:

Bach, First Sonata for violin alone.
Joachim, Hungarian Concerto (1st movement).
Nardini, Larghetto.
Weniawsky, First Polonaise in D major.

I do not remember to have heard the whole of any one of the Bach six sonatas for violin solo played in public during my thirty years and more in Chicago. Remenyi played them to me in private, more than once; the famous Chaconne in D minor, the Preamble and the Fugue in G minor have been played in the symphony concerts by Henri Marteau, and others. The opportunity, therefore, was a very rare one for the intelligent student and it is pleasant to note how satisfactory was the playing, both from a technical point of view and from that of nobility of conception and grace of phrasing. The second recital will bring the Corelli "Folies d'Espagne," one of the most famous of the works of that first great master of the violin; the next will have Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata and Spohr's equally famous "Gesangscene" or eighth concerto.

In this connection it is proper to add another little leaf to the crown of bay which Mr. Spiering well deserves. His string quartet, which is one of the very best in this country, is meeting with fine success this season, which is as it should be. It surely indicates no small nerve to engage his three other players, take them out of the Chicago orchestra and become personally responsible to them for a salary at least equal to what they had in the orchestra. This is working in "the cause of art" to some purpose, and for a long time it was an up-hill struggle for Mr. Spiering; but now, at last, the hill seems to have been surmounted, the fame of this active and noble-minded artist is steadily increasing and his vogue as a teacher. So it seems

Digitized by Google

EXTERIOR OF THE NEW SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON.

Digitized by Google

that truth is not yet dead, and that the old saying that "virtue is its own reward" is not yet outlawed.

* * *

They have just opened a new Symphony Hall in Boston. Upon another leaf are pictures of it, outside and in. Outside it is classically severe; inside it is also severe but rich. The lines seem to me practically those of the old hall. It is of substantially the same size, the galleries follow the same lines, the length and height are about the same. The panelling and decorations are richer and the lighting, by incandescent lamps grouped artistically, is soft and pleasing.

The principal novelty is the treatment of the stage. It is a little narrower than the hall, about as deep as the old one (thirty-five feet or so), but the framing is different. On both sides and across the top of the stage runs a wide gilded band, ornamented in patterns, like a great picture frame, somewhere about four feet wide. This gives the effect of framing the stage picture, and the result is by no means unpleasing. Unlike the old hall the floor of this one is not level, but sloped a little, about two inches to each row of seats. This is a great improvement over a level floor. Around all sides of the hall are spacious lobbies, opening into the hall by frequent doors, an idea illustrated in the old hall and in the Boston theater, the latter dating from about 1852. While this cuts off any possibility of standing spectators, it also improves the acoustic and promotes quiet. I know not what arrangements are made for ventilating. I trust there are some.

The location of the new hall is far away from the old one—away out on Massachusetts and Huntington Avenues, a mile or more from the lower end of the common. This is something Boston has got to get used to. Personally I do not see that anything has been gained in this new hall which might not have been done by repairing the old one—which is more central now than ever, since the subway brings everything so close. The old hall was just as quiet, I think just as large, and by putting the modern seats and perhaps raising the floor a little, just as convenient in every way. I notice they are running vaudeville in it now—continuance performance. Perhaps it was the painfully intermittent character of symphony which made the owners anxious to get the concerts out into some new place.

Digitized by Google

INTERIOR OF BOSTON SYMPHONY HALL.

Digitized by Google

These, however, are matters for Bostonians to think of, if necessary.

* * *

I have heard the Boston orchestra again. It is a wonderful orchestra. Whether it is due to the hall, as Mr. Thomas thinks, or to the personnel of the orchestra, as I think, or perhaps to both elements acting together, there is no other orchestra with a tone like this. It is pure, musical, elastic, spirited, expressive, delightful. While the beat of Gericke is rigid in its positiveness, I notice that every minute bit of melody, every shading, every nuance is obtained for making the music sound at its best. The program upon the evening when I heard it was this:

Overture to "The Magic Flute."..... Mozart.
Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra (first time) ..... Dohnanyi.
Scherzo in A major, op. 45 (first time).. Goldmarck.
Symphony in C major, op. 61..... Schumann.

And what shall I say more of the playing? The Mozart overture went delightfully, the jolly fugue, the strong chords, etc. The same standard was kept up in the Goldmarck Scherzo, a taking movement, not deep, almost like Mendelssohn, if a little richer in color.

The Schumann symphony was played beautifully in all its parts. And then came the young pianist, Mr. Dohnanyi. He is a Hungarian, I hear, a young fellow, twenty-one, or so, just married. The young man owes his celebrity to two circumstances: First of all he gained the prize in Vienna for the first movement of this concerto, it having been found the best of forty or more sent in for the prize; second, he matured his interpretations under Leschetitzky. This ensures a certain sanity in playing and fair ideas of the proper effects of music. He is a very spirited player with a good deal of technique, animation, musical feeling, etc. In short, a remarkable young pianist. Fortunately not yet mature; he is boyish as he ought to be.

As for his concerto, it is brilliant, a little after the Rubinstein concerto in D minor in spirit, remarkably well instrumented, if with a little too lavish hand, and not without some good ideas. As a whole it is disappointing and so wanting in

Digitized by Google

A CORRIDOR IN SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON.

Digitized by Google

proper variety as to give a very imperfect idea of what the player might do in interpreting the music of the great masters for piano, such as Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Liszt, and the like. There is no law against any young fellow writing a concerto and getting a prize for it, if he can. But when he is to appear before strange audiences and desires to illustrate his talents at their best, it would be better to play better music. The nerve of the youngster and the massive tone of the concerto naturally gained him plenty of friends in the audience. He was recalled again and again. I watched the passage work of the concerto with interest, for one naturally desires to see whether these gifted youngsters have discovered novel tonal resources in this much abused instrument. The passages are generally interlocking, after the manner of Schytte, Moszkowsky, etc., and are uniform in character. I would like to hear him in a recital.

* * *

Speaking of Dohnanyi, I also had the pleasure of meeting another of these astonishing young virtuosi, in the person of Mr. Ossip Gabrilovitch (he tells me the "o" is accented, and not the "bril," as I had heard it before). Gabrilovitch was noticed in these pages as long ago as August, 1897, apropos to his playing in Berlin; and about two years ago Mr. Eugene Simpson told a story about Gabrilovitch's appearance in Leipsic. It seems that D'Albert had been engaged, but he insisted upon playing his own concerto in place of one of Beethoven, which Nikisch desired; whereupon Nikisch cancelled the engagement and took Gabrilovitch, who, despite the odds of D'Albert's popularity everywhere in Germany, made a colossal sensation in the Tschaikowsky concerto in B flat minor.

Mr. Gabrilovitch is a good scholar, they say a splendid player, and he speaks English extremely well, although he has had very little opportunity to practice it. This faculty which some Europeans have of acquiring facility in several languages at an early age amazes me. This young man speaks his native Russian, German, French, Italian and English—all, they say, elegantly and correctly, the English with very little accent. In person he is of good height, almost tall, slender, gentle but spirited in manner, and with a fine presence. He converses

Digitized by Google

MR. OSSIP GABRILOVITCH.

with animation and intelligence. I shall look forward to hearing him play with great interest. I suppose he is now about twenty-three years of age.

Digitized by Google

NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES

MISS JESSICA DE WOLF.

Miss De Wolf is the charming soprano who is so highly esteemed in Minneapolis and everywhere else her splendid voice

MISS JESSICA DE WOLF.

and brilliant interpretations have been heard. Her specialty is concert and festival work.

Digitized by Google

MR. ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT.

The name of Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt is well known to the musical public, from its almost constant appearance upon

MR. ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT.

the music of American composers. Mr. Schmidt came to Boston from Germany, as salesman in one of the better music

Digitized by Google

stores, where quality in music was more highly esteemed than quantity. After several years in a subordinate position, Mr. Schmidt acquired the business, or set up a new one of his own (the writer is not quite sure which). Almost immediately he began the policy, which he has pursued ever since, of taking up compositions by the best American composers and publishing them with the same elaboration and attention to detail which characterizes the work of the foremost German houses in the work of their own masters. In this way he has been of the greatest possible use to American composers and to the musical public as well. This policy has turned out so well, from a financial point of view, that it is now being followed to some extent by other houses; but by none from the same high standard of art as by the modest Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt. In explanation of his taking this course with the serious works of American writers, which at that time were considered unsalable, Mr. Schmidt simply says that America having done very well by him he feels that he owes the country something in return. It is a principle of sociology which might even be commended to the song-birds and artists who come over here for American dollars.

MR. MAURICE ARONSON.

Among the younger pianists and teachers of Chicago, perhaps scarcely any take their art more seriously, or are better qualified to do so, than Mr. Maurice Aronson. For several years Mr. Aronson taught in the late lamented Chicago Conservatory, in close association with Mr. Leopold Godowsky, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. In token of this Mr. Godowsky sent Mr. Aronson a most flattering testimonial upon the very eve of sailing for Europe. In this generous appreciation the great artist compliments Mr. Aronson upon his "sound manner of playing," "thorough work in teaching," and recommends his own pupils to come to Aronson for lessons during his own absence abroad. Praise beyond this is not necessary.

At Freeport, Illinois, Mr. Aronson has a large and serious class, and in connection with his work there he is giving a series of eight Historical Evenings, the subjects being: Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wag-

Digitized by Google

ner, Rubinstein—in other words, the Art-history of the current century.

As one incident of his Beethoven evening Mr. Aronson has decided to use the entire list of selections in the chapter upon

MR. MAURICE ARONSON.

the "Moods of Beethoven," in the volume just published for the use of the Music Extension Clubs. He says he began by thinking of using a part of the pieces in that list, but the more he thought the more he saw that it was necessary to use the whole, since only thus could the emotional range of this great master be indicated, even in outline.

Digitized by Google

Later in the season Mr. Aronson contemplates giving a similar series in connection with his Chicago class.

In the Freeport recitals several papers upon assigned subjects are read by members of the class, in addition to Mr. Aronson's own treatment of the more important subjects, beyond the grasp of young students.

MME. AMELIA CAIEN.

On the evening of November 20, in university hall, a young singer made her debut before a large, fashionable and highly appreciative audience. The artist was Mme. Amelia Caien, sister of the Countess Roswadowski, wife of Count Roswadowski, the musical and popular Italian consul. The countess herself is very musical, as are all her family, and their house is a pleasant meeting ground for artists of all nationalities. Mme. Caien, who has been studying with that admirable exponent of "bel canto," Mme. Varesi, has a very pleasant soprano voice, beautifully pure intonation, and that charming grace in the elusive mysteries of French singing, which belongs of right to those only who have lived long in countries where such is the common manner of speech. Her program consisted of the following: Massenet's "Ouvre tes yeux bleus," an aria from Puccini's "La Boheme;" Burgmein's "Il Mulattiere," "Florian Song," by Godard; "Margaret at the Spinning Wheel," by Schubert, and an aria from Gomez' "La Fosca." In all these she manifested very pleasing qualities, least of all in the last. Perhaps her best work in the Massenet song and in the one by Schubert. She sang in French, German and Italian.

She was assisted by Mr. Vernon D'Arnalle, a baritone of the musical college, having a fine natural voice, but in style of interpretation too sentimental and with a portamento very much overdone. It was a pity, for the young gentleman has good qualities and he showed sense in his selections, which were from Tschaikowsky, Henschel, Franz Wagner and other great writers. He made a brilliant popular success.

Mme. Caien bids fair to achieve a leading position as an exponent of the French chanson and of the lighter and more delicate class of songs, suitable for the drawing room. Her

Digitized by Google

upper voice is brilliant and telling, but perhaps not quite so sweet as her medium range. As she happens to have a charm-

MME. AMELIA CAIEN.

ing presence, youth, great ambition, and ability to work, the future ought to have something nice in store for her.

Digitized by Google

MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND.

Among the important additions to the artistic resources of

MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND.

the middle west, few are more to be praised than the subject of this sketch, Mr. William A. Howland, who has been engaged by

Digitized by Google

Professor A. A. Stanley to take charge of the vocal department in the school of music at Ann Arbor. His pedigree is given as follows: Mr. Howland was born in Worcester, Mass. He is a descendant of John Howland, of the "Mayflower" company. He began the study of music at a very early age in his native city. In 1889 he went to New York, where he studied for five years under the best masters, including Albert Ross Parsons (Piano), Dudley Buck (Harmony and Composition), Damrosch (Conducting), and Bristol (Voice). In 1896 he studied in London with Frederick Walker and Alberto Randegger. Mr. Howland was leading baritone for two years with the "Bostonians," for four years filled two of the most important church positions in New York, and for the last five years has been director and soloist of the Piedmont church, Worcester, one of the most desirable positions in New England. Mr. Howland has sung at the Worcester Festival and at most of the important festivals throughout the country, always with distinguished success. His training has given him a breadth rarely found in his particular branch of the profession. His songs have been published by Breitkopf and Haertel, and display refinement and scholarship. His success as a teacher has been very marked, and many of his pupils have won distinction.

Concerning his vocal teacher, Mr. Frederick E. Bristol, of New York, Mr. Howland speaks with warmth and admiration. He says:

"It is to my most respected teacher, friend and adviser, Mr. Frederick E. Bristol, of New York City, that I owe what success I have attained and to what I hope to develop. I studied steadily for three years under his careful and conscientious guidance, and during the following five years was associated with him in teaching, and hope for many years to continue under his wise counselings."

At the late banquet of the Mayflower descendents in Chicago, Mr. Howland sang as setting an original setting of Mrs. Hemans' well-known poem: "The Breaking Waves dashed high"—a very effective song he made of it, and it was received with much applause.

Mr. Howland's voice is a basso cantante, adequate to baritone roles which are not too high, a very expressive organ, full in volume and resonant, and in all respects he is a manly singer. Par-

Digitized by Google

ticularly to be admired is his delivery of the text, which is both sung and declaimed in that manner which belongs to the true art of the singer, but which is so rarely heard, especially from our American women singers. The men are generally better than the women in this point. It is in every way to a subject of congratulation that an important school of music, like the university school in Ann Arbor, should have at the head of its vocal department an artist of this caliber, so good a musician and a man of so high a character and distinction.

Digitized by Google

THINGS HERE AND THERE

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

BY AMY FAY.

The season in New York has opened with a rush and there are so many things to hear and see that one is puzzled what to choose or whither to turn one's steps. Like the Athenians of old, we are always running after "some new thing," and if St. Paul were living here he would have the same reason to chide us as that furnished him by the gadding of the Athenians in his time. They were the most cultivated people on earth, however, so it must be a good thing to keep one's ears and eyes open to what is going on. St. Paul himself shows a tendency that way when he prides himself on having "sat at the feet of Gamaliel." We don't know anything about Gamaliel, but if a St. Paul "sat at his feet," this one circumstance shows that Gamaliel must have been "worth while," and that St. Paul was not wasting his time.

The first concert this year was given by our own little Leonora Jackson, violinist, formerly of Chicago, assisted by Madame Schumann-Heink, or rather it was a joint recital by these two, at Carnegie Hall. It was a long jump from Leonora Jackson's first public appearance, as a child of ten, or thereabouts, in the Kimball Piano Hall in Chicago, to a concert of her own, as a full-fledged artist, in Carnegie Hall, New York; yet she was as equal to the one as to the other. I can remember her first appearance as a little girl perfectly, and how steadily and well she played the little pieces she was then studying with Carl Becker. Her mother told me then that "Leonora loved her violin and enjoyed practicing," and I thought it was the best omen for her future. Many people have great talent and learn to play beautifully, but only those who play from love for music reach the topmost heights.

Leonora Jackson is now a most remarkable artist, and she has all the touches which are the result of long training under the greatest masters. I must say I listened to her with the keenest pleasure. Her technical perfection and purity of intonation are great, and her feeling accentuation, phrasing and *nuances* are simply exquisite. It is charming to watch her play, as her youthful figure is slight and graceful and her pose is modest and girlish. She conquers Herculean difficulties with hardly a turn of an eyelash, and shows such ease of execution that people are tempted to think her cold. This is not so; she has plenty of heart, but also wonderful finish.

Digitized by Google

That the West has turned out two such artists as Maud Powell and Leonora Jackson is certainly cause for congratulation. Maud Powell was from Aurora, Ill., and began her studies also in Chicago, under Mr. Wm. Lewis. Her European tour during the last four years has been one succession of triumphs, and she has made a sensation wherever she has appeared. Times are changed since 1885, when that other gifted violinist, Arma Senkrah, of Brooklyn, L. I., was obliged to allow herself to be given out as coming from India! The celebrated manager in Berlin, Wolff, simply would not hear of her appearing as "Mary Harkness, from America," but made her spell her name backwards, and announce herself as "Arma Senkrah, from India."

People can say boldly that they come from America, now, especially since the wars with Spaniards and the Chinese. We have gained some battles in the world of art also. As for Arma Senkrah, it was a pity she did not remain in her own country, and then she would not have shot herself through the heart from jealousy and despair over the faithlessness of her good-for-nothing German husband in Weimar, on Sept. 4. She was a beautiful and fascinating young woman, and an artist of the first rank. There was a very interesting account of her, with portrait of her and Liszt, in the Musical Courier, Oct. 17, by Arthur Abell. I met her and her mother frequently in Weimar during the summer of 1885, at the time this photograph was taken, when Arma was twenty, and heard her play with Liszt, who was constantly sending for her to come and play with him. One time I had the honor of playing with Arma Senkrah myself, in Liszt's parlors, a composition by Jerome Hopkins. The piece was a transcription of his own song, "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," for violin and piano. Never shall I forget how beautifully she played it and how exquisite it sounded!

Arma Senkrah fascinated everybody, the great musicians as well as the rest. Her poor bereaved mother, who is living in New York, gave the most extraordinary account of her career the other day, and the success she had was phenomenal. Said Mrs. Senkrah: "Baby always played like a man, she drew such a bow! Once she was playing for Brahms, and she ripped out the music with such tremendous fire and dash that the master called out, 'Save the pieces, little one!' in German."

Arma Senkrah made her debut in Paris when she was sixteen. A young singer, aged eighteen, assisted her, and the next day one of the critics called the singer "Lilies and Roses," and the violinist "Peaches and Cream." He said he found it hard to choose between "Lilies and Roses" and "Peaches and Cream," but, on the whole, he thought that "Peaches and Cream" went to the spot better than "Lilies and Roses."

Mrs. Senkrah said Arma objected, and she exclaimed, "I don't want to be 'Peaches and Cream,' mamma, and be all eaten up!"

From this first Parisian success Arma Senkrah was speedily engaged for a tour, and everywhere she went she had an ovation. She

Digitized by Google

received two thousand rubles for playing in a concert in Moscow. I think it was here Mrs. Senkrah said they let fly pigeons over her as a mark of enthusiasm. In St. Petersburg she had an enormous bouquet thrown at her, which they could hardly get into the carriage door afterwards. This bouquet, with its long satin ribbons, with an inscription on them, Mrs. Senkrah has kept and has yet in her possession. At Stockholm twenty-one bouquets were thrown on the stage. They were thrown by "experts," and went flying through the air like comets, with their long white ribbons floating behind. At another place the students wanted to carry Arma on their shoulders, after the concert, but she would not allow it. One time she was to play at a place called Hirschberg and the train was buried in a snow storm and delayed for many hours. Mrs. Senkrah luckily had had the forethought to put up a luncheon and bring along a bottle of wine. When Arma got up in the sleeping car, early in the morning, it was quite dark, and she found the snow heaped up above the windows of the car. The deer followed the train in the woods for food, and the passengers threw out pieces of bread to them to eat. Arma arrived just in time to go upon the stage in her traveling dress and play at the concert The audience was transported with delight, as her coming had been despaired of in the storm. She was greeted with overwhelming enthusiasm when she came out in her traveling dress, and had a triumph.

At twenty-five years of age, when in the zenith of her career, Arma Senkrah had the misfortune to fall in love with a dissipated German lawyer in Weimar. She married him and settled down to matrimony, and appeared no more in public, except twice. . He vetoed all that. The end was death by her own hand, at thirty-five. She must, indeed, have been madly in love, to put the pistol to her heart, through jealousy, ten years after her marriage, forgetful of her only child, a beautiful little boy, the image of herself, and adored by her; Mrs. Senkrah insists that Arma was "hypnotized by her husband." (Somebody ought to go over and get the boy.)

Well, I have run on so about violinists that I fear I have but little space to say much about music in New York. Last week was the week for pianists, and we had three of them—Dohnanyi, in his own concerto, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Gabrilovitch, in a concert of his own, with orchestra, and Teresa Carreno, with the Philharmonic Society. I am happy to relate that America came out first, and that Carreno swept everything before her. She and Gabrilovitch had chosen the same concerto—Tschaikowsky's First in B flat minor, Op. 23. This concerto was introduced by von Bulow, who played it in 1875 in this country. Three years later Franz Rummel played it, and then it went to sleep for a long time, till Sieveking revived it. Now it has suddenly leaped into popularity. Gabrilovitch played it beautifully and musically, but Carreno was simply overwhelming in it, just as she was in Rubinstein's D minor concerto in her last trip. I think this artist is at her best with orchestra, and it is the proper setting for the diamond. All of the critics lost their hearts to her, and their heads, too,

Digitized by Google

for that matter. As a proof of it I will subjoin the following from the Times, whose critic is famous for remorselessly chopping off the heads of artists, and who does not even take the trouble to toss them into the basket usually: "Carreno's was the performance of a mature artist, sure of her fame, sure of herself, and not afraid to hurl all delicacy and the hair-spinning of the raffine school to the winds, while she swept the keyboard with the rush of a whirlwind, 'set the wild echoes flying' and the whole auditorium throbbing with the magnetic waves of her exuberant temperament. Power, majesty of conception, sonority of tone, and all the splendors of passion flamed through the performance of this gorgeous woman, who, at a period of maturity when most of her sex take to teaching or to charitable societies, is still able to reign over human hearts by the magic of the songs she sings through the keys of her chosen instrument. As a personality, she is like, indeed, to the wondrous Cleopatra, for 'age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.'"

Carreno's dress was worth the price of admission to the concert to see. She was attired in a royal gown of black velvet, richly trimmed with gold, in which she was beautiful as the day (or night, I should say)!

Dohnanyi's concerto was very interesting, and was superbly played by him, of course. He is a very wonderful artist, but not of the sentimental school. Since Paderewski, we all adore sentiment, combined with intellect. One never touches bottom in Paderewski's feelings. He is the only one who goes down to the deepest deep, and yet touches the stars.

142 East Fortieth street, New York.

LONDON LETTER.

BY HORACE ELLIS.

Think of those songs which seem, to most of us, to date back to the days of a dark past, "The Jolly Young Waterman," "Come into the Garden, Maud," "Farewell, my Trim-built Wherry," "My Pretty Jane," etc., and then think that the tenor who sang them in his and their youth was alive but a few days since.

The passing away of Sims Reeves (or, to give him his full name, John Sims Reeves,) is like the closing of a volume in the history of singing. He was born in the Artillery Barracks at Woolwich, Oct. 21, 1822, and died at Worthing (a watering-place not far from Brighton), Oct. 26, 1900, having spent nearly all his 78 years in the active service of music. Of course, long before his death his voice, as far as strength and quality of tone were concerned, was gone; but to the last (for he sang in public nearly to the last) his careful handling of his powers was the same. He had a broader musical education than most vocalists of his day, as his father, a bandsman in the Royal Artillery, de-

Digitized by Google

voted himself to the cultivation of the boy's talent with such success that at the age of 14 he was given the post of organist and choirmaster at the parish church of North Cray, in Kent. He there studied harmony and counterpoint with Hutchins Callcott and piano with John Cramer, and gained a fairly proficient knowledge of most orchestral instruments by the time he attained his majority.

As more than one other tenor has done, Reeves began his vocal career as a baritone, but the nature of his voice became quickly manifest. He did considerable operatic and theatrical work in London until 1843, when he went to Paris to study with Bordogni (who was then the most important teacher of singing in that city), and from there to Milan, where he worked under Alberto Mazzucato, and in 1845 made his debut at La Scala as Edgardo in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."

It is difficult to associate Sims Reeves with opera, but practically all his early work was along that line. He was, doubtless, never much of an actor, and the Italian and "Ballad" operas in which he appeared were not of the caliber of to-day; but the amount of work which he did in those days, and the price he was paid for it, were both remarkable. Take as an instance his seven months' season at Manchester beginning Oct. 17, 1843 (when he first appeared as Tom Tug in "The Waterman"), during which he sang in some twenty-five works, and received as a reward the hardly princely salary of $25 per week. It is with oratorio and concert work we most closely connect the name of Sims Reeves to-day. It is hardly too much to say that he rejuvenated Handel by his (if we may trust reports) thrilling interpretation of the tenor solos in "The Grand Old Robber's" works.

The last time I saw him was at a concert given for his benefit, two or three years ago, at St. James' Hall. It was pathetic to hear the old man try to sing, for not a vestige of the former voice remained; yet anyone could tell that he had once been an artist. He was wonderfully alert for his age, and contrasted favorably with another well-known singer who appeared at the same concert, and who. although younger, did not carry himself nearly so well. Reeves seems to have had considerable misfortune in his later years, both financial and otherwise, and not long ago a subscription was gotten up for him, and a civil list pension of $500 per year was granted him as late as April of this year.

The outlook as regards the supply of tenors here is not very encouraging, there being no new heroes to take the place of the departed and the departing. Edward Lloyd, Reeves' legitimate successor, is soon to retire, and there will be a clear field for the coming man.

Richter gave three orchestral concerts at St. James' Hall the evenings of Oct. 22 and 29 and Nov. 5. The programs of the concerts are as follows:

First Concert: Overture, "Leonora," No. 3, Beethoven; Vorspiel, Act III., "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; Symphonic Poem, "Hunnen-

Digitized by Google

schlacht," Liszt; Overture, "Carneval Romain," Berlioz; Symphony, No. 3, in F, Brahms.

Second Concert: Fantasy-Overture, "Hamlet," Tschaikowsky; "Siegfreid Idyll," Wagner; Vorspiel, "Parsifal," Wagner; "Huldigungsmarsch," Wagner; Symphony, No. 6, in C minor, Glazounow.

Third Concert: Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; "Charfreitagszauber," "Parsifal," Wagner; Vorspiel und Liebestod, "Tristan und Isolde," Wagner; Walkurenritt, "Die Walkure," Wagner; Symphony, No. 5, in C minor, Beethoven.

As you see, they consist mainly of more or less familiar works with the exception of Liszt's Symphonic Poem and Glazounow's Symphony.

The "Hunnenschlacht" (Battle of the Huns) is probably the worst thing that Liszt ever wrote for orchestra, and, apart from the idea of novelty, it is difficult to see why Richter put it on the program. The composition may be called an attempt at a musical "setting" of Kaulbach's picture depicting the Huns marching on Rome and the fierce contests of the warriors even after death. Many portions are distinctly Wagnerian (these are the best parts), and the general effect is so poor that at the performance in question it fell very flat indeed.

The Glazounow Symphony is of different metal. Alexandre Glazounow is still a young man (having been born at St. Petersburg in 1865) although he has produced so many works. His first symphony was written when he was but 17, and besides the five which have followed, he has brought forth a number of symphonic poems and marches, together with two overtures and a "Fantasie" for orchestra. He has also written three string-quartets, a quintet and a number of solos for violin, viola and 'cello, not to mention numerous songs and piano pieces.

This sixth symphony (written in 1896) is divided into four movements, three of which are subdivided as follows: I. Adagio; Allegro passionato. II. Tema con variazioni. III. Intermezzo-Allegretto. IV. Finale—Andante maestoso. Moderato maestoso, allegro pesante, allegro moderato, moderato maestoso, allegro, piu mosso. These numerous alterations of tempi in a single movement seem to be characteristic of the modern Russian school. For instance, compare the last movement of the above with the first of Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony. What is most forced upon one's attention in this composition is the skill of the workmanship. Though it would be wrong to say that Glazounow always makes his counterpoint the end instead of the means to an end, yet he appears to do it often, so ostentatiously are the canonic imitations, etc., thrust upon one's notice. Some of his rhythms are rather trite: for example, the figure in 6-8 time upon which the third variation of the second movement is based. Faults might also be found with the orchestration occasionally. However, the work is worthy of more than one or two hearings. It gives one something to think about.

Digitized by Google

Frederick Dawson, one of the leading English pianists, of whom I have written more than once, gave his only recital of the season at St. James' Hall the afternoon of Oct. 31. For some reason or other during the last two years or so Mr. Dawson has not been up to his earlier standard, unless it was that he was "out of sorts each time I heard him during that period. Moreover, he was developing a tendency to "pound." It must be said, though, at this recent recital he showed himself in the best of form, and probably never played better in London, his treatment of Chopin being especially well received. Once in a while he seemed inclined to become more energetic than the occasion warranted, but quickly restrained himself. I think he has more artistically emotional qualities than any other of the pianists of this country. I append his program.

Brahms: Rhapsodie, G minor, Op. 79, No. 2; Romanze, F major, Op. 118, No. 5; Ballade, G minor, Op. 118, No. 3. Beethoven: Sonata, E major, Op. 109. Schumann: Fantasie, C major. Chopin: Impromptu, F sharp major, Op. 36; Trois Mazurkas, Op. 63 (B major, F minor and C sharp minor); Etude, C sharp minor, Op. 25, No. 7; Etude, C sharp minor, Op. 10, No. 4; Trois Valses, Op. 64 (D flat major, C sharp minor and A flat major); Ballade, F minor, Op. 52. Roger Ascham: Etude, C major, Op. 12, No. 2. A. C. Mackenzie: Impromptu, C major, Op. 13, No. 1; Ritornello, Op. 20, No. 2. Graham P. Moore: Etude Pathetique.

There is one rather serious fault in the arrangement of the above, and that is the grouping together of four of the Chopin numbers in C sharp minor and one in D flat major.

London, Nov. 6, 1900.

LEIPSIC.

The main interest of the third Gewandhaus concert centered in a symphony by Cesar Franck and some song-singing by Mr. Von Rooy. Of the symphony, Dr. Schwartz says: "Though born a Belgian, Cesar Franck, with whose D major Symphony the third Gewandhaus concert was opened, belongs in all his tendencies to the new French school. Like Berlioz, he failed during his lifetime to receive any recognition in France. The rhythmic, melodic and harmonic tendencies of his day were responsible for this, since they left no remaining interest for works in his style. But the present world is here to make good the neglect which he experienced while living. Franck's Oratorio, 'The Beatitudes,' is already a repertory piece of all important singing societies and it has aroused well merited attention. I doubt if this D major Symphony will have the same success, though I believe that in musical circles this work, which is without question an important one, will be given some attention. The composition has but three movements, though the middle one is practically

Digitized by Google

composed of an Adagio and a Scherzo, the whole benig very skillfully woven by the composer.

I think the first movement is the most important, notwithstanding its strong Wagnerian tendencies. Gloomy and sorrowful, as if complaining against fate, which Franck was well entitled to do, it develops later into an imposing tone picture in which we recognize the composer's master hand in counterpoint, and a canon for the brass instruments is especially effective. The second movement is easiest understood, makes also a good effect, but the mixing of the two moods (funeral march and scherzo) annoyed me quite a little. The gloomy spirit still pervades the last movement as if there were no ray to relieve the darkness of the night. Unfortunately, through the whole movement the well studied precision of the composer seemed to overbalance the musical inspiration, so that the hearer did not easily warm up to it. The reception accorded the symphony by the public was only moderate. The second novelty of the evening, the "Steppe Sketch," by Borodin, is an entrancing little cabinet piece, beautifully orchestrated, and originating purely from the love of music-making. It is therefore so lighthearted that one wishes to wander along with the singing throng that passes before the mind's eye.

The singer, Herr Von Rooy, who came so suddenly into notice by his performances at Bayreuth sustained the reputation that preceded him. To speak in detail of all his numbers will not be permitted me here on account of lack of space, but he possesses qualities that are seldom found in such completeness in a single artist, among them being a splendid voice, whose magic no one is able to gainsay. If he could become complete master of a tremolo that is sometimes disturbing, and could throw off the last trace of foreign dialect (he should be particularly careful with the sharp s and the sounding, or rather not sounding, of the prefixes), he would have material for the finest baritone in the world. Herr Nikisch accompanied in his usual incomparable way.

The orchestral performances again suggested what a great privilege it is to have such an orchestra and such a director for our art city.

The first Leipsic production of Berlioz's five-act opera, "The Trojans," took place Oct. 24, 1900. The Signale has the following: We know that it was the energetic initiative of Princess Witgenstein which decided Berlioz to carry out the creation of his opera, "The Trojans." In Weimar he had spoken with this enthusiastic friend of Liszt about the plan for such an opera, but on account of various artistic failures he seemed almost discouraged, and was loathe to undertake such a great task. The princess was not only able to dispel his fears, but she made it practically impossible for him to turn back. She appealed to his honor as an artist, and said: "If you fear for such a composition, I hope you may not come to me again; I shall not wish to see you." That helped. Returning to

Digitized by Google

Paris, the master began to work with a fiery enthusiasm, and in less than three and a half years the poem and music were completed.

As the composer's plan to produce "The Trojans" at the grand opera miscarried, he found himself compelled to resort to the Theatre Lyrique, though he knew from the outset that he would not be able to present the work on the grand scale he would wish. Before he could secure a production at all he was forced to strike out two-fifths of the score. In this badly mutilated form the Parisians first heard the opera on Nov. 4, 1863. It had only a passing success, and after twenty-one performances disappeared from the stage.

The disappointment of the composer was made greater since he believed that he had given it his best work. The words in his Memoires say enough: "O my noble Cassandra, my heroic maid! I must resign myself, for I shall not hear you again!" And in fact he never heard the work again.

Twenty-one years after the death of the master, Felix Mottle aroused it to a new life (Karlsruhe, 1890), and now it seems more and more as if it would remain with us.

At that time the Berlioz music failed to please because its melodies were not so easily understood, and they were given out in a language that came with more elegance from the lips of a Gluck, Meyerbeer, Halevy and others. Wherever it appeared to be genuine Berlioz it was immediately opposed, either because it was not understood or because there was no desire to understand him. The result was a setting without dramatic life. It is much less noticeable at the present day, since we have become so well used to the so-called "stage music" that beneath the tone painting we do not take the quietness of the play so much to heart. One has only to look at the "Euryanthe."

Weber knew very well that the opera was dramatically ineffective, but he enjoyed its situations in so far as the musical setting was appropriate in an extraordinary degree. It was exactly the case with Berlioz's "Trojans." The stage music is everything here. The various scenes were so loosely thrown together that one could leave them out entirely, or change their order at will—liberties that our theater management took after the example of Mottle, improving the work very much thereby. The entire play hinges upon the love-making of Aeneus and Dido. As another incident, there is a continual warning to the hero that he should break away from Dido's influence and fulfil his mission in Italy.

That is not very much for five acts, but we can almost forget the meager plot by reason of the varied situations Berlioz was able to create. I cannot now go into further detail. From a purely musical standpoint, the second act may well be considered worthy the crown, but the other acts also contain beauties enough to warrant the reproduction of the entire score as in the original.

The performance of the work on our stage was in the hands of

Digitized by Google

the main persons, Frau Doenges and Herr Moers. This indicated that it should be free from fault. Frau Doenges grew into her role, and particularly in the last act she caught the tone of flaming passion and of dejected resignation that made a very fine effect. Herr Moers also had some fine moments of such musical and dramatic splendor that they aroused quite an interest for the generally unsympathetic part of Aeneus. The opera was carefully prepared and given with a brilliant scenic representation, under the stable direction of Kapellmeister Gorter.—Dr. Schwartz.

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Madame Schumann-Heink was the artist for the ninety-third recital given by the Amateur Musical Club of Chicago. Mrs. Edwin N. Lapham, who is one of Chicago's best resident pianists, was the accompanist of the occasion.

A well known Eastern critic lately wrote of Madame Heink's work at the Worcester Festival as if her singing were just about abominable. It must have been decidedly an off day either for the critic or the singer, since the Madame is one of the most consummate of the artists that have visited these shores. For the Amateur Musical Club she sang a collection of songs by Schubert, Brahms, Schumann, Franz, Hartmann, Mehrkens and Liszt, in addition to an aria from Haendel's "Rinaldo" and another from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."

She selected "The Gypsies" as a Liszt number, and it should be heard oftener. The Schubert numbers included "Wohin" and "Die Allmacht." The "Wohin" was a very fine example of what technical things may be accomplished with a heavy voice. The "St. Paul" aria was huge by reason of the dramatic intensity brought to its performance, and the "Allmacht" was done in a manner not to be excelled.—E. E. S.

SPIERING RECITALS.

Mr. Theodore Spiering is engaged on three violin recitals at University Hall in the Fine Arts Building. They have a special interest by reason of the material selected for performance, the programs being as follows:

First, on Nov. 17.

Bach: Adagio—Fuga—Siciliano—Presto. First Sonata for violin alone.
Joachim.....Hungarian Concerto (first movement)
Nardini..... ....Larghetto
Weniawski.....First Polonaise in D major

The second on Dec. 15.

Corelli .....Folie d'Espagne

Digitized by Google

Schumann ....Fantasie
Ondricek ....Barcarolle
Brahms-Joachim.....Three Hungarian Dances

The third on Jan. 12.

Tartini.....Devil's Trill Sonata
Spohr.....Eighth Concerto (Gesangscene)
Bruch ....In Memoriam
Sauret .....Farfalla

Accompanist for the series, Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck.

The above mentioned works of Corelli and Tartini are noted examples of the virtuoso compositions of the very early violin history. Nardini was a distinguished pupil of Tartini but the Largetto above is not heavy. With the possible additional exception of the Schumann Fantasie, the remaining material on these programs is of virtuoso caliber. This is the caliber Mr. Spiering has already shown in his playing of the first program. A recital by this violinist seems to be exactly the same thing as a concert. It is nothing less than a rare gift to be able to get so much of real Bach music out of a Sonata by the grand old master, and it would seem that Mr. Spiering were especially called to the interpretation of the Bach works if it were not that his musicianship extends all the way round. First, nature has endowed him with a very fine hand, without which well-trained machine neither interpretation nor virtuosity is possible. Second, a bow technique unusually complete and comprehensive in the effects accomplished with it; and third, a quality of virtuosity which, without going crashing through difficulties in a manner calculated for amazement is not the less intrepid and authoritative. Instead of an overheated emotionality, there is simply a rare quality of musical temperament that is decidedly elect.

He took both the Fugue and the Presto of the Bach at a very swift tempo. The movement from the Joachim Concerto is a huge affair, requiring nineteen minutes for performance. This is about the same time required for the complete production of some of the Vieuxtemps Concertos and the Weniawski Concerto in D minor.

But it is impossible for a set of fingers to go through this one movement without feeling that they have been quite busy for a time. Notwithstanding its difficulty however, it easily earns its first eminence by its musical beauty. It is in every way worthy its great composer, under whom Mr. Spiering studied it. Mr. Seeboeck is a fortunate acquisition for any artist who has his help at the piano.

E. E. S.

EX-PRESIDENT GANTVOORT AND THE M. T. N. A. CASE.

Editor MUSIC: I am one living witness among many that the statement made in your magazine and other periodicals to the effect that "President Gantvoort prevented the election (not nomination) of

Digitized by Google

Dr. M. L. Bartlett as president of the M. T. N. A. at the June meeting in Des Moines," is correct, notwithstanding the stenographer's report (extract) which he (Gantvoort) furnished MUSIC for the November issue. Said stenographer's report contained truth, but not all of the truth. It omitted one very important utterance of Mr. Gantvoort in his remarks in favor of the election of Mr. Manchester, viz.: "As a personal favor to me." This personal appeal to the voters is correctly stated, and can be verified by many who were present with us at that business session of the Senate and Council. It was a strong appeal, and had the effect which might have been expected, coming from the presiding officer, inasmuch as a large majority of the voting members were either state vice-presidents or delegates appointed by the President. Considering the popularity of Dr. Bartlett, the effective labor he had done in securing the $3,500 guarantee fund, and that he was in "the house of his friends," and was the first nominee, a majority of said delegates would have supported him had not the President made the pathetic personal appeal to vote for Mr. Manchester. That goes without saying. I nominated Dr. Bartlett because of his very efficient services in making the meeting a financial success, a most important matter; also, because he was "worthy and well qualified," and because of his good standing, universally acknowledged, among musicians—all good and sufficient reasons.

After the election President Gantvoort said to me: "They gave me a slap in the face by not nominating me, as a compliment." I replied that it was probably understood that you would not run for the third term. He said: "I would not, but they should have nominated me." Now, as to the stenographer. I am informed by one very near the throne and familiar with the financial matters, that the president took the stenographer with him from Cincinnati, and that he was paid $90.00, when the same service could have been secured in Des Moines for $5.00 a day, or, total, $20.00. Mismanagement in the financial affairs of the association has several times brought it to the verge of ruin and into very bad repute, the reason for its oft-repeated depleted treasury and its inability to pay its honest debts.

Prodigality is not a virtue in the management of the affairs of our association, nor is secrecy on the part of the officers regarding its financial condition wise or just. Nay, more, it is a wrong to withhold the annual report from the members. For the past two years there has been no financial report published. I now, as a member, ask, through the medium of Music, that ex-Secretary Werthner and Treasurer Fowler make such a report in the columns of the M. T. N. A. Messenger, edited by President Manchester and "published by the association."

Now, Mr. Editor, as I am upon the grave subject of finances, just an additional bit of modern history. At the convention in Cincinnati, 1899, President Gantvoort asked me, during the business session, to raise money with which to liquidate debts, to take another

Digitized by Google

Life membership of $25.00 (I was the first Life member, in 1888) to encourage others. I did so. He said that I might give the association credit on the bill of about $400 due me, to which I cheerfully consented. He, furthermore, said to me, in substance: "We shall have money enough at the next meeting, in Des Moines, to pay our debts, and I will use my influence to have your bill paid." Did he? No. Instead, he refused to issue the Life membership, and used his influence against the payment of my bill. Further comment upon this subject at this time is quite unnecessary, only to add that the president and secretary accepted $75 each by vote of the council, at Des Moines, to pay their expenses of travel, etc., which were never incurred. Fidelity is a virtue, even among musicians. Judicious management and wise use of the money should characterize every act of the officers of the M. T. N. A. H. S. PERKINS.

ALEXANDER DREYSCHOCK AND HIS OCTAVES.

In his "Musical Memories" (August Century) Dr. William Mason gives the following account of Dreyschock and his method of playing:

"Alexander Dreyschock was one of the most distinguished pianoforte virtuosos of his time, and his specialty was his wonderful octave-playing. Indeed, he acquired such fame in this particular that the mention of 'octave-playing' at once suggested the name of Dreyschock to his contemporaries. He was also celebrated on account of his highly trained left hand, so much so that Saphir, the famous Vienna critic, paid tribute to the fact, and wrote a stanza which obtained wide circulation, and which runs as follows:

"Welchen Titel der nicht hinke
Man dem Meister geben mochte,
Der zur Rechten macht die Linke?—
Nennt ihn, 'Doctor beider Rechte.'

"An anecdote, related to me by one of his most intimate friends not long after my arrival in Prague, is interesting in this connection, as well as instructive to piano-students. Tomaschek, his teacher, was in the habit of receiving a few friends on stated occasions for the purpose of musical entertainment and conversation. One evening the rapid progress in piano-technique was being discussed, and Tomaschek remarked that more and more in this direction was demanded each day. A copy of Chopin's 'Etudes,' open at 'Etude No. 12, C Minor,' happened to be lying on the piano-desk. It will be remembered that the left-hand part of this etude consists throughout of rapid passages in single notes, difficult enough in the original to satisfy the ambition of most pianists. Tomaschek, looking at this, remarked, 'I should not wonder if, one of these days, a pianist should appear

Digitized by Google

who would play all of these single-note left-hand passages in octaves.' Dreyschock, overhearing the remark, at once conceived an idea which he proceeded next day to carry into execution. For a period of six successive weeks, at the rate of twelve hours a day, he practiced the etude in accordance with the suggestion of Tomaschek. How he ever survived the effort is a mystery, but, at any rate, when the next musical evening at Tomaschek's occurred he was present, and, watching his opportunity for a favorable moment, sat down to the piano-forte and played the etude in a brilliant and triumphant manner, with the left-hand octaves, thus fulfilling the prediction of Tomaschek. Upon a subsequent occasion he repeated this feat at one of the Leipsic Gewandhaus concerts. Mendelssohn, as I am told, was present, and was very demonstrative in the expression of his delight and astonishment. I will add, for the benefit of those of my readers, should there be any, who are inclined to try the experiment, that certain adaptations are necessary in various parts of the etude in order to get the required scope for the left-hand octaves. Thus, the opening octave passage in the beginning must be played an octave higher than it was originally written.

"At the time of which I write (1849-50) very little seems to have been known of the important influence of the upper-arm muscles and their very efficient agency, when properly employed, in the production of tone-quality and volume by means of increased relaxation, elasticity, and springiness in their movements. About the winter of 1846-47 there was a teacher in Boston, comparatively little known, and whose name I cannot now recall, who considered limber wrists as of great importance in octave-playing, and so instructed his pupils. From one of these I learned his manner of application, and immediately putting it into practice, succeeded in accomplishing the most desirable results, and thereafter, as a matter of ease and economy, I never played in any other way. I afterward found that this was one of the main principles of the Tomaschek method as regards octave-playing and as taught and carried into act by Dreyschock, but nothing was said as to the application of the principle to the training of the muscles of the fore and upper arm and shoulder. The direction to the pupil was solely and simply to keep the wrists loose. To be sure, this could not be altogether accomplished without some degree of arm-limberness, but no specific directions were given for cultivating the latter. So far as wrist-motion is concerned, Leschetitsky's manner of playing octaves has much in common with the Tomaschek-Dreyschock method, if the former may be judged from the playing of most of his pupils, who seem to pay but little attention to the uper-arm muscles. This is quite natural when it is remembered that Leschetitsky was in some sense an assistant of Dreyschock when the latter was at the head of the piano department in the Conservatory of Music at St. Petersburg. The Leschetitsky pupils, however, have a manner of sinking the wrists below the keyboard which was not in accordance

Digitized by Google

with Dreyschock's manner of playing. It seems to me that the latter's method of level wrists is more productive of a full, sonorous musical tone.

"I remained with Dreyschock for over a year, taking three lessons a week and practicing about five hours a day. I played also in private musicales at the houses of the nobility and at the homes of some of the wealthy Jews, two classes of society which were entirely distinct from each other, never mingling in private life. I met and became well acquainted with Jules Schulhoff, whose compositions for the piano-forte were very effective, but more appropriate to the drawing room than to the concert hall."

Digitized by Google

MINOR MENTION.

Miss Sarah E. Wildman gave her second organ recital of the season on November 13, when she had the assistance of Mrs. A. K. Rouse, soprano, and Miss Julia Garfield, violin. The organ numbers were a fugue by Krebs, an overture by Hollins, and some pieces by Hoffman, West and Baldwin.

* * *

A half dozen members of the Chicago Piano College faculty participated in a season opening concert in Kimball Hall on the evening of November 8. Modern and earlier composers had about an even representation, Grieg, with his Violin Sonata, Opus 8, being about at the middle period after Bach and Haendel.

* * *

After about eight years of hard work Mrs. H. J. Hull has succeeded in arousing a fine piano interest at Kearney, Neb. She has lately given a recital at which standing room was all that could be secured by late comers. A subsequent program, played by her pupils, contained the Chopin Polonaise Opus 40, No. 1, and the Sixth Liszt Rhapsody.

* * *

Carl Busch writes from Kansas City that 8,000 people attended a production of Haydn's "Creation" on November 1. He suspects that this was the largest American audience that ever attended a performance of this oratorio. It was given by the Oratorio Society, of 500 voices, with the assistance of the Philharmonic Orchestra, of 50 pieces. Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, George Hamlin and Charles W. Clark were the soloists. But all of the foregoing were not a house full in Kansas City. The new Convention Hall, used for this occasion, had room for 12,000 more.

* * *

Miss Edith Lynwood Winn, who has been for some time in the South, has taken up her residence in Boston. She now has charge of the violin instruction at Lasalle Seminary, Auburndale, and contemplates giving a few recitals this season. At her residence she has five of her talented young lady pupils from the South.

* * *

In Detroit, on October 30, Mr. N. J. Corey gave his sixteenth organ recital, playing three movements from the Widor Sixth Organ Symphony, and smaller works by Bach, Wolstenholme, Salome, Dethier, Lemaigre and Loret.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Heizer, of Sioux City, Iowa, have organized their young pupils into a club comprising three sections. The first division

Digitized by Google

starts out wrestling with rhythmic scales, arpeggios and little duets. The next comes along with practice in accompanying, analysis of short tone poems, scale writing and writing stories about the composers. The third division devotes the time to form study. With the further aid of a string quartet, a glee club, two pianos and an organ, life around their studio is not so empty as it could have been.

* * *

The Rossini Club, of Portland, which is at the same time the oldest and largest musical club in the state of Maine, began weekly concerts on October 11. During the season, which lasts until April, special programs will be devoted to operatic music, to Weber, to the water music (Haendel), to the women composers; and for a single evening, both the cantata, entitled "God's Time Is Best," and Coleridge Taylor's "Wedding Feast of Hiawatha."

* * *

The people of Lincoln, Neb., are to hear Mr. Maurice Grau's operatic song birds warble on December 12. They will hear an afternoon production of Gounod's "Faust," and an evening performance of Donizetti's "Lucia."

* * *

At a meeting of the Tonkuenstler Society, of New York, held on November 20, a new sonata for piano and violin, in F major, was played from manuscript by the composer, Herman Spielter, and the eminent violinist, Mr. Henry Schradieck. The work has the regulation four movement.

* * *

At Steinway Hall, Chicago, on November 17, a boy violinist, pupil of Mr. Listemann, played the fantasie, "Sans-Parole," by Weniawski. It was Louis Magnus, age about thirteen. He is at present touring in Canada. He shows some virtuoso material, but he will have to acquire a great deal of polish before his work will be thoroughly enjoyable.

* * *

At a very fine soiree of the Club Francais de Chicago recently held in the Fine Arts Building, a pleasing little dramatic program was preceded by Chaminade's piano overture, L'Automne, delightfully played by Mrs. Bertha Smith-Titus, and by two selections done by the superb tenor, M. Charles Gauthier. His numbers were "Alleluia of Love" by Faure, and "Le Drapeau" by La Mareille. The voice and dramatic fervor of this great artist are altogether electrifying in such a small hall, and the assembly used the entire time during interludes to applaud and shout bravo. Mrs. Smith-Titus was not simply adequate as an accompanist, she was a part of the performance, knowing the music so well that she had very little need of her notes. Here was certainly an instance where a soiree was a good thing to attend. The Club Francais is this year under the direction of M. E. Benard, editor of Le Courier de L'Ouest.

Digitized by Google

PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC IN TAYLORVILLE, ILL.

Since Taylorville is a city of about 5,000 people, a paper devoted to a statement of the progress of her public school music will only be useful as an indication of the thoroughness with which the musical spirit has begun to pervade the American life. The present condition will be better appreciated after a brief statement of the history of the vicinity.

The time is the year 1818. The place, an uninhabited wild, 200 miles southwest of Chicago. Then the white man came. Taylorville was nothing prior to about the year 1840. It grew apace with the new country and became the county seat fifteen or twenty years after, at which time a population of possibly 1,000 souls had assembled there. There was no important musical life, but sometime in the seventies a dramatic company was made up of home talent, and may have been occasionally supported by the services of a "string band," though nothing further. As early as 1870 a Mrs. Laura Bonbrake came to the city and started a small piano class, and probably taught a few pupils vocally. Her training had been very good for those days, her repertory probably consisting of the easier sonatas of Mozart and Haydn, but predominating in selections from the old Italian operas, arranged as fantasies, and presumably played sometimes from the piano scores. But this was ultra modern for a Western town at that day. This good lady exercised a fine influence over the local music for many years, until she finally became gradually inactive from increasing years.

In 1894 a gentleman who owed his musical education mainly to Karl Merz, of Wooster University, came and established a one-man conservatory. He was very well read, but was a very poor player, and his disposition failed to endear him to those whose patronage he required for an existence. But he did a great deal of advertising for the musical cause and was, therefore, a useful factor, preparing the ground extensively for the next gentleman, who was to come along to the harvest. Mr. T. L. Rickaby came along in 1896, took up the work where it left off, and then augmented it. He has been teaching classes of from forty to fifty pupils each year since, and has prefaced various recitals by carefully prepared talks on the composers. He has taught

Digitized by Google

harmony and broadened the horizon in every way possible to a progressive and thorough-going teacher. The past summer marked the organization of a choral society of forty voices, and this is now prospering, thanks to his English blood.

The next chapter is the school music itself. It is in its third year, under a Miss Gertrude Kennedy, an Iowa woman, brought up as a vocalist, and trained in the public school musical work at the summer normal schools held at Evanston, Ill. There are twenty-six teachers in the schools of Taylorville. When Miss Kennedy came, two years ago, none of the teachers under her had ever done any work in teaching public school music. But in order that they might help to administer the work on a modern plan, they took the regular musical instruction themselves for the first three months, during which time the music superintendent attended to the various classes in person. The teachers being mostly women, they took kindly to the work and were soon able to attempt the teaching themselves. I have visited classes in all grades of the schools and find the making of a very successful system. The most irregular result found was with a second year high school class. Some of these pupils were from country districts, where musical instruction of whatever description was practically unavailable. Some from the city had not attained sufficient confidence from the previous year's effort, and were, therefore, slightly timid about reading the parts. The high school classes are allowed but thirty-five minutes, twice each week, and do not get further instruction or practice from their own teachers. But the grade classes have twenty minutes each day, and a high school class just come up from eighth grade showed a decided improvement in reading and in the general results. This class, of about thirty pupils, had eleven who were students of piano, and it was a fine index of the general musical interest manifested about the town.

The singing in two parts, which should generally begin about the fifth year in the grades, was delayed here to the seventh and eighth years on account of the newness of the work in the city, but with about two years more the resident pupils, brought up successively through the grades, will be able to take up the work promptly. This is a safe prediction, judging from the effective teaching that was seen in the very first grades, where the pupils were taking a well arranged plan of work in all the details of ear training, notation practice and rote-singing. As a means of creating a greater interest among the pupils, by allowing them an opportunity to hear the work of the other classes, a concert was given at the close of last season, and the plan seemed so effective that it will probably be employed in various ways during the present year.

The practical outcome of a few years of this well directed work will be first, a strengthening of the church choirs around the city, and, next, the high school will soon furnish well-trained recruits to the choral society who will be already slightly acquainted with some of

Digitized by Google

the important choruses among the classics. By this time it can be hoped that the musical spirit will have become sufficiently grounded among the general public to make it possible for a series of subscription concerts to exist. And, with this accomplished, the musical future of a community becomes practically unlimited.

How much better for the musical cause it would be if many of the teachers in the larger cities could be persuaded to go out into such pleasant little cities as the above, and lead happy lives, while helping to raise the musical standard where it is often sadly needed.

EUGENE E. SIMPSON.

Digitized by Google

Music Students' Club Extension

The following branches of the Music Students' Club Extension have been lately organized:

At Lexington, Va., under the direction of Mrs. Carlotta Hill.

At Warren, Pa., under the direction of Mrs. J. W. Kitchen.

At Decorah, Iowa, the Beethoven Club adopted the Music Students' Club Extension work.

At Emporia, Kan., the music department of the State Normal has organized a club of twenty-one members. It is under the direction of Mrs. C. A. Boyle, who reports the prospect of a very successful club, not only in point of numbers, but in interest and earnestness in carrying out the work.

The Extension Club at the Visitation Convent, Cabanne place, St. Louis, has increased its membership from twenty-three to twenty-eight. By her permission we quote from a letter written us by the Sister Isabel: "The interest already manifested in your good work is very gratifying and amply repays us for our efforts in its behalf."

From Chico, Cal., we have the following report by our state organizer, Mr. P. C. Tucker: "A very promising Music Students' Extension Club has been recently organized in the pretty little city of Chico, Cal. The officers, Mrs. June Miller, president; Mrs. C. B. Swain, secretary and treasurer; Mrs. Harry H. Camper, Mrs. Frank Elliott and Mrs. A. C. Boyles, program committee. The circle starts its work with a membership of fifteen, many of whom are teachers and pupils of the State Normal School. The membership also includes vocal and instrumental teachers of the town, with their advanced pupils. The first program of the course was given in an interesting manner that established an enthusiasm destined to bear rich fruit. This is a good working club, and its influence will be felt throughout the state."

In the East the state organization for Maine has been entrusted to Mrs. H. E. Lamb, of Portland.

For Massachusetts the organizing of branches will be conducted by Mr. Bret Harte Dingley, with headquarters at Boston. As a violinist and musical writer for the daily press, Mr. Dingley is already widely known in the East.

From the foregoing reports for a single month the club extension movement is seen to be fairly under way, and it will soon exercise a

Digitized by Google

powerful influence toward accomplisihng more serious musical work in every quarter of the country.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF MUSICAL CLUBS.

Mrs. Ellison, the accomplished recording secretary, sends the following:

The rapidly approaching Christmas-tide warns us of time's flight, and ere many months the second biennial meeting of the N. F. M. C. will be in session in Cleveland, the guest of the famous Fortnightly Musical Club. Plans are being perfected and committees have been appointed. Clubs desiring representation may federate by corresponding with their nearest sectional vice-president, whose name is given in the following list of the national officers; also the officers and committees of the Local Biennial Board of Cleveland.

DIRECTORY OF FEDERATION OFFICERS AND LOCAL BIENNIAL BOARD.

President—Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl, Waldheim, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Honorary President—Mrs. Theodore Thomas, 43 Bellevue place, Chicago, Ill.

First Vice-President—Mrs. J. H. Webster, 925 Prospect street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. Philip N. Moore, 1520 Mississippi avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Thomas E. Ellison, 167 West Wayne street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. James Pederson, The Seminole, Broadway and Sixty-ninth street, New York City.

Treasurer—Mrs. John Leverett, Leverett avenue, Upper Alton, Ill.

Auditor—Mrs. Russell R. Dorr, 543 Oakland avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

EASTERN SECTION.

Vice-President—Mrs. John Eliot Curran, 95 Hamilton avenue, Englewood, N. J.

Director—Mrs. Sylvester S. Battin, 354 Mount Prospect avenue, Newark, N. J.

Director—Mrs. S. F. Wardwell, 330 Main street, Danbury, Conn.

NORTHERN MIDDLE SECTION.

Vice-President—Mrs. Frederic Ullmann, 282 Forty-eighth street, Chicago, Ill.

Director—Miss Helen A. Storer, 115 High street, Akron, Ohio.

Director—Mrs. Henry Downs, 585 Holly avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

SOUTHERN MIDDLE SECTION.

Vice-President—Mrs. Eugene F. Verdery, The Hill, Augusta, Ga.

Digitized by Google

Director—Mrs. John Fletcher, 901 West Tenth street, Little Rock, Ark.

Director—Mrs. John Wilson Thomas, Nashville, Tenn.

WESTERN SECTION.

Vice-President—Mrs. David A. Campbell, 1902 Farnum street, Lincoln, Neb.

Director—Mrs. J. H. Groce, Galveston, Tex.

Director—Mrs. S. M. Shannon, Denver, Col.

COMMITTEES.

Artist Committee—Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl, Waldheim, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Bureau of Registry—Mrs. Frederic Ullman, 282 Forty-eighth street, Chicago, Ill.

Commi tee on Constitution and By-Laws, and Seven Years' Course of Study—Mrs. F. S. Wardwell, Danbury, Conn.

Librarian—Mrs. Charles Farnsworth, 1519 Pine street, Boulder, Col.

Printing Committee—Mrs. Philip N. Moore, 1520 Mississippi avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Press Committee—Mrs. Thomas E. Ellison, 167 West Wayne street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Badge Pin Committee—Mrs. John Leverett, Upper Alton, Ill.

THE FORTNIGHTLY MUSICAL CLUB, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

LOCAL BIENNIAL BOARD, N. F. M. C.

President—Mrs. J. H. Webster, 902 Prospect street.

Vice-President—Mrs. Edward W. Morley, 2238 Euclid avenue.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Henry A. Harvey, Mrs. Samuel Mather, Mrs. Charles Olney, Mrs. James J. Tracy, Mrs. J. H. Wade.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. William E. Cushing, 12 Hayward street.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Florence Wade Jones, 996 Prospect street.

Treasurer—Miss Anna Burgess, 510 Euclid avenue.

Chairman Committee on Credentials—Miss Adella Prentiss, 273 Princeton street.

Chairman Committee on Reception—Mrs. Dudley P. Allen, 278 Prospect street.

Chairman Committee on Hospitality—Mrs. Charles I. Dangler, 1415 Euclid avenue.

Chairman Committee on Entertainment—Mrs. David Z. Norton, 1631 Euclid avenue.

Chairman Committee on Transportation—Mrs. Arthur Bradley, 63 Adelbert street.

Chairman Committee on Hotels—Miss Harriet L. Keeler, 93 Olive street.

Chairman Bureau of Information—Mrs. H. P. Loveman, 491 Russell avenue.

Digitized by Google

Chairman Committee on Press—Mrs. George H. McGrew, 715 Case avenue.

Chairman Committee on Printing—Miss Mary L. Southworth, 844 Prospect street.

Chairman Committee on Badges—Mrs. R. A. Harman, 930 Prospect street.

Chairman Committee on Ushers—Mrs. Frank Kelly, 47 Hayward street.

Chairman Committee on Decorations—Mrs. J. V. N. Yates, 611 Euclid avenue.

A called meeting of the Board of Management of the N. F. M. C. was held in Grand Rapids November 14th and 15th, for the purpose of planning for the welfare of the federation and arranging the program of the Biennial Musical Festival, which will be held in Cleveland in the spring of 1901.

There were present at the first session the President, Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl, of Grand Rapids; First Vice-President, Mrs. J. H. Webster, of Cleveland; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, of St. Louis, Mo.; Treasurer, Mrs. John Leverett, of Alton, Ill.; Vice-President of the Northern Middle Section, Mrs. Frederick Ullmann, of Chicago, and the Recording Secretary and National Press Committee, Mrs. Thomas E. Ellison, of Fort Wayne, Ind.

The first day's sessions were devoted to the consideration of reports of the federation work and the promulgation of its interests.

The second day was devoted to arranging the biennial program. The date is fixed for April 30 and May 1, 2, 3, 1901.

The mornings will be devoted to business and to papers on club methods, to which will be given ample time for discussion. This promises to be a very enthusiastic feature of the convention, as it is a subject upon which all the delegates have both theories and practice.

The afternoons will be filled with concerts by the representatives of the federated clubs, drives about Cleveland, and social entertainments.

Of the four evenings, one will be devoted to a public reception, the others to concerts given by the highest order of artists.

The meetings of the Board of Management were held in the beautiful building of the Saint Cecelia Society, and the guests of the members of the club were enthusiastic in their expression of appreciation of the cordial hospitality extended to them. One of the many courtesies which transformed this board meeting from a toilsome duty to a memorable pleasure was the artist recital given by Earl Gulick and Miss Alice Edwina Uhl, tendered the board by Mrs. Charles N. Kelsey, President of the Saints, and Mrs. Uhl, President of the Federation.

Digitized by Google

THE ART OF HYMN-TUNE PLAYING, Consisting of Preparatory Exercises and Familiar Hymn-Tunes, with Fingering and Suggestions, by Anna H. Hamilton. The John Church Co.

It happens, sooner or later, to nearly all young ladies who study the piano to be asked to play a hymn for singing. Sometimes it is upon an organ they are expected to minister. Whether upon the organ or piano, the result in the first attempts is practically the same, the tune is not clearly played, and all that the pupil has learned in the ordinary course of piano lessons goes for but little. In other words, the art of playing a hymn tune well is not at all the same as the art of playing selections by Schumann, Chopin, etc. Miss Hamilton has attempted to meet this difficulty by bringing together a series of lessons, in which the peculiar fingerings and the principles of them, in hymn-tune playing, are gradually unfolded. It is a little manual which would be of excellent use in connection with the regular lessons to almost any student. It ought to be taken up somewhere along about tne fourth grade of the piano work. Miss Hamilton has done her task extremely well, and to those who are asked to play the organ for church or chapel services without having been specially taught, it gives exactly the missing items of instruction. It is, therefore, a little book (22 pages, 12mo.) of almost universal application. It has in it just the things which every organist knows instinctively, but which he too commonly expects his pupils also to know instinctively—which they rarely do.

* * *

CHARACTERISTIC SCENES AND SKETCHES. For the Needs of the Kindergarten. Selected from the Masters and Modern Writers, by Mari Ruef Hofer. Revised and Edited by Calvin B. Cady. C. F. Summy Co.

This is not a collection of pieces for children to play, but a lot of easy pieces, for the most part, to be played to the children in connection with stories, fancies, and other kindergarten needs. The selections are of all sorts, from children's pieces, by Reinecke, Schumann, and the like, all along to Henry Schoenfeld, Parlow and Gilchrist. For the most part to be commended, but in at least one instance to be inquired concerning. For example, what does Miss Hofer (or Mr. Calvin Brainard Cady, as the case may be) mean by "The Rain-

Digitized by Google

drops," affixed to an arrangement or simplification of the first thirty or forty measures of Mendelssohn's overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream?" What is the matter with leaving it as Mendelssohn conceived it, as fairy work? When a piece is so well defined as this, by a master, and celebrated the world over, it is much better, in all good sense, to leave it with the title belonging to it. Otherwise we are teaching the child something he has to unlearn just as soon as he finds out who Mendelssohn was and what he really intended. This is the most aggravated case of the sort in the book, but there are others nearly as bad. The book is handsomely printed and will, no doubt, prove useful and popular.

* * *

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

TWO PIECES FOR PIANO. By Felix Borowski:

"At the Ball."
"Meditation."

"At the Ball" is an easy waltz, third grade about, pleasantly written. "Meditation" is a nocturne of about the same grade, pleasing, and with very good melody. Pieces of this degree of difficulty are much in demand.

* * *

"MY GOD, I THANK THEE." Sacred Song for Tenor. By Arthur Foote.

A well-made church song for tenor, upon words by Adelaide Proctorn, and accompaniment for organ. The text is well managed, and it is a song with which an effect can be made. Particularly good is the use of modulation for emotional expression.

* * *

"HOLY CHILD" (Christmas Song). By Filippo Capocci.

A pleasantly written cradle song for Christmas. Having nothing particularly new, it is a safe song for the soprano to order.

* * *

ETUDES BY FRANK LYNES. Op. 20. Ten Special Studies.

A set of very easy studies upon broken chords. It is an open question whether as good results can be obtained by this kind of practice as upon plain, broken chords with metrical treatment, according to Mason's method. Especially is this the case when such old-fashioned, past-date and unmusical patterns are used as in his No. 8. Mr. Lynes makes an addition to the usual practice by building his progression upon the familiar upward modulation figure by half-steps, which all vocal teachers use.

* * *

"GOD, OUR PROTECTOR." By Charles P. Scott.

This is a quasi-sacred song, which might be used in most churches. The author would do well to read Mr. Benjamin Franklin's remarks, printed in a former issue of this magazine, apropos to the treatment

Digitized by Google

ot verbal accentuation. In this case he is really unkind to a cherished American ideal, in rhyming the last syllable of "liberty" with "free." This, of course, is the poet; but the composer "goes him one better," if the Westernism may be pardoned, by bringing it out upon a full cadence and a half note in the accompaniment. As a rule the composer has not fallen into this kind of lapse. The music is commonplace, or but little above.

* * *

EASY PIECES FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO. By K. I. Fish.

"Waltzer."

"Berceuse."

Two easy and very pleasing teaching pieces for violin pupils, by a pupil of that excellent teacher, Mr. Eugene Grueneberg. The pieces are well written and a very good example of a sort of literature of which there is great need. The piano teacher also needs an entire new literature of the easier grades. Oh, that some new Stephen Heller would arise!

Of the International Choir (available anthems for church) the following numbers have been received:

"God So Loved the World," by Dr. Henry Hiles. (This is the anthem which took the prize in the competition last season. It is a very modern and well made piece of church music, thoroughly good.) "Holy Night," by E. S. Lorenz; (an easy anthem.) "The Lord Is King," Fairlamb; "The Lord Reigneth," Gilchrist; "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains," Durst (second prize); "Blessed, Blessed Are They That Mourn," Hiles; "The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, Is Ended," Lee; "A Passing Shadow," Boetting (bass solo and chorus); "The Son of the Highest," Christmas cantata, E. S. Lorenz.

The foregoing titles represent some remarkably good work, in different degrees of difficulty. Naturally, Dr. Hiles' "God So Loved the World" is the most finished and original, it having been singled out of a mass of upward of 100 works submitted for the prize. Mr. Dudley Buck was particularly enthusiastic concerning this anthem over all others, and the present writer singled it out upon first examination as the most original and the most beautiful of the lot. Many of the others, however, are more practicable, since the prize work is in rather more strict style than the majority of choirs like, but the strictness is rather a strictness of musical expression than a mere slavish adherence to precepts.

* * *

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

"THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD." Sacred Cantata for Solo Voices. Chorus and Organ. By P. A. Schnecker.

Popularly written for use in church services, especially at evening service. It consists of twelve numbers, well diversified, and written in the smooth, melodious style peculiar to this experienced author. Medium difficulty.

Digitized by Google

CHURCH ANTHEMS, CHRISTMAS AND OTHER.

"The Singing Hosts of Heaven," George W. Marston; "Angels from the Realms of Glory," A. W. Lansing; "Calm on the Listening Ear of Night," Frank L. Eyer; "There Were Shepherds," James H. Rogers; "O, Give Thanks Unto the Lord," J. A. Meale; "The People that Sat in Darkness," O. R. Brown; "Glory to God," Frank Lynes.

All of medium difficulty or easier, all pleasantly written along safe lines. Well printed and sold at reasonable prices—12 and 15 cents.

* * *

FIVE SONGS FROM "THE ROUND RABBIT." Music by Edward B. Hill:

"Watching for Sleep," "The Moon on the Pond," "O, Roundy Moon," "Vanished June," "Lullaby." Probably the most popular will be the last, the "Lullaby." The first is poorest of all. All superficial and pleasing. All quite easy.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MR. ALBERT LOCKWOOD, PIANIST.

Digitized by Google

MUSIC.

JANUARY, 1901.

WHAT PEOPLE GET FROM MUSIC.

BY HARLOW GALE.

Last evening and the evening before my college chum Ernst took me to two concerts, and they happened to be excellent chances for a little study in real aesthetics. At the first concert we went early and leisurely, to talk over some of the beautiful songs announced for the program; so that our anticipation at hearing several old friends and a couple of new ones, as we hoped they would prove, was very keen. Ernst was full of delightful memories which had been clustering about these songs for years.

"I first began to know them," he said, "when a graduate back again in college and when I was in rebellion at the mental pabulum which had been given us as culture, and in great mental agitation with the revision of my mental life and my struggle to gain the life-companionship of the dearest girl in the world, as I'm not ashamed to confess with Tommy Traddles.

"Take those last lines of Schubert's Morgengruss:

> " 'Nun schuttelt ab der Traume Flor,
> Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor
> In Gottes hellen Morgen!
> Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,
> Und aus dem tiefem Herzen ruft,
> Die Liebe, Leid, und Sorgen.'

"Aren't they beautiful in themselves to everyone with any feeling? But when a fellow's struggled for intellectual satisfaction and an ideal companion, and his final success in both these ambitions is bound up with these songs—then his heart thrills to 'Liebe, Leid, und Sorgen.' And since we've had our own 'blondes Kopfchen' with his 'blaue Morgensterne' we've

Digitized by Google

sung this so often to him till now the dear little three-year-old demands 'Schub' before he will let the sandman come. That Baches Wiegenlied, too—ach! how we've lived our joys and sorrows in that. It's the children's special favorite, as 'Susse Ruh, susse Ruh, mach die Augen zu,' and 'Gute Nacht, bis alles wacht,' and so already the center of their best lives with us. My dearest fellow, till you've found such a dearest girl and have your own children to live with every day together, to mingle with such music your inexpressible joys and ambitions and peace—not till then will you know the worth of these wonderful, himmlisch-schone Lieder. The poetry of them is loveliness; but the life of them is a real heaven on earth."

"It's strange," I said, "but I've become interested in Schubert's setting of Muller's poems, too; for Max Muller in his late reminiscences, 'Auld Lang Syne,' has given such charming pictures of the German life in which his father, who died so young, wrote these poems. This was much more interesting, even, than the son's introduction to the father's Gedichte in the Brockhaus edition. But in this late book he really was not ashamed to head the first division of his book 'Musical Memories,' and to enthuse hugely over Schubert's intense magnification of his father's Schone Mullerin cycle as he had heard it by Jenny Lind, and of the Winterreise cycle sung for him by Stockhausen."

"Well now, that's another bond between us," said Ernst, "for I, too, rather stumbled on to Max Muller's new book during my summer reading, and was fortified in my enthusiasm for music by getting such testimony from so eminent a scholar. So as we had long wanted to know the Winterreise cycle, and had never had a chance of hearing it we began playing and singing at it by ourselves. During these ideal summer weeks, which you know we spend with our children in the open air and on the water, with our work, books and music, those songs especially—along with our Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann and Brahms ones—became our daily friends. And every week since then we spend our Sunday mornings at the piano with them, while through the week they are our daily companions, growing more and more precious. But do you know he's even gone one better long before this in daring to write an introduction over his own and Oxford's name to the Peters' edition of Schubert's songs?"

Digitized by Google

"No," I answered, "and I'm quite astonished at that; for I thought that people of literary or scientific culture were rather shy of music as the symptom of being *bissel schwach in Kopf*. And I must confess that somehow it never occurred to me to get the music of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms for a part of library, as I've done the poems they have used."

"You're a fine object for my missionary zeal then, my dear fellow. And first of all do read this Max Muller's introduction, which reminds us again of the historic and psychological connection of poetry and music, and contrasts the powerful effects of the reuniting of these as against 'the modern blinding and deadening shows.' So do get these songs for your library as you have the poets, and then let's live in them—that's the whole point, nicht wahr?"

"Freilich, my dear Ernst, and that reminds me of when we made our first struggling acquaintance with our beloved Deutsche Lyrik in college—do you recall? We were a good deal big children then, for I think now that we got most of our pleasure from the rhythm and rhyme, together with the difficulty of puzzling out some sense. But how we've come since to love them! Right here in these two concerts we are to have those gems of Ruckert's, 'Widmung' and 'Du bist die Ruh'—you remember Max Muller ranks him among the lyric poets next to Goethe—and there's also Heine's 'Am Meer,' 'Die Lotusblume,' 'Ich grolle nicht,' and that divine 'Du bist wie eine Blume,'—ach! how manifold have they been intensified by our song-kings. And do you remember how we reveled in Heine's 'Buch der Lieder' that summer when we were trying to get some settlement for our hearts and ambitions in this pretty hard world?"

"Isn't it a shame," I added, "that none of our educators ever put us on to the track of these things, or apparently ever knew what Schumann had done in his Dichterliebe group to further immortalize Heine? But I suppose many people would object, especially now, to our being so un-American, and ask, Haven't we American or at least Anglo-American poetry and music?"

"That reminds me," said Ernst, smiling, "how I felt that way once and tried to encourage a would-be American composer by hunting up some English lyrics and even trying to make some myself—for which latter I am humbly penitent. But the fact is, we have so few lyrics in our language, in com-

Digitized by Google

parison to the great wealth of them in German, that every one with any pretense to education ought to know German, just as every scientist must. The years we're disciplined on the original Latin and Greek, with after all getting nothing to live with, could give us an inexhaustible store of the very highest daily companionship."

While we were thus living over the best in our past lives with these songs the people began to pour in. We'd spied among the earlier comers, to our delight, dear old Frau von S., for we knew she lived in these songs. Mr. and Mrs. M. had even left at home that most wonderful baby in the world for these memories of their life in Karlsruhe; Dr. B. had made his usual two-hour trip from his hospital at the mention of these composers; while Misses M. and S. even ran the risk of being unprepared for a history quiz next morning for these compositions, which had filled their hearts with a peace and joy which passeth the knowledge of Old English. Then to our surprise appeared Dr. Scholasticus. But Ernst explained to me how one of the Dr.'s neighbors had had to buy a subscription to this course to get insurance from the club's secretary, and having a cinch party on hand that evening made the tickets do double business duty by sending them over to Dr. S. That was really a cruel thrust at the Doctor's peace; but after a perspiring struggle between his dative case and his teutonic-puritanic conscience of thrift, his free-will decided not to have the tickets wasted.

It being now nearly a half-hour past the advertised time of beginning, there was a great rattle of carriages outside, a crush of knights in broadcloth and perfume, and an almost roaring tidal wave of haughty ladies in their rustlers (we didn't know the technical name). These last comers seemed to have the front seats, loges and boxes, as a reward for their tardiness or for getting there at all. One very commanding couple prompted me to ask Ernst who they were. "The main part of the combination is Lady Three-feathers-in-her-bonnet ('limited' to three to make a relationship to the Prince of Wales), the accessory part is Lord Canned-Tomatoes. In their train is the heir-apparent to the tomatoes, Prince Prigio, with his newly bought Princess. Their tomato-heir, once-removed, is

Digitized by Google

permanently loaned to a professional nurse, so T. R. H. can vent undisturbed their passion for concerts and golf."

'Oh no," Ernst continued confidentially, "they run a great risk youth and bodily exposure; I suppose they live near by?"

"Oh no," Ernst continued confidently, "they run a great risk for the sake of this concert, for they dashed on their bob-tailed antelopes a couple of miles from their palatial apartments at the 'Swinetrough,' daring a December pneumonia in their seventeen yards of July mosquito netting."

During this confusion of the late comers we heard much talk about the famous singer of the evening, how they had heard her sing in Hamburg, London or New York; how she was the "greatest operatic, dramatic, virtuoso contralto living—my voice-cultivator, the Signorissima, says so, and she has studied with her personally, as with all the greatest artists that ever lived."

So I asked Ernst, "How about this Madame H.? You've not said a word about her and she's a stranger to me."

"Well," he said, "even if I hadn't heard her sing some of these songs in Berlin and some Wagner parts in Bayreuth I should risk going to hear her or anyone who offers such best music. I've never been disappointed but once by going to concerts on the principle of judging first of the worth of the program. For most anyone who has known and prepared such music will give it good enough for us to get its highest elements. Of course we are lucky to have so really great a singer, too; we honor her for her power, devotion, genuineness and fine feeling, which make her great only through such songs. But I fear many of the people in front are enthusing over her advertised greatness."

"Some of them seem to be industrious," I interposed, wanting to give the boxes fair play, "for they seem to be learning the program by heart as well as the advertisements. In our reveries over the songs we have not looked at either the 'Footlights' or the high-light edition of the program. I guess we both hate the former enough for thrusting before our eyes the various kinds of beers, pianos and fall fashions. But why in the world doesn't the saffron edition give us the text of the songs, and isn't it rather inhospitable, to say the least, for the Tra-la-la Society to take up nearly all the evening and give the chance

Digitized by Google

of singing only a half dozen songs to their 'honored'—instead of honoring—guest?"

But here the curtain went up; the audience approved energetically the fine appearing bower filled with male and female songsters, who in response chirped a tune. It was quite proper till toward the end when it got lively and finally ended in a hop, skip and jump on a high note. The audience was greatly moved to reflex action—even some white kids patted each other before they could be controlled. Ernst, however, along with Mr. and Mrs. M., Dr. B. and others of the early comers, showed great presence of mind. As the din subsided somewhat he said: "I don't value the text of that song; it seems to be an excuse for singing the tune rather than playing it on a lot of violins. The tune itself was very commonplace, and I've never heard of the composer, have you?"

"No," I said, "but it was rather stirring at the end, though of course that isn't a very high aim for music."

The female part of the chorus then sang an old English glee, "Run, run, catch the butterfly." It was chased so realistically with little pink nets that we awaited its effect with curiosity. But as the members of this division of the Tra-la-las require strict pedigree qualifications for their "limited" membership, they dare take some liberties and are sure to find a proud support from their relatives in front. Ernst's analysis of this performance was confined to a smile.

Then came the heroine of the evening, and being down on the official program as the "guest from Germany," she was greeted with a rather over-gush of respect. First came Schumann's "Du, meine Seele; du, mein Herz," and how magnificently she sang it! What genuine devotion and ecstacy; what peace and strength in "Du bist die Ruh, du bist die Frieden, du bist von Himmel mir beschieden." Ernst sat there with closed eyes (instead of with opera glasses), but tense muscles; and what a flood of the very highest feelings and ideas he and a small minority present were re-living. This continued through Schubert's "Morgengruss," in gentler moods as I knew from our talk, and my eyes filled too at that picture of their blondes Kopfchen. Finally she sang Brahms' "Von ewiger Liebe," which is one of the highest examples of how the tone-poet can magnify and idealize the word-poet.

Digitized by Google

Every one joined in the applause, many of us with all our hearts and in deepest gratitude. But Ernst at last observed: "Our friends forward are anyway kindly disposed people—we must try to be just to them—but their applause was more through politeness, I fear, than as real thanks. For in the first place probably not half a dozen people on the stage and scarcely a score in the audience know German well enough to follow the songs without the poems before them, while a couple of hundred could have gotten much from the text if it had been sent to them before the concert. So, as the great mass of the hearers get nothing from the words, how much do they get from the music alone? That would be quite a long analysis—in short, they get some pleasure from the full, rich quality of her voice; some emotion of astonishment at the unlimited power of the singer, and pride at hearing so distinguished a person. But most of the characteristic melodies and harmonies are so strange to them that they get almost nothing, I believe, in comparison with their accustomed Nevin, Molloy and Donizetti."

Here the male chorus arose and gave an instructive contrast between an American melo-dramatic furnisher-to-order of modern church music and Mozart's Ave Verum. Both singers and hearers seemed to get real serious feeling from the latter work of simple greatness. The credit, however, Ernst said, was due to the conductor, who would gladly give his club more of this and lead them to more complex greatness, could he induce them to follow.

During the intermission that followed Ernst said he must tell me some real experiences of his which illustrated the usual view of most people and many otherwise cultured ones in regard to music. "I was going home in the car day before yesterday with my violin in preparation for our playing Beethoven String Trios at our usual weekly chamber-music evening. Soon a High School boy entered with a mandolin case and sat by me; a block later a darky with a guitar in a bag seated himself opposite us; then a theater cornet player appeared; whereat a stranger on my other side could restrain his smille no longer, and leaning over said: 'If this keeps up a couple of blocks more we'll have a car full of musicians. For I am a musician, too; I play in the band out at Shakopee. It

Digitized by Google

runs in the family—my father, uncle, brother, all played in the band, too. And if there is any one thing I love in this world more than another, it's music.' I acquiesced that that was also a good deal my fix. 'I fiddle a little, too; we have an orchestra and heaps of fun.' To my interruption as to what they played, whether they ever tried string quartets, he continued: 'Oh, no; only dance music in the orchestra—and you know it's funny how people change in what they make us play. Why, only a little time ago they wanted all kinds of dances (naming a long list), and now they'll only have two-steps and waltzes. Same in the band, too; we've had to throw away whole stacks of overtures and opera selections and get a new stock of only red-hot marches.' As I had to break off this interesting confession and bid my fellow-musician good-by, I walked away contrasting this pleasure from novelty in music with our having played these Beethoven trios perhaps fifty times with their becoming dearer and greater each time, and smiling at the popular idea that music is music, when the same persons wouldn't call up to a librarian, 'Please throw me down a book—not a jack-plane, but a book.'"

"Another illustration in higher life was where the Professor of Music in our College introduced into his amusement-recitals a variety-show performance on musical glasses of 'Sleigh-bells Polka, with whipcrack accompaniment.' One day, too, on coming out of one of our finest houses, noted for its really valuable collection of paintings and books, I chanced to come by the grand piano amid other articles of furniture. Looking about for the music which should be the companions of such paintings and books, the only thing in sight was a march by a famous negro minstrel king."

I laughed outright at these gauges of the depth of aesthetic pretensions, and asked: "But I suppose the Tra-la-la Society represents your best musical culture in this musical center of the Northwest?"

"Alas, again I must disillusion you, my dear fellow. We won't find a half-dozen of the society out tomorrow evening when Mme. H. gives her independent song recital alone, nor do they scarcely ever appear at the numerous concerts where the best music is given unadulterated by motives of society and notoriety. Though several members hold various musical titles

Digitized by Google

and offices in the musical societies, conservatories, colleges, etc., yet their knowledge and experience has hardly gotten beyond the encyclopedia and Pinsuti. One highest leader indeed apologized to me on breaking down in the only classic song he could produce, that he'd 'not yet gotten to Schubert and Schumann!' Think of such make-shifts, who have not gotten to all that's worth using the human heart and voice for, being the Seelensorger of our culture seeking youth!"

The second part of the program now continued with the ladies' chorus singing a serenade by a prominent American composer. Though the evident motive in giving this selection was to repay the composer for his letter in somewhat doubtful praise of the high state of accomplishment of these Late-in-the-morning warblers—which letter, along with a lot of similarly extorted ones, formed a booklet prefix to the saffron program—yet Ernst's comment was merely: "Isn't it remarkable how consistently they carry out the club's policy of ferreting out harmless novelties?"

The virility of the masculine musical taste was next shown in their presentation with great gusto of a musical joke entitled "Italian Salad"; in which, as Ernst said, "they seem to get the same kind of pleasure as they do from scorching around the golf links in 47. Of course, though, it's a healthy thing for office men to have a vent for their pent-up muscles and energy, and our music mustn't be oppressive in its seriousness. But instead of using as a text and printing out in the program such a nonsense string of Italian musical words, I've often wondered why some facetiously inclined composer didn't use the really fine humor in Gilbert's Bab Ballad of Prince Agib, with its intimations of 'Arma virumque cano' and of Neo-hegelian metaphysical fog. It's a classic in our family, so I happen to know it:

"Strike the concertina's melancholy string!
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything!
Let the piano's martial blast
Rouse the echoes of the past,
For of Agib, Prince of Tartary, I sing!

"Of Agib, who amid Tartaric scenes,
Wrote a lot of ballet music in his teens;
His gentle spirit rolls

Digitized by Google

In the melody of souls—
Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means

"Of Agib, who could readily at sight,
Strum a march upon the loud Theodolite.
He would diligently play
On the Zoetrope all day,
And blow the gay Pantechnicon all night.

* * * * *

"They played him a sonata—let me see!
'Medulla oblongata'—key of G.
Then they began to sing
That extremely lovely thing,
'Scherzando! ma non troppo, ppp.'"

But here the great singer appeared again with her greater songs and gave with such genuineness the Heine-Schumann "Du bist wie eine Blume, so hold und rein und schœn," and that Almers-Brahms "song of songs," as his biographer and the greatest song-scholar, Dr. Reimann, calls it—"Feldeimsamkeit":

Ich ruhe still im hohen grunen Gras,
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,
Von Grillen rings umschirrt ohn' unterlass,
Von Himmelsblaue wundersam umwoben.

Die schonen weissen Wolken zieh'n dahin,
Durch's tiefe Blau, wie schœne, stille Traume,
Mir ist, als ob ich langst gestorben bin,
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Raume.

English:

Where noonday sleeps upon the grassy hill,
I lie and watch the boundless blue above me,
The whirr of tiny wings is never still,
To wondrous visions heaven's high glories move me.

As o'er me float, along the azure dome,
The fair white clouds, like dreamland's silent legions,
My spirit seeks again its long lost home,
And floats with them through heaven's eternal regions.

[Translation by England.]

Then the Goethe-Schubert great "Erlkonig" ballad. Our German-knowing friends were filled beyond expression; absolute silence would have been the most fitting sign of the uplifting effect of such tone-poems. But as the polite applause lagged

Digitized by Google

it was fanned up to an encore heat by the self-appointed master of ceremonies, the Signorinissima Hustlerei, who gained new laurels as a voice teacher (as contrasted with a song teacher) by extorting from even Frau H. that piece de resistance, an Italian opera drinking song. This was described in the paper yesterday as "the triumph of the evening that brought out the superlative artist." But many of us felt with Ernst that this was a lamentable anti-climax, and so we withdrew before we should lose more of the inspiration of those songs.

In our goodnight talk together Ernst said: "Now, of course, you understand that we've not had time to do a complete nor a fair job in our analysis of what the people got there tonight from the music. But my main point is the conviction that the overwhelming part of the pleasure from music gained by such people is from the simpler sensuous elements of the sound and rhythm, and from the accessory emotions of imitation, notoriety, and accomplishment in which their music is clothed by its society garb. If they gave their really congenial music for their friends and themselves as a society event and not so pretentiously as 'the greatest musical event of the season,' we ought not to object at all. But I do object vigorously to their engaging really great artists, who will give music with which they and the great bulk of their audience have no serious knowledge or associations, and probably never will have, to give society eclat to their own musical commonplaceness. It's an insult to the great artists, masters, and all that's best in music.

Last evening the same Frau H. gave an independent and entire evening of those songs again and many others from the same masters. Instead of being given amid the trivial and vulgar associations of a theater, whitewashed with decorations, it was given in a plain church with edifying associations of high thinking, little theology, and a great deal of the best music. There were no hosts and hostesses, no patrons and patronesses; and of these long lists on the program of the previous evening we counted as present—true to Ernst's prophecy —just four.

"Why do you suppose they are not here?" I queried.

"Various reasons and apologies are offered," Ernst explained. "Many ladies of the Tra-la-las have a French Conversation Club on hand this evening; many of the men are at a dinner given

Digitized by Google

in gratitude of his safe return from the Mahatmas in Thibet by Sir 80-days-around-the-world; but the greatest defection is due to a capacious box party given by Mister Washington Dewey Chesterfield, Care-Minneapolis-Club, at a special performance, 'mit festlicher Beleuchtung, auf allerhochster Befehl,' of Kelly's Kids."

But we shut out such aggravating thoughts, and with a handful of old-time friends and would-be friends of all that was most lovely, comforting and noble in the great masters, lived one of the most lasting events of our lives. Schubert's "Allmacht" was greater than any sermon we ever heard; his "Junge Nonne," a wonderful Paradise Regained. And after those so sociologically interesting Folksongs in their forms so beautifully idealized by Brahms—Sandmanchen, Schwesterlein, and Da Unten im Thale—we were dismissed with the benediction of "Gute Nacht, Gute Nacht, bis Alles wacht."

As we strolled home arm in arm under the starry "Himmel da oben, wie ist er so weit!" we were silent for some time. The wonderful evening had softened Ernst, I could easily see; so I finally ventured to suggest two cautions which I had long wanted in a brotherly way to give him. "I've been wondering, my dear Ernst, if you are not inclined to be too severe in your analysis and criticisms of what other people call music. And then, if I should be your Boswell some day, wouldn't the grounds of your criticisms appear to be rather too individual and personal?"

"Well," he answered soberly, "I've often thought over those queries. Though in college we were trained ad nauseam on the orthodox pedagogical principle of 'give them the general principles of the subject,' I must say that after a considerable observation and study of the actual workings of people's heads and hearts—in other things besides music, too—I've become heretical enough to disbelieve this article of faith. Most people who begin that way only get parrot knowledge, and by never getting down to the actual experiences from which these general principles are gained (unless they are metaphysical and lack proof from experience), they remain on the plane of mere accomplishment. Their academic knowledge is no real part of their lives—that's the great point. Did we get anything from our harmless aesthetics course in college except the bandying

Digitized by Google

of 'the beauty of harmony' and 'the harmoniousness of the beautiful'? So when I try to help anyone to a better intellectual or feeling life, I have to appeal to the actual experience of real persons, including my own. This explanation is often necessary as an apology for the personal part. Most people, too, never get to much generalization anyway, but live on the plane of reasoning from particulars to particulars, as Mill says, you remember.

"Thus as to my criticisms of others, they are my necessary demonstration material—not that it will help them; they are mostly too habituated to the motive power of imitation in their life game of 'follow the leader.' And if this mental vivisection hurts, the excuse for such pain is to furnish evidence for bettering the lives of those few who are beginning to use some reasoning against mere imitation. But for those who can't reason there is, too, some righteous satisfaction, I must confess, in an effort to puncture the high tires on which airy imitation-fashion rides. Yet that should be on the side; and with all my heart I hope we ourselves and perhaps a few of our friends may, from the contrast of these two evenings of music, be stronger in a life-long ambition to make music not a decoration on the outside, but a serious living of all that is best within."

Digitized by Google

EUROPEAN FALLACIES AND AMERICAN MUSIC.

O. G. SONNECK.

Europeans think very little of music in America. The reasons are various but simple.

First of all, hardly anybody, outside of England perhaps, takes an interest in our musical life. The few who do, are hampered by a surprising lack of information. I doubt whether more than a dozen of their professional writers on music are conversant with its development in this country, or with its present status. This is even true with such writers as Luigi Torchi, who, in the Rivista Musicale Italiana, at least tries to do us justice. If those who ought to know better are found wanting, what can be expected from the average musician or the public? They, as a rule, excuse themselves with saying: "We know nothing about your music because there is nothing worth knowing." Evidently a fallacy, invented ad hoc.

Nevertheless, it contains a grain of logic. We continually pour hundreds and thousands of music students into Europe. They not always represent our best material, but consist mostly of such people who can afford to stay some years with European masters, either privately or in the innumerable music schools. Today a sufficient reason for their emigration is out of question. Thirty years ago, when the musical opportunities of this country did not equal those in Europe, the comparatively few Americans who sought musical education abroad had a reason for doing so and, if really talented, a moral duty. Today, the studying abroad is nothing but an uncritical and chimerical fashion.

I do not deny that among hundreds of mediocrities there are some students of considerable talent. Prof. Carl Schroeder in Sondershausen, the brother of Alwin Schroeder, himself a prominent 'cellist and a remarkable conductor besides, once told me that his best pupils have been Americans. But he forgot to speak about the many others who were his worst.

We usually judge ourselves according to our virtues, and the rest according to their defects. Therefore, the really gifted

Digitized by Google

Americans have to pass unnoticed in the crowd of their less gifted compatriots. This majority lacks talent, temperament and sincerity, just as the majority of the native German or French students. Europeans do not take the minority into consideration and simply claim that Americans are not musical.

If you try to convince them of their fallacies, they argue: To stay four or five years away from home means highly increased expenses. It would be common nonsense to undergo them if your folks or your former teachers did not feel sure of your talent. Therefore, the Americans who come to Europe represent the cream of your musical talent. As not even they amount to anything, how unmusical must the rest be! And why does the cream come to Europe? Evidently because they have no sufficient educational opportunities at home. If European music schools and European teachers were not far superior to those in America, again it would be common nonsense to leave home. Of course, two more fallacies, but dulce est desipere in loco.

It ought to be easy enough for any American to destroy such fallacies, and to imbue a just respect for the wonderful progress which music has made in the United States. Alas! Either they think it a good policy not to rub against the conceit of their European masters and fellow students, or they are not capable of doing so. Most of us go to Europe at an immature age when we ourselves know but little of music in this country.

Comparatively many Americans win prizes abroad. Unfortunately, this proves little. To take a prize in Europe seldom means to be the best man. It embodies rather to have been the hardest worker. Especially in Germany, where, in competition, academical technic is rated higher than talent and personality. Take Hans von Buelow, who certainly knew the difference between good and bad, as my authority. He said in his paradoxical way: "Te preisser ein Werk gekront wird, desto durcher fallt es."

Even if Americans would win every single prize offered in the music school, would that transfer credit upon them as American composers? Certainly not!

To study composition with a composer of distinct personality—Draeseke, Rheinberger, Ivan Knorr, Martucci, Dvorak, Remsky, Korsakow—means to become more or less an imitator.

Digitized by Google

There is a great difference, however. An Italian will, for a while, compose a la Martucci, but both are Italians, and the music of both pupil and teacher will be essentially Italian. What does nationality in music signify? Simply the character of a nation expressed by means of music! Now, take the immature American studying abroad! He not only becomes an imitator, for instance of Draeseke as Draeseke, but of Draeseke as a German. His American character, from the beginning not yet developed, is in eternal conflict with the foreign character and is systematically eraded. Hence in so many works of American composers the unesthetic mixture of different styles not only, but, what is worse, of heterogenous nationalities.

It would be decidedly better for American art, if our going-to-be-composers would finish their studies with some Anglo-Saxon composers at home, before coming into contact with European celebrities. Otherwise it might take them years and years of hard work and self-criticism, as I know of one of our best composers, for whom I in every way have a great respect, to get rid of unnecessary European influences.

If this be so, who can blame the continental Europeans for not appreciating our music? Sure, they often applaud works of their own composers which are inferior to American products in every technical respect. But skill alone amounts to nothing. Formal beauty, too, without a typical character, has little value. Germans listening to American music justly want to hear something typically American, and not German music made in America. Eclectic art is soon forgotten. The typically national character of a work, created by a skillful personality, makes it international and a work of the future.

La psychologie des masses adds another difficulty. Men never cease to be babies in the eyes of their mothers. Exactly so with the alma mater. Just after peeping out of the conservatoriums-Eierschalen, the American composer leaves Europe and usually is not heard of abroad for many years. But the Europeans still remember the academic efforts of his youth and do not care for a second edition of their unfavorable impressions. The idea that the former student might have improved and gained an interesting and independent style never enters their minds. Menschlich, alien menschlich, as Frederich Nietzsche, the sadly abused, would put it. The fact that most of Mac

Digitized by Google

Dowell's works, for instance, have been published by Germans, has little to do with the inner side of the problem, otherwise his works would be produced more often than they are. The names of American composers appear surprisingly seldom on Continental programs, as the comparison of the concert reviews will prove beyond any doubt. And I believe for the reasons above stated.

Still worse effects have, by the foreign craze, been produced upon our singers. They learn how to sing in French, Italian or German, and as this country produces many fine voices, it is comparatively easy for them to become stars on the European stage. If they would sail under their every-day American names, they could soon destroy the prejudice against American musicians. But they love to cover their names with exotic colors, and no European possibly can take a Mad. Maccheroni for an American. Furthermore, they think it below their dignity to sing in English opera for common-sense salaries. Why? Probably they do not want to risk a fiasco. Their training was in foreign tongues. To sing in English without a special and equally careful training naturally would mean a fiasco.

So far what may be termed the export of musical talent. The import has not been less detrimental to the interests, rights and duties of our native musicians.

Ever since the middle of the eighteenth century this country has been an El Dorado of European virtuosi, teachers, conductors, publishers, etc. No doubt, America owes a great part, probably the greater part, of her musical life to these influences. It would be narrow minded and ridiculous to favor expulsion politics. Men like Theo. Thomas have done perhaps more for the cultivation of musical taste in this country than any individual Yankee, with the exception of Lowell Mason and a few others. The same may be said of the Kneisel Quartet and kindred institutions.

Without the constant flood of immigrants the United States of today would not be what they are. Among innumerable others, naturally a number of musicians would come hither. Those who settled here and labored here undoubtedly have to be considered useful American citizens and Americanized musicians. They have helped to give us a musical life of which we have every right to feel proud. In this direction no problem is

Digitized by Google

to be solved. But the question arises whether, in future, it is dangerous or not to foster open-door politics in music. I believe it is. I claim that the hundreds of new-comers are no longer in just proportion to our needs. Moreover they continue to keep the native musicians in the background.

Our orchestras mostly consist of Europeans—our young musicians do not care to do orchestra work. But this is a sad fact which Horatio Parker has sufficiently dwelt upon. Chamber music, too, is neglected by them. At least, they do not cultivate it as much as their European colleagues do—where there seems to be no chance, there is no ambition!

Our audiences go hysterical over imported virtuosos, but treat American virtuosos, either settled or native, rather indifferently. Perhaps ours are inferior in personal magnetism. Even then the contrast in applauding is not justified. Of course we want to hear the glories of the old world, but the natural interest taken in foreign musicians has become a deplorable fashion, or rather, has never ceased to be a fashion, unduly protracted by the ever speculating managers.

There certainly is a necessity of importing, season after season, a number of European stars, in order to keep in touch with things abroad, but there is no necessity today of favoring the import of second-class music teachers. And why do these minor lights come here? To make more money than they can at home. The ambition, however, to make money does not prove them to be the acme of their profession or desirable for the art of this country. In fact, many of them are nothing but adventurers. Being unfit for profitable positions abroad, they emigrate, thinking themselves just good enough for unmusical America. Hear them sneer at us after their return to Europe. They tell long tales about bluffs, self-advertisement, corruptible critics, low state of musical affairs, e via discorrendo.

Prejudiced against us from the beginning, Europeans are apt to trust them more than the respectable class of foreign musicians who, either in articles or private conversation, try to be impartial judges by favorably comparing our musical life and opportunities with those abroad. Two points, however, even they cannot deny. The first is a certain anti-artistic atmosphere, derived from the habit and perhaps the necessity of being in America first a business man and then an artist. The

Digitized by Google

other point is that, in opera far more than in absolute music, we have remained a European colony.

The orchestra is European; the conductors are Europeans; most of the singers are Europeans; the words are sung in European languages, and the repertoire is European. It reminds one of the eighteenth century, when Germany to a great extent was an Italian colony in opera. But the Germans had German operas besides, and never contented themselves with such a fossil repertoire as our public does or has to do. In the United States of today opera not only is an Italian colony, but a mixed combination of Italian, French and German colonies without any real novelties. Worse than that, operas, made by Americans and sung by Americans in their native tongue, have no chance. There are no American operas worth producing? Perhaps, but give our young composers a fair and repeated chance; do not turn the cold shoulder upon them after one or two failures, and things will change surprisingly soon. In this respect, the recent venture of "grand" operas sung in English means a marked progress towards real American opera, though artistically it is a failure, in spite of the evident zeal of the performers, and Mr. Temple's clever stage managing which has rendered the Tohuwabohu staging in the Metropolitan Star-Circus even more laughable than it was heretofore. But, if the venture should prove to be a commercial failure besides, good-by English opera. For years to come, operas with our public would continue to be a mere pretense for hearing brilliant voices. I fear the true spirit of musical dramas will not dawn upon our public until some American opera conquers Europe and the opera trust considers it a safe speculation to re-import it. In the meantime we shall remain the laughing-stock of Europe. Of course, it matters little what people abroad think of us. Their laughter, however, ought to teach us one good lesson: Honor your American masters, and throw off all unnecessary European influences.

Digitized by Google

THE CHEVALIER GLUCK AND THE LEADING MOTIVE.

[In the Revue de Paris, Sep. 15, 1900, appears anonymously an article with the above title, which although long, is an effective discussion of a much vexed question in musical composition.—Ed. MUSIC.]

I had last night a curious dream. I seemed to be seated at my table working at my great "Lyric, Metaphysical, Realistic Symphonic Drama, in Three Acts." I imagined that I was just about setting to music the line:

"But the philter of love will engender hate."

with an ingenious combination of the "theme of hate" with the "theme of drinking," when suddenly raising my head I saw a man seated before me. He was a robust old man, of tall figure, wrapped in a cloak of silk; he wore the white wig of the eighteenth century; and behind his seamed and pock-marked visage one divined a noble and lofty soul. All of a sudden I recognized him. It was the Chevalier Gluck.

He inclined towards me and lowered his eye to my work; upon which I thought he seemed to glance with a look having perhaps a little of something ironical.

"Your opera," he said, "is constructed like most modern operas according to a system which had not been invented at the time when I wrote 'Orpheus'—the system of leading motives. Tell me, I pray you, what are the advantages which have given currency to this system and which have decided even yourself to adopt it?"

"These advantages are very great, Illustrious Master," I said, "and I will proceed to point them out."

I reflected a few minutes and then went on:

"We seek to realize in the work the most perfect union possible between the drama and the music. Its perfection, from the view-point of form alone, depends necessarily upon the beauty of the drama, the beauty of the music, and the perfect suitability of the one to the other. I will therefore first of all proceed to show that the most perfect of all musical forms is that

Digitized by Google

of symphony; since the genial works of Beethoven, it is impossible to conceive a language at the same time richer or more eloquent. To all the resources of a style purely melodic, which are by no means forbidden to it, it adds others infinitely numberless and varied. If I now go on to show you that this admirable form comports with the drama better than all others, you will at once see why we adopt it with so much ardor in the musical theater."

"I know," answered the Chevalier Gluck, "that the symphonic form is very rich and very beautiful. But please go on and show me immediately, my child, that it is also suitable to the form of the drama."

Myself: That I can show you easily. That which characterizes symphony is that in place of being a succession of a number of indefinite musical phrases, it is developed out of a certain number of determinate themes. So also a drama when well made does not present in each new scene an entirely new set of personages, speaking of entirely different subjects; but the author studies certain characters and the results of certain ideas, which are in a way the themes of his drama. If each theme of the drama corresponds to a theme of a symphony, it is evident that a symphony and a drama might, as geometricians say, be superimposed upon each other; they are identical. So also dramatic music is nevertheless nothing more than the development of a certain number of themes, called leading motives, of which each one represents one of the fundamental themes of the action. Thus it is no longer obliged to content itself with expressing vague sentiments, for the leading motives correspond precisely in our spirit to certain personages, or to certain ideas which the personages represent. This new form has, then, the triple advantage over the ancient one of being more perfectly adequate to the form of the drama, of being a means of expression at the same time more flexible and more precise, and finally of being by itself a language more rich and more beautiful.

The Chevalier Gluck: You say, my child, that, thanks to the system of leading motives, the new form of music comports better with the form of the drama, and you have already shown me that in a sense the two forms might be superimposed upon each other, so closely do they correspond, since each of the

Digitized by Google

important ideas of the drama corresponds to a leading motive.

Myself: Without doubt.

The Chevalier Gluck: If this relation between the musical themes and the themes of the drama did not exist, if each one of the leading motives did not have a particular significance as related to the action, would you still say that they could be superimposed, and that the new form is more perfectly adequate to the dramatic form?

Myself: I would not say it. It is necessary that each motive be the musical representative of an idea or a personage, in order for the system to have a reason for being.

The Chevalier Gluck: I would wish to know then, first of all, in what manner a leading motive is the musical representation of an idea or personage.

Myself: And even at times of an object.

The Chevalier Gluck: Of an object?

Myself: Yes, whenever this object happens to play an important part in the drama. For example, in the celebrated tetralogy of Richard Wagner, the sword of Wotan, acquired first by Sigmund, afterwards broken by the god and reforged by the hero Siegfried, is represented by a leading motive, which is very characteristic.

(Here I sang to the Chevalier Gluck the sword motive. The master remained an instant silent and then asked me:)

"Does it seem to you that this theme really represents a sword?"

Myself: Oh, no; the music does not at all resemble an object, to speak properly, for this is not an art of imitation. All that is necessary to remark is that by its strong, simple and warlike figure this theme might awaken in our spirit the idea of a sword.

(And for the second time I sang triumphantly the motive of the sword, imitating with my voice the sound of the trumpet.)

The Chevalier Gluck: Are you quite certain that any persons hearing this motive would find it as you do to have a warlike spirit? And do you not think that such a theme might be capable of awakening in the spirits of listeners not forewarned a very different image from that of a sword? Could it not be referred to the shining of the sun, for example?

Myself: That is possible.

Digitized by Google

The Chevalier Gluck: Moreover, have you not already told me that dramatic music consists in these days of the symphonic development of leading motives?

Myself: I certainly have said so, Master.

The Chevalier Gluck: I imagine that these developments are not simple repetitions, because that would be monotonous, and I think that they would present each leading motive under new aspects.

Myself: Without doubt. Following the sentiments which they seek to express, the themes are constantly varied in their movement, their tonality, their harmonization, their instrumentation, and at times even in their rhythm.

The Chevalier Gluck: A leading motive is then nothing by itself, neither lively nor majestic, since it is from time to time slow and rapid; it has no proper tonality, since it is heard successively in all sorts of tonalities; it is neither gay nor sad, since it is now major and now minor, and accompanied by harmonies which being variable do not constitute one of its essential elements; it has no particular sonority peculiar to itself, since it is played now by the violins, now by the contrabasses, again by the trumpets, and by flutes or oboes. Will you please tell me in what manner a music which is neither slow nor quick, neither clear nor somber, neither sad nor gay, neither sweet nor noisy, can represent a personage or evoke in our spirits the idea of a sword?

Myself: I have already said, my dear Master, that music cannot represent more than a very few things in concrete fashion, since it is not an art of imitation. But it might be considered as a language and represent ideas in an abstract fashion and conventionally. Men have in effect two methods of representing objects. The painter represents a horse by offering to our eyes an image which resembles a horse in form and color. The musician represents a storm or a nightingale by imitating, by aid of the drums or the flutes, the noise of thunder or the song of the nightingale. Painting, sculpture and at times music represent objects in a concrete fashion. But the poet does not do this. The words of a language do not in any manner resemble the objects which they denote. And although at the words: "statue of Henri IV" we fasten our minds immediately upon the statue upon the New Bridge (Pont Neuf) there is neverthe-

Digitized by Google

less nothing whatever in these four words, written or spoken, producing upon our senses the same impression as that of the bronze statue. If one takes the ground that words represent objects, it is necessary to add that they do this not in a direct, real and concrete manner, but only in what we may call a conventional manner. It is in this manner that the sword theme of Richard Wagner might be said to represent a sword; and it is in this way that in musical language a leading motive might, even in abstraction of its movement, expression and sonority, be the representative of an idea or a personage.

The Chevalier Gluck: The theme which you sang me just now was invented by Richard Wagner, was it not?

Myself: He invented it himself.

The Chevalier Gluck: Wagner was also free, if he had wished, to write another in place of this, and he could have imagined something quite different, could he not?

Myself: Certainly he could. Every composer is free in the selection of his themes.

The Chevalier Gluck: It is then necessary to admit, my child, that you have not spoken with justice in comparing music to a language and leading motive to the words. You have already admitted that the word "sword" for example, without offering to our senses a concrete representation of this weapon had nevertheless the power to designate it and to call up in all spirits this idea. Now, if it has this power, is it not because it appertains to a language already established, such as thousands now speak in France, in which each term has its own and unchangeable signification? These thousands of France know that the word "sword" has designated this weapon already for some hundreds of years, and will go on doing so for hundreds of years to come. And if an author wished to speak of a weapon having a straight steel blade and a cross hand piece, he would be forced to employ the word "sword" or its synonym "blade" in order to be comprehended by his readers? Now, would he be free to choose some other word which happened to please him, or a word which he would invent by following his own fancy?

Myself: It is evident, dear Master, that he would employ the words already existing, which are comprehended by everyone.

The Chevalier Gluck: But wherein is it different with a

Digitized by Google

composer, and one has no right to say that the sword motive of Richard Wagner represents the divine sword, even in an abstract fashion, since Wagner invented this theme, which did not exist before the composition of the tetralogy and with which musicians of the future are by no means obliged to make use in designating other similar swords.

Leading motives then are incapable of representing ideas and personages, either in a concrete fashion as in the arts of imitation, or in an abstract way, as in the words of a language. They represent them in no fashion whatever. And as you have already told me that this representation of ideas by leading motives is the point of departure for the new system, I am still waiting for you to explain to me in what its advantages consist.

(I was surprised and pained to find that I had put this noble old man to the trouble of reasoning in so acute and logical a manner. Nevertheless, I continued.)

If you know the works of Richard Wagner—

The Chevalier Gluck: I know them.

Myself: But you do not know them by heart, and we cannot soundly discuss a work which one does not know entirely by heart.

If, then, you knew better the lyric dramas of Wagner, you would comprehend more easily the immense advantages of the leading motive. And as soon as one of the numberless commentators had guided you a little in the study of the master work, you would presently distinguish the signification proper to each theme.

In any case the drama is already before us to show us what is meant.

If it was a question of a purely symphonic music, where, without the aid of words of any commentary explanative, the composer should undertake to express precise ideas by means of leading motives, I am convinced that his labors would be in vain. The notes of music alone, never had or can have power by themselves to express ideas. But dramatic music is accompanied by words, the sense of which is fixed and ascertained by custom, these attach to each theme an idea or an object, and so aid us in representing it.

The Chevalier Gluck: Are not the words themselves capable of expressing ideas with clearness?

Digitized by Google

Myself: They surely are capable.

The Chevalier Gluck: And have we not just now discovered and admitted that the leading motives have not this power in any proper sense?

Myself: It is true that we have recognized this fact.

The Chevalier Gluck: When Sieglinde speaks of the sword of Wotan, while the orchestra plays the theme which you have just sung to me, it is then the words by themselves, and not the music, which makes us remember this sword; and in a general manner, when the union of a line with a leading motive evokes in our spirit the idea of an object it is not exact to say that the words aid the leading motive in representing this object; it would be more just to affirm that the words represent the idea or object, and never the music, since the words suffice by themselves to represent it completely, which the leading motive cannot do in any fashion. Today, as formerly, poetry expresses ideas and music sentiments; and I do not see that what it has acquired by the new system operates in any manner to enlarge its possibilities of expression.

Myself: You have not comprehended all my thought, illustrious Master, when I was saying that the words aid the leading motives in evoking ideas in our spirit. After having considered the themes as if, forming part of a work of pure music, they were deprived of all literary assistance; after having stated that by themselves they are incapable of representing anything whatever, you have thought that in a dramatic work the leading motives would necessarily derive their signification from the words heard at the same time with them. If it were so the themes would have no independence, no individuality, and as you have said, would be without utility.

But we perfectly well recognize the sword theme played by the orchestra, even when the singer does not speak of the sword at the same instant; and themes which are developed during the scenes when the actors are silent nevertheless retain for the hearer all their original significance. They observe what happens.

Let us take the same motive as an example. It suffices that this theme has been heard many times at the same moment when the words were speaking of the sword of Wotan, in order to associate the idea of this motive and the idea in our spirit,

Digitized by Google

through the well-known phenomena of the association of ideas. Thanks to this law, a motive can then by itself alone evoke an idea, since it is immediately associated with the words which formerly defined its meaning. And in this manner the music becomes capable of expressing the thoughts of the personages in the silent scenes, or becomes the voice of divine power or the forces of nature.

The Chevalier Gluck: I think I understand better, My Dear Sir, the end proposed by the inventor of the leading motive. And I conceive, that if the association of ideas which you have described really takes place, the music might acquire a singular eloquence. But it appears to me that the works in which this end has been better attained, where this association of ideas has been better produced, and where music has more surely acquired this eloquence, are necessarily works which have not been constructed according to this system of leading motives. In the last act of "Faust," the motive of the waltz, coming back pianissimo, calls up the remembrance of the first meeting of the lovers and the first words which they exchanged. In "Carmen" a very expressive phrase appears many times in the course of the score; it expresses the sharp sentiment, perfidious and implacable, which makes us imagine that which is all powerful in the seduction of love leading eventually a poor creature to crime, feeble however generous. No one could say that this opera was constructed according to the system of leading motives. It is not system which gives so much eloquence to the waltz of "Faust" or the phrase of "Carmen;" it is, on the contrary, the absence of system.

Myself: The absence of system?

The Chevalier Gluck: Without doubt. In the master work of Bizet, the phrase of which I have spoken is not a veritable leading motive, for I do not think it represents a precise idea; it is rather the sentiment of grief and cruel fatality, which it brings to attention throughout the entire work. But what distinguishes this opera above all from the modern dramas is that in the midst of a succession of airs, duos, choruses, each one of which brings out new motives in the voices, it is this one single theme which circulates, so to say, throughout the entire score, being heard at many repetitions, and each time given out by the orchestra. This theme comports itself entirely

Digitized by Google

different from all the other themes in the opera; and it is precisely from this fact that we remember it when we hear it; it is its originality which impresses us and fixes it in our memory, we are enabled so to remember it when it recurs throughout the work.

Today things happen otherwise. Composers are not contented with one single leading motive; every idea, every personage, every object needs be designated by a theme; and it is even dreamed that the entire plot of the musical discourse be composed exclusively of these motives.

What will be produced then?

Let us suppose that I am present at a representation of the "Walkuere." At the second scene of the first act the orchestra makes me hear the beautiful theme in C minor, at the moment when Sigmund terminates the recital of his exploits and his misfortunes by the words: "Thou knowest, oh woman, at this moment, why peace flies from my heart," while Sieglinde, blushing, lowers her eyes. I believe that this theme is the motive of the misfortunes of Sigmund, or the motive of courage, or the motive of growing love for Sieglinde, or perhaps again the motive of fatality.

Myself: You would be ere long undeceived, since further on, in the next act in the scene of love, it accompanies the words of Sigmund embracing Sieglinde: "Oh, radious woman, count upon me, I am the Avenger of thy dream."

It cannot be therefore the motive of the misfortunes of Sigmund, nor the motive of fatality.

The Chevalier Gluck: In effect this theme is heard again in a very few minutes. And at this moment I cannot take it for the motive of courage of Sigmund, nor as the motive of love of Sieglinde, at least that it is not wholly the theme of Sieglinde, which I had not previously foreseen just now. At the third or fourth appearance of this motive, I am able to recognize what particular idea it is intended to awaken in my spirit. Unfortunately, between each of its appearances, I have heard a multitude of other themes, all important, because the musical discourse is nothing else than a tissue of leading motives, and each one of them in turn claims my attention. My spirit is then prodigiously occupied. It would be occupied with recognizing the physiognomy of all the themes, in order to distinguish one

Digitized by Google

from the other. It would be also occupied in remarking all the ideas which ought to be associated with each one of them, to the end of determining its real sense, proceeding as we have already tried by elimination. In the midst of this labor I am afraid of not recognizing the motive of the heroism of the Volsungs—such is its official name—when it again appears. "I seem to have already heard this motive," I think, but I am not able to remember at this moment the significance which I have attributed to it. How in the world shall I ever become able to associate with the motive the idea which the author intended to give it?"

I find then an extreme difficulty, if not an impossibility, of distinguishing between the very numerous leading motives and, above all, of discerning the ideas attached to each one. What I am sure of is that this multitude of themes soliciting our attention, cannot do otherwise than to scatter it, without permiting any one to impress itself upon us.

Moreover, in order that an association of ideas will be established, attention alone does not suffice. It is necessary for us to remark a relation between the leading motive and a particular idea; but in order for such a relation to be awakened in our spirit, it is necessary above all that we recognize the leading motive when we hear it anew; it is necessary that our memory has preserved the recollection. I avow that for my own part I am incapable of recalling upon hearing the tetralogy the eighty-two leading motives which the commentators find there.

If then I cannot remember all the motives, on account of their great number, and if, moreover, the first times I hear them I am unable to discern the ideas to which they are related, it is necessary to admit that no association of ideas has been awakened in my brain, and that consequently I cannot attribute any particular eloquence to the leading motives.

Myself: You have examined, My Dear Master, this which passes in the spirit of a hearer extremely ignorant, who listens to a lyric drama for the first time. At a first hearing I think that it is in reality difficult to distinguish between all the themes and to discern their proper significance, since the musical discourse is little more than a tissue of these leading motives. But to one who knows the works of Wagner from having heard them many times, and from having read and reread the scores,

Digitized by Google

there is no difficulty in following each motive in its development, and of knowing very well what idea is represented in the drama. A man who loves music truly will not recoil before a study which will procure for him so many new enjoyments of an artistic kind.

The Chevalier Gluck: Let us inquire, I beg, what are the new artistic enjoyments of which you speak. Suppose that I have heard for the first time a lyric drama, without even remarking that it is filled with leading motives, and that I come back to hear it again later, after having laboriously found out the name and the meaning of each one of them. Do you suppose that the knowledge of this significance will make me admire more ardently the melodic beauty of the phrases in this opera?

Myself: No, I do not think so.

The Chevalier Gluck: Do you believe that I will be more sensible to the richness of the harmonies and the originality of the rhythms, because I have studied the explanatory list of the themes of the score?

Myself: I do not believe that, either.

The Chevalier Gluck: The justice of the accent and the relief of the declamation are perhaps the qualities which the study of this list would have aided me in appreciating?

Myself: No, not at all.

The Chevalier Gluck: Is it such a study as this which will aid me in enjoying the beautiful symphonic development of a piece, and the skill with which it is conducted and the musical interest of its developments?

Myself: I am not able even to affirm that.

The Chevalier Gluck: If I know the name of each of the leading motives, will I be more beguiled by the coloring of the instrumentation?

Myself: Evidently not.

The Chevalier Gluck: Take another example. Have you ever found the phrase of "Alceste,"

"O mes enfants! O regrets superfluous."

either sad or moving?

Myself: Oh, Dear Master, I have never heard that phrase without being moved to tears.

The Chevalier Gluck: Would it be more sad, and would it

Digitized by Google

move you to a greater flow of tears, if someone had told you that it was constructed upon the motive of "maternal love?"

Myself: I have not said so stupid a thing as that.

The Chevalier Gluck: You have spoken to me, nevertheless, of the enjoyments which one will experience when he knows the meaning of the themes of an opera. These enjoyments, then, cannot alone from the beauty of the music. We must go elsewhere to find their source and their nature. In my own experience I have found that a crowd of men of the world, and men of letters, who would be incapable of comprehending a sublime page of Mozart, and who yawn in hearing a master work of Bach, experience a certain pleasure in listening to a lyric drama of which they happen to know the leading motives. They have learned to distinguish and to recall certain themes; and they are ravished if when the singer speaks of the dwelling place of the gods they are able to say to themselves and their neighbors: "Listen to the theme of Walhalla." Their attention is not deceived and they experience a certain satisfaction; and thus they know that they must be good musicians and are very fond of explaining to others. A pleasure still more innocent is added; it is the surprise, mixed with a naive admiration, with which they hear the sword theme surging in the orchestra, as by enchantment, every time that a personage has spoken of the divine sword. This childish magic amuses them and the astonishment which they feign in hearing it is a source of continual enjoyment.

It is particularly for literary men and art critics that the system of leading motives procures peculiar enjoyments. No one is less sensible to the real beauties of music than the litterateur; one of the most eminent of our contemporary composers has said that "by instinct writers hate music." Thus the invention of leading motives has been for them a providential creation. Not alone the study of the motives and their combinations affords them a mental occupation of which they have great need, but it forms for them a subject of endless remarks, analyses, commentaries and pamphlets of all sorts. And they acquire by all this a singular authority. The literary men in this way explain music to musicians; they become the sovereign judges. They know why such a motive is heard at such a point, why the composer in this place has combined it with some other.

Digitized by Google

Since the rule of the play is to have every leading motive heard at the precise moment when it ought to be evoked by the idea it represents, it is left for them to verify whether this rule has been well or badly observed. Without having ever been affected to tears by a sublime melody, without ever having been moved by an expressive harmony, they pronounce, nevertheless, in all security and assurance, what has been well done and what ought to be admired. And could they not, without being judges of the beauty of the themes, be nevertheless competent judges of the opportunities of their appearance?

All these men interest themselves in music in the same way as many cultivated people interest themselves in painting, without comprehending it and without loving it. We see in every exhibition a crowd of people who are insensible to the purity of the lines, the richness of the coloring, the eloquence of the composition, the solidity of the painting, in a word, the beauty of the picture, but who take a real pleasure in divining enigmas connected with the texture of certain cloths, and they find pleasure in discovering resemblances between certain of their friends and the personages in the picture. As for myself, who in music love the music and the emotions it awakens in me, I am happy when I hear a beautiful melody, a fine harmony, or a lovely development, an effective sonority, and I am profoundly touched by true and impassioned accents. But it is a matter of complete indifference to me whether or not I recognize the passage of the theme of "the decision to love," or the theme of "desiring to go upon a journey."

Myself: There is, nevertheless, at least one quality which you will not refuse to the leading motive. You have already acknowledged that the symphonic form is very rich and beautiful, and that it is an important resource in the musical theater of our days. Now, this form necessitates the presence of themes, whose development forms the substance of the symphony. It does not accommodate itself easily to long vocal melodies; it needs brief and characteristic motives. Now, if the leading motives can serve this purpose, would this not be a sufficient justification for their use?

The Chevalier Gluck: I concede that every scene treated symphonically will have need of themes of a different character from purely vocal melodies. But I do not see why all these

Digitized by Google

pieces should be constructed upon the same themes, which they try to impose upon us from the beginning of the opera to its close.

Myself: The work would thus acquire more of unity.

The Chevalier Gluck: More of unity! Does the unity of a work consist in the constant employment of the same forms? Do you find the symphony in C minor of Beethoven wanting in unity? and would you maintain that its four movements might have been composed upon the same themes? Would the pastoral symphony have had more unity if "God" and "the recognition by men" had been represented there by a motive of five notes, alternating with the "theme of the birds" and the "theme of fertility?" Is it necessary for you, in order to recognize the mysterious forces of nature, to have them designated by certain conventions? Nevertheless, a symphony lasts no more than an hour. Wherefore should the twenty scenes of your opera be developed necessarily upon the same themes? Wherefore should theatrical music become symphony only at the expense of conditions of which symphony knows nothing? Moreover (since I just now compared music to a language) the unity of a discourse never depends upon the incessant repetition of the same terms; he who repeats the same phrases is not an orator but a driveller.

I formerly knew an old violinist who was very stupid and dreadfully tiresome. He had heard, one day, M. Piccini cry out, on seeing a pretty singer: *"Dio mio! che bella donna!"* and it struck him so forcibly that he could never afterwards hear M. Piccini mentioned without repeating the words: *"Dio mio! che bella donna!"* According to circumstances this phrase would come from his mouth with different intonation, and one day when he heard that my rival was dangerously ill he mentioned the sad news to everybody, adding in tearful tones: *"Dio mio! che bella donna!"* These words were for him the leading motive of M. Piccini. Now just as a leading motive cannot represent in proper fashion any object, so these words could not represent in any adequate way the illustrious musician. But an association of ideas had been formed in the head of our old violinist between M. Piccini and the Italian words I have mentioned. All of his acquaintances knew of this association of ideas, and whenever they heard the old man say: *"Dio mio!*

Digitized by Google

che bella donna!" they thought of M. Piccini. This violinist (have I need to say it?) was perfectly insupportable.

I discover that the composers of the present day resemble him a little. They manage to effect an association in their mind between an idea and a musical theme of their own invention; then, without remembering that this association was purely arbitrary and personal and depends upon no real relation between the idea and the motive, they find a pleasure in repeating the motive every time there is mention of the idea. These deformations of a theme, according to the words which are pronounced, give rise to curious effects, not unlike those of the pun. But this play sometimes finds it way into serious works and at times makes even musicians forget the true role of our art, which is the expression of sentiments. If they remembered that music expresses sentiments and not ideas, as we have maintained all through this discussion, they would not have attempted to employ the same motive for expressing different sentiments.

In point of fact, they feel themselves compelled to repeat the same melody every time the idea returns, because in their hearts they are convinced that their melody effectively represents this idea. Otherwise nothing would hinder them from constructing scenes of different sentiment, upon themes freely imagined and chosen by reason of their suitability to the sentiment in question.

This error is at the foundation of the system of leading motives; it rests upon a false conception of the expressive power of music. Someone has imagined that the musical language could be handled in the same manner as spoken language, as if it were composed of terms of precise meaning, fixed and unchangeable, each one representing an idea or object. On the contrary, the relation which the composer establishes between a theme and an idea is purely fictitious. Being the inventor of the musical figure representing such an idea, he is obliged to tell us in some way what this theme is intended to represent in his work. He proceeds much in the same manner as an ultra-symbolic painter who should attempt to paint the history of the whole French revolution in a single landscape; he would naturally find it advisable to notify us beforehand that such a tree represents such a person, that such a cloud represents such a passion, etc. If the spectator took care to come with enough

Digitized by Google

good-will, an association of ideas might be effected in his mind between each idea and the figures whose object was to represent them. But you would immediately see and realize that such a representation of the French revolution would be wholly fictitious.

A painting of this kind might nevertheless be a master work of the greatest of landscapists; those who love painting would admire it for that, and the boobies alone would amuse themselves with it, as with a rebus. But upon the day when such an idea should give birth to a school, the day when these great landscape artists should play to the boobies, preoccupying themselves first of all with grouping trees and clouds ingeniously for representing the ideas selected, in that very day the painters would have become the dupes of the most ignorant part of the public. So also many pages of modern music are sublime, although filled full of combinations of leading motives, they are masterly, sublime! But musicians who think themselves obliged to represent each idea by a motive of certain notes are the dupes of the common people and literary men. They bow themselves to the ruling mode, and neglect the more essential qualities which are the beauty of a work and which give it immortality.

I tremble when I think that if this mode had obtained in my day, how I might have been driven to accompany the words of Alceste:

"Non, ce nest point de sacrafice,"

by a patient combination of the "motive of Alceste" with the "motive of devotion;" and upon the verse:

"Divinities du Styx,"

upon a development of the "theme of death" or of some other In this way "Orpheus" might have been reduced to a succession of variations upon the leading "motive of conjugal love."

And Gluck went off with a great laugh. I immediately awoke.

This morning I resume my work where I left it last night.

But when I return again to my ingenious combination of the theme of hate with the theme of drinking, destined to accompany the verse:

"But the philter of love will engender hate,"

I cannot prevent myself from smiling.

Digitized by Google

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. HARRISON M. WILD.

(A CONDUCTOR AND HIS CRITICS.)

A first-class musical conductor in Chicago has what are popularly called "troubles of his own." His position in many ways is by no means one to be envied. For instance, if he brings out a new work, it is most likely sprung upon the newspaper critic for a single hearing. The critic comes to the concert wholly without preparation in the way of reading the piano copy, and by so much as the work is new, by just so much it fails to please; for the number of newspaper writers is very small who are able to take in an important work by a single hearing and arrive at any just valuation of its mastership from the point of view of technical construction, of even candidly estimating its effect from an æsthetic standpoint. It is only necessary to read the notice to discover that at least one auditor had been bored—just plain bored. Certain stock phrases indicate this point—phrases which mean nothing, since they are used, like a woman's scolding, not so much to mark the perversity of things outside as that of the inner condition. "Wandered from the pitch," always goes concerning the basso; "forced his voice" generally fits a tenor; "a vicious tremolo" is equally apt for baritone, contralto or soprano. The orchestra "crude at times," etc.

On the other hand, should the club remain steadfast in its habit of giving the "Messiah," according to the venerable rule of whist, "When in doubt trump the trick," the newspaper man is still not pleased; whatever may have been his doubt about a proposed new work, upon the "Messiah" of Haendel, he is quite certain; it bores him more deadly than the newest work possible. And so the conductor either acquires Mr. Thomas' life-long habit of not reading the papers or else allows himself to get mad and talks back. Sometimes he does neither, but upon a suitable occasion says his own say without temper and without reproach; a "more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger" mood. Such a time happened to a representative of MUSIC, upon meeting, the other morning, that extremely popular man, Mr. Harrison M.

Digitized by Google

Wild, conductor of the Chicago Apollo Club. This club, it will be remembered, is the main, and in fact the only, vocal club of Chicago, saving only the male chorus called the Mendelssohn Club, of which also Mr. Wild is conductor. The interviewer began by asking Mr. Wild whether he had ever given any of the works of Cesar Franck.

"I have not given any," said Mr. Wild; "I have examined his 'Beatitudes,' and it contains some very fine matter. I would be glad to give it or a part of it, but so long as the attitude of the press of this city is what it is, the management of the Club feels timid about taking the risk involved in the production of so important a new work."

"To what do you refer?" asked the scribe.

"Well, take what you wrote about 'Mary Magdalene,' which we gave last year. I admit that what you say is entirely correct in so far as relates to the liberetto, and that the music is somewhat sensuous, as you declare. But there is another side. Massenet is one of the greatest of living French composers, and a very great composer, even when measured upon the world's scale of greatness. It is no more than right, therefore, that an important work of his should be heard at least once seriously. Now I am not quarreling with you concerning this criticism; nevertheless, I could have hoped that our interpretation of so important a new work would have been recognized as a meritorious act, involving not a little hard work, risk and expense. Perhaps you remember that the *Illinois Staats Zeitung* criticised me very severely for conducting 'Mary Magdalene' from a piano score, and upon the face of the facts it was right enough. But what were the facts? Simply that we have bought of Schirmer 400 copies of the oratorio with the right of performance.

"We had included in the order the loan of orchestral parts and score, just as in many a prior order, expecting delivery of the same about five weeks before the performance. When the time arrived, Schirmer advised: 'No score in existence; have sent parts.' Writing then to Mr. Tams, we found that another choral society had already borrowed the only score in the United States, and that it was to be used the very night we wanted it. We then tried to get a score from Paris, but could not have it sent in time to reach us before the concert. Then I gave orders

Digitized by Google

for a manuscript score, compiled from the orchestral parts. The copyist went to work and completed the first act; when he brought it to me I found that he had entirely omitted the voice parts, so that the score was worthless for conducting. In default of anything better I had to do the best I could with a piano copy—and a very hard task I found it, and one which it is not possible to perform satisfactorily, since, first of all, we found that here and there even the number of measures did not agree with the orchestral parts. And in so long and complicated a work, it is not possible to remember all the entrances of instruments or to indicate them plainly enough in the copy to serve as reminders for conducting. But, considering the expense we had incurred and the trouble I had taken, it seemed to me rather hard to be condemned out of hand, when I had simply done the best the circumstances permitted."

"What has this to do with bringing out Franck's 'Beatitudes?' the scribe asked.

"No more than this, that so long as the critics stand ready to point out every least defect or supposed defect in a new work at first hearing, condemning the singers, the players, and the conductor most of all, it has a tendency to scare the public, so that they avoid the box office and then it becomes impossible for us to do anything involving enterprise."

"What is the present condition of the Apollo Club?" asked the scribe.

"The club is stronger than ever before," Mr. Wild answered, and in fact very strong. We have from 375 to 400 voices at any rehearsal, and we have upward of twenty upon the waiting list, ready to come in as soon as we can take them. With this large chorus and this steadiness at rehearsals, you can see that we are in position to do everything any singing society can."

"Have you anything particularly important in view for the present season?" asked the representative of MUSIC.

"We shall do the Berlioz 'Te Deum' with something over 700 singers at our fourth concert. This will be our most important work for the present season. As you know, this is not the first time the club has sung Berlioz's work, but that was many years ago, and the membership is now mostly different, so that the work is practically new to the club. We shall do our best to give an effective performance."

Digitized by Google

"Could you not borrow scores of Mr. Thomas?" asked the scribe.

"Mr. Thomas has been very kind in this respect," answered Mr. Wild. "Often he has loaned me his scores and parts, and even orchestral paraphernalia, and in every way has shown himself appreciative of the difficulties of my position and quick to recognize and help along for which I am working. But the score of 'Mary Magdalene' he did not possess."

With reference to Mr. Wild's ability as conductor, concerning which some doubt was expressed when he was first elected conductor of the Apollo Club, it is to be remembered that while his public rank had been that of a virtuoso organist, of eminent attainments, he had been for many years acquiring the art of conducting in that arduous school, the vested boy choir, in which so many superior conductors have been educated. Twenty years of this sort of thing furnishes a practical experience in the art of teaching vocal parts to all sorts of understandings and misunderstandings, such as more than equals a vast amount of routine choral leading of adult singers.

Add to this quality and experience, it may be mentioned that Mr. Wild is a straight, square man, much the same one year as another, capable of hard work, not given to sighing or sentimentalizing yet by no means insensible to the beauties of music; and so devoid of assumption as to be more likely to be undervalued than overvalued by the casual observer. Such a man wears well in the rub of daily life and in weekly rehearsal. And all these things together have given Mr. Wild his exceptionally strong position with this great and celebrated choral society—for there are few choral societies anywhere with a better record for twenty-five years' work than the Apollo Musical Club of Chicago.

Digitized by Google

AN APPRECIATION OF BRAHMS.

BY GLENN DILLARD GUNN.

"This John is a prophet who will also write revelations," said Schumann.

Everyman who has given the world a truly inspired revelation has been heralded enthusiastically by a few kindred spirits, and received with indifference by the world. Nor is it long until the enthusiasm of his followers arouses correspondingly heated opposition which proves the true greatness of his work.

Today there is no longer a question of the greatness of the work of Johannes Brahms. Slowly but surely he has come into his own. "Bach, Beethoven, Brahms," say the Germans with pardonable pride. The expression is sufficiently significant. But while there is abundant evidence on almost every program of the widespread interest in the works of this composer, there are many to whom they are yet a sealed book, and still more who, while they fully appreciate the beauty of single compositions or parts thereof, also find much which they do not understand or which they absolutely dislike. To such persons is this paper addressed, and its purpose is to offer a few suggestions which may possibly lead to a better understanding of the works of this master.

The objections most frequently raised to Brahms' music are briefly, a tendency to complicated rhythms; counterpoint so elaborate that it obscures the thought; harmonies which are so dissonant as to be not only harsh but almost unrecognizable—in short, a lack of clearness, a general indirectness of expression, which, when measured by the standards of Bach, Beethoven and the classic school, seems very foreign to established laws of beauty.

In part, this is to be admitted, but that seeming lack of clearness and harsh harmonies are always faulty is an open question. The painter is no longer required to present accurately each detail of his picture. Indeed, it is contended that too much attention to detail detracts from the effect as a whole. Landscape painters of the modern school are now admitted to surpass

Digitized by Google

their predecessors of the brown shadows and microscopic foliage. But with what a storm of criticism their purple shadows and mists were received!

Now, this lack of clearness of which so many complain—but which often exists chiefly in the mind of the hearer—is really one of the charms of Brahms' music. The art that leaves nothing to the imagination always fails to satisfy.

Brahms always presents sone one thought with sufficient force and clearness to fix the attention and maintain the interest. But there are secondary and accompanying melodies—bits of beauty half revealed—which are as suggestive of delights just withheld as Mr. Kipling's "Other Story." And all are set in vivid, virile harmonies; not as severely simple and regular in progression as Beethoven—whose greatest dissipation, with all respect be it said—is an occasional diminished seventh or German sixth; nor yet as freely chromatic as Wagner; but combining with the dignity of diatonic succession the richness of dissonant harmony.

Bach and Beethoven present their thought with a clearness and directness which is as satisfying as the clear-cut profile of a Mozart symphony—an ideal of classic beauty. But, unlike Mozart, "They touch the deeper springs of feeling," to quote Mr. Mathews, and this emotional element, which often becomes the motive and not the mere accompaniment, allies them at once to the romantic as well as the classical school. All great composers are at times romantic, but of all Brahms succeeds most completely in combining the elements of the two schools.

There is no greater master of "that logical sequence of repetition and contrast called form." Beethoven hardly equals him in variation or in breadth and dignity of conception. Schumann is not more intimate; Chopin is not more tender. Added to this there is an atmosphere of coloring absolutely original. It is this "indirectness of expression"—which many criticise—this suggestion of mystery, which appeals at once to the imagination and greatly enhances the beauty and interest of the work. Brahms is not the first composer to introduce mystery into his music. For instance, the opening of the first movement of the seventh symphony is a notable example of this effect in Beethoven. But Brahms is the only composer of whom it is characteristic.

Brahms is already heralded as the successor of Beethoven in symphony and of Schubert and Schumann in song. It is his piano works that are least liked and least understood. The rea-

Digitized by Google

son is not far to seek. Brahms' treatment of the piano is unique, often awkward. The pianist finds himself face to face with a figuration to which he is entirely unaccustomed and for which his previous experiences offer little preparation. Then, there is no opportunity for display. Even Beethoven, whose every note is sincere, offers more. And one cannot blame the pianist for wanting to show his technique, which he has spent many weary years in acquiring. His fault lies in wanting to show it off all the time. Brahms' figuration is a study in itself, wonderfully refreshing and invigorating after the elegant conventionality of Mendelssohn, the superficiality of Liszt, or even Chopin's delightful style.

As said above, Brahms' treatment of the piano is most original. It is orchestral—not merely that the greatness of his thought suggests the orchestra in a general way. He really reproduces on the piano the tone-coloring of the orchestra. Sometimes it is his characteristic use of the organ point or sustained upper voice; sometimes the doubling of the theme in the octave or double octave, accompanied by the third or sixth; sometimes the general effect of his figurations and rhythmical variations that cause the piano to take on the orchestral tone. (See Riemann's Brahms, or von Bulow's Letters.)

As much as one may analyze the work of any great master and as profitable as such study cannot fail to be, it is none the less unsatisfactory. It is quite impossible to express in words the essence of genius.

We are impressed by the great intellectuality of the music of Brahms, which displays itself in his mastery of the form and technique of composition. But we feel that behind all this there is an "earnestness of purpose" which is the great emotional motive that underlies his whole art. It is this earnestness that allies him most closely to Bach and Beethoven. Indeed, the genius of Brahms is allied to every German master more or less intimately. Dr. Riemann says:

"From Bach he inherited the depth; from Haydn the humor, from Mozart the charm, from Beethoven the strength and from Schubert the intimateness of his art. Truly a wonderfully gifted nature that was able to absorb such a fullness of great gifts and still not to lose the best of gifts—that strong individuality which makes the greater master."

Chicago, Nov. 19, 1900.

Digitized by Google

THE SONGS OF ROBERT FRANZ.

BY SYDNEY PRESTON BIDEN.

That the songs of Robert Franz should be so generally neglected by the present generation of singers in America is a mystery to which no musician with whom I have talked on the subject has ever offered a satisfactory explanation.

Presenting, on the whole, fewer technical difficulties than the songs of Schubert and Schumann, yet possessing an individuality, the musical strength of which stamps Franz as a genius of the first order, containing a simplicity and directness of expression unequaled in my knowledge of song literature, the fact remains that the songs are not sung.

It is not my intention to attempt any explanation of this fact, for, indeed, I know of none, but to point if I may to students and singers unfamiliar with them why these songs are worthy of their best effort.

In my opinion no man has yet lived and written songs with a more perfect comprehension of the song form; with a keener perception of what was due the poem from the music.

So perfectly are the two blended into one inseparable whole that it is as if the poet might have written the music or the musician the poem. In all of Franz's songs there is this perfection of unerring musical instinct. "Im Herbst" with its wealth of the coloring of absolute despair; "Willkommen, Mein Wald," and "Er ist Gekommen," splendid melodic outbursts of spontaneous joy. Who could sing Franz's "Marie, am Fenster sitzest Du" and not feel the genuineness, the purity of its inspiration. And so one might go through the Franz Lieder, finding in all the same adequateness of expression, the same great measure of genius; always the maintenance of the highest of the ideal.

There are, I think, 257 of these songs, settings of the poems of Goethe, Heine, Lenau, Ruskert, Chamisso, Eichendorff and others of the German poets. Also there are settings of some of the poems of Robert Burns.

Digitized by Google

Like all men of genius, Franz, in his musical expression, runs the whole gamut of the emotions—joy, sorrow, love and wretchedness, hate and religious ecstacy.

One thinks surely a man of this type must be many sided through intuition, rather than through actual experience, for life is too short to hold the all which they express in their writings.

A German lady, a native of Halle, who had been in Franz's classes there, is my authority for the statement that he considered his setting of "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt" as his finest lyric, but that is, of course, purely a matter of opinion.

In Germany the songs have taken their place on a plane of equality with those of Schubert and Schumann, and are sung there almost if not quite as much.

How shall we bring about a like condition of things in America, where nowadays no song recital program is complete without its share of the classics. I must descend to slang parlance in order to say I think it is "up to" the teachers, the students and the professional singers to popularize, or, rather to introduce, these songs. It is these who are the middle men between composer and public—a public which I have faith to believe wants the best, yet knows not exactly how to get it.

Some progress is being made from year to year. We are emerging slowly from the state in which we follow, to the exclusion of all else, the pursuit of wealth, and this finds us with some leisure to devote to the pursuit of art.

At present I am free to admit the great American public cares practically nothing for Schubert, Schumann or Franz. They pay their money and call for the best you have, provided it be something near enough the surface to amuse them.

The "Persian Garden" will afford them an infinitely greater amount of enjoyment than the "Dichterliebe" of Schumann or the Brahms "Magelone Lieber," because the former requires not the slightest mental effort on their part, either of absorption or assimilation. It is heard, enjoyed and forgotten an hour afterward, nor do I imagine there is any particular desire to hear it again.

Not so the latter. They may require to be heard many times to reach the stage of thorough enjoyment, but, once really absorbed, they are good for a lifetime, to be heard with ever-increas-

Digitized by Google

ing pleasure and awakening one to the realization of new beauties with every hearing.

It is the cry of our singers that they cannot sing the classics to a public wanting only the lightest form of amusement. That only the foreign artist dare call on an audience for any effort of thought. This we might call an unfair truth. True, in a sense, because the magic of a foreign name and personality still carries undue weight with our American audiences. Unfair, because American artists are but seldom inclined to give their public the chance of listening to the best of song literature. So both public and artists are somewhat to blame.

Let us look at the matter from what, I take it, should be the artists' standpoint, if it is not. The classic songs, so-called, are the songs which have stood the test of time and not been found wanting. They are not for yesterday, today or tomorrow, but for all time. It is with them that great artists of generations past and to come have made and will make their fame. To sing Schubert or Schumann, Brahms or Franz well is a proud distinction, for it can indicate nothing other than a good mentality and sound musicianship.

I believe the day will come in America as it has come in Germany, when the rendition of these classics will be required of a singer and it will come just so soon as our singers have sung them sufficiently to familiarize the public with them. It is simply a case of the survival of the fittest, and, being so, the matter is sure to right itself. Singer, teacher, pupil, however, can do much to help it along and thus the earlier reap the benefit.

Of one thing, however, we may be sure. Those things in art possessing the greatest elements of worth possess at the same time the greatest elements of life and are the gift of genius to future generations. But how much better for a teacher to thoroughly ground a pupil in the classics, thus educating him musically and giving him a source of inspiration to last his life time, rather than to simply rake his musical nature on the surface with ballads, popular sentimental songs, etc., that go in one ear and out the other, leaving him precisely at the point from which he started.

It may be argued that the classics are much too difficult to give a student in the early stages of his musical education. This is not so. In the songs of Schubert, Schumann and Franz will be

Digitized by Google

found many lyrics which are thoroughly good musically, yet which call for only the elementary principles of vocalization and musical thought.

To return to Franz and to get, if we can, at something of what the real man was—apparently life brought to him few of the things which men are wont to prize as typifying success or greatness. A life made up of straitened circumstances, of lack of recognition, of much physical disability, of many of the hard and wearing strenuosities of life, and, at the last, when lacking the power to hear what he wrote, he could write no more, with poverty following hard behind, a beneficiary of some few who, recognizing his genius, raised, in various ways, enough to keep him from becoming a public charge. In this I am proud to say America had her share, a subscription of not inconsiderable proportions being raised in this country.

But, through whatever hardship life brought to Franz, his song rings clear, true and ever beautiful. It was apparently a thing apart and no force or stress of circumstances was ever able to make it other than the perfection of truth in the form of the perfection of art.

As I have before intimated, the songs are not of great technical difficulty; they do not, as a rule, call for a voice of great compass, yet the surface student, the dabbler, will find nothing in them for him.

Bring to the Franz songs some voice, a good musical intelligence, as much of poetry as the good God has given you. Above all, bring what should be every earnest student's possession, an earnest desire to make your own the thought lying within that which you essay to study or to do.

Study Franz's songs with these things in mind and you will find a mine of wealth that will most richly repay you. Already, in this country, there has been created within a somewhat limited but constantly growing sphere a desire for the songs of Schubert and Schumann. This is but the dawning of a new and better day, and when we shall come into the full light of it I am confident that we shall place on a plane not lower than that assigned to the two illustrious immortals just mentioned the name of Robert Franz.

After all, it is to him who creates that we owe our greatest debt. A great voice is for a few years only. A little while to delight

Digitized by Google

as large a number as may chance to lie within its sphere, and then from an actuality today it becomes a memory tomorrow fainter and ever fainter till even the echo of it passes out into the great silence and is no more heard among us. But he who has a message not alone to us but to our children and our children's children, who, with the vernal freshness of perfect inspiration speaks to generations yet to be; what a debt of reverence, of thankfulness and of affection should be his. Such an one was Robert Franz. Let us of today begin to pay the debt.

Kimball Hall, Chicago, Dec. 6, 1900.

Digitized by Google

SPIRITUALISM AND MATERIALISM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS.

It is not to philosophers that this discourse is addressed. They would not understand me; and they are right. Philosophy is a science, and all science, as all art, demands the entire life of man in order to cultivate it seriously. My discourse here addresses itself to a large and numerous class of men curious concerning everything which is interesting and superior, but incapable of overcoming their dismay upon encountering sight of an expert book. As a scholar for the moment, something much resembling an ignorant person who has, in some sort, reduced for piano the grand orchestra of philosophers, possibly I may be able to bring to a few of these timid ones a little of this transcendant music; and should I not succeed, at least I shall earn the glory of having attempted it.

Savants, those who live at ease upon heights where the air is no longer respirable by the profane, often amuse themselves at the people who speak of science as upon occasion they speak of music or painting, according to their sentiment—these whom Hirn so pleasantly calls the "laity." These entrenched in life, mark the progress of science, differing from him in good fashion, accusing the scientist of all evils which afflict society, opposing spiritualism to materialism; and, while science continues peaceably, according to its eternal majestic flight, the eternal pursuit of truth, the laity linger over subordinate discussions, not perceiving that they are battling upon fields abandoned long ago. In a memorable duel of this kind, two great savants, Hirn and Buchner, since entered into the repose of immortality, gave such strokes that spiritualism and materialism, which received the thumps, have remained disabled ever since.

Both undertook the redoubtable problem of "future life, according to science."

Buchner, an avowed materialist, admitted in the universe only two elements—matter and energy—and for him there was, in consequence, no question of the spiritual, and consequently no future life.

Digitized by Google

Hirn, a spiritualist, naturally conceived the question in quite another manner. His originality consisted in this, that he sought to demonstrate the existence of God and the immortal soul, not as philosophers, by the sole aid of reason, but by scientic arguments taken from astronomy.

All his house was built upon this foundation: According to him it may be demonstrated and definitely acquired by science that the entire universe (of which the author without difficulty admits the indefinite dimensions) was formerly an indefinite nebula, analogous to what astronomers call an "irreducible nebula," that is to say, a nebula not reducible into stars; and that an exterior will had given this nebula (which resembles the Chaos of the Bible) a "first impulse," the determining cause of its evolution, which tends to an equilibrium, and this could be nothing else than a tendency to return to its original state. Nothing hinders the Creator from recommencing indefinitely the same experience; the author does not say this, but it necessarily follows. Newton also imagined that the movements of the planets might occasionally be so disordered as to require the intervention of the Creator to set them right.

The idea of Newton was false. This of Hirn; is it true? I do not know; but it seems risky, with the little we know about the universe, to plan such a system. Luminous appearances, innumerable in the heavens, offer us problems the solution of which is still awaited. Some of them are or appear perfectly round; others are without form, gigantic to a point difficult to conceive, such as the nebula in Orion, with its group of stars in the center; or another in the same constellation, recently revealed by photography, the length of which surpasses imagination; many affect the spiral form, still unexplained; a form which is illustrated in certain aggregations of stars, such as are ordinarily seen in the recesses of space, as if concentration was forming suns. Is this concentration destined to go on until a catastrophe happens, and this approximation of suns creates a fire of stars and a volatilization of everything material under a temperature of which we cannot conceive the intensity? Wherefore do the stars whose immense distance makes them seem to us immovable, really participate in an extremely rapid motion, in obedience to laws still unknown? What are the comets? We know how they conduct themselves,

Digitized by Google

but we are entirely ignorant of their origin and their nature.

Ignorant of so many essential things, how can we pretend to write the history of the universe?

II.

Materialism and Spiritualism are the opposite poles of mortal thought. Buchner has demonstrated that a distinct existence between matter and energy belongs to the order of impossibilities.

Hirn has demonstrated that matter by no means suffices for everything; that the agent which propagates light and electricity in space is not material, and that every attempt to explain the force of gravity upon materialistic hypotheses fails miserably. It appears to us entirely simple to recognize a force which takes us by the hand and seems destined to cast us upon the sun; yet there is no greater mystery.

So also we recognize that the agent in question, to which the name Ether has been given, if immaterial, it is for all that neither spiritual nor living.

But there is another fact, often overlooked; it is Life. And it is here that questions become still more complicated.

To materialists life is nothing more than a mode of existence for matter; but the moment when it is seen that this will not cover everything appertaining to life, life itself must be something more. All that we know concerning it is that it appears upon the earth at the moment when in the course of evolution the conditions had become favorable for its appearance; and that, as a matter of experience, every living being comes from another living being. Pasteur has killed the dream of spontaneous generation.

During forty years I was a spectator of the duel between Pasteur and Pouchet, who was so much loved by the youth. The great majority of them were for Pouchet; it was necessary to be a partisan of spontaneous generation for fear of being classed as a clerical and a fogy. Some one asked my advice. "I am waiting," I answered; "I am for him who will prove his position by a sufficient reason."

But even if spontaneous generation is impossible in the present state of things, it by no means follows from this that it has always been so. We have no idea of the conditions in which life first manifested itself upon the surface of the terrestrial globe.

Digitized by Google

For the spiritualist, human life is produced by the union of a spiritual principle, the soul, with a material body, and their separation constitutes death.

Open no matter what manual of philosophy, you will find there that thought and all its attributes, will, reflection, judgment, memory—conduct directly to the soul; because matter, as they define it, cannot think. You will find there, drawn up in line, like soldiers in review, a succession of beautiful reasonings, arms, cuirasses, all powerful and unattackable.

Unfortunately they overlook one point; it is that all these deductions, made in view of man alone, apply, point by point, to the animal also.

Descartes saw this; he turned the point by suppressing the animal and conceiving him as an unconscious machine. Nevertheless, Descartes was not alone a powerful reasoner; he was also a capable and indefatigable observer; he had seen, certainly, but he had not wished to see: his courage failed him at this point to apply his celebrated method.

So long as the reign of Cartesianism endured, this idea of the unconscious animal was the order of the day. It is necessary to recall the tone in which Madame Grignam refused the present of a pretty little dog; she did not desire, said the consistent Cartesian, to embarrass herself with a machine of that kind. Poor beasts, so affectionate and so devoted! But do not forget that similar ideas still prevail. Observe the profound astonishment of people at witnessing the proofs of intelligence in animals. If this astonishes them, they must believe at bottom that man alone upon the earth has a right to be intelligent.

Once a friend of mine was traveling on horseback in Algeria, accompanied by a young brack hound. The river, "la Chiffa," was encountered. The dog threw himself bravely into the water, but the current is very swift; he was carried far from his master, whom he presently followed at a grand gallop. The course of the Chiffa is sinuous; a little later a new crossing; the water naturally seemed flowing in a direction opposite from that which it formerly had—do not neglect this detail. What did the dog do? She stopped and looked about her; afterwards, coming up on the bank, following the border of the torrent.

Will, observation, reflection, judgment showed themselves very clearly in this act; and if this is to be explained as

Digitized by Google

"instinct," is there not reason for attributing to the same mover almost all the actions of man?

What then rests to man alone? The Word; and by the aid of this marvellous instrument, human intelligence takes on an immense advance. But the word did not create intelligence; it merely assisted its development.

It proves nothing to insist upon the immense superiority of human intelligence; the question is not whether human intelligence is superior, but whether the intelligence of man and that of animals are essentially different in nature; a fact which nothing justifies us in affirming. Observation permits us to go thus far: Thought is the product of life working in a brain; and its development is coordinate with the development of the brain, and its organization.

Between the brain of an animal and that of man there are profound differences to the savant, but they are only differences of detail. The general plan is the same.

Let us leave Renan to affirm, without proof, that language appeared in entire pieces at the same time as man. Primitive man still exists, under the form of savage races, and some of these have no more than fifteen words in their entire vocabulary. Between animals and the primitive man that we know, it is possible to suppose an intermediate form, a link, a man-like creature, still less favored. A step farther and the word is replaced by inarticulate cries.

Let us turn back, if you please, to the barrier which separates animals from man.

From the moment, they say, we admit that by the reciprocal action of the elements of the physical world alone one can never produce, not merely a living being, but the very least of organic cells, there exists necessarily, outside the organs of no matter what living creature, a directive element which separates radically between the life of the very lowest of these inanimate machines. This element, this animating force, is the soul. So speak certain modern spiritualists.

Let us see where this leads us.

Nothing which has ever existed can ever be destroyed—we speak of simple elements—the animal principle, simple by definition, is imperishable. Thus it will be not alone the human soul which we must consider immortal; we will be

Digitized by Google

forced to descend indefinitely in the scale of being to accord a principle of imperishability to animalculae, anthozoaires, protozores, microbes, and to vegetables even; who does not see that we reach the absurd very soon by this road?

But extremes touch each other, and absurdity may possibly lead us to truth. Modern science is beginning to say that wherever there is life, even if but in a simple cell or something smaller still, there is already a rudiment of intelligence, as there is a rudiment of life; thought becomes conscious little by little, in proportion as the organism perfects itself, as it forms at first nerve centers, later a brain more and more organized. It is in will that the principle of intelligence begins to manifest itself.

III.

Let us return again to human nature; here even if we do not know much we are at least upon ground with which we are familiar.

"It is not the soul which thinks," says the materialist; "it is the brain."

"It is the soul which thinks by means of the brain, which is used as an instrument," says the spiritualist.

Materialism explains thought as an incessant movement and collision of atoms, a theory which explains nothing at all; and so spiritualism has a fine time railing at and pointing out the muddy water, for surely never was water less clear.

Evidently if we admit a soul distinct from the body, we will have to conceive of it as needing a brain to think as of an ear to hear and an eye to see; but its immortality will be purely theoretical and without interest for us, if the consciousness of existence does not survive the destruction of the organs at the separation of the soul from the body. Now it is averred that in profound sleep, in complete fainting, under the empire of certain abnormal states which suspend the activity of the brain, this consciousness is completely abolished. The belief, then, in the reality of a human Me, with power to exist independent of the organism has in it nothing scientific, since experience does not confirm it.

No philosopher, even among the greatest, has been able to explain how a spirit can inhabit a determined place, as a spirit inshrined in matter, nor how spirit can operate upon matter or

Digitized by Google

matter upon spirit. The reason is simple. By these two words, spirit and matter, we explain not realities ascertained from the facts, but abstractions in whole, created by powerful metaphysics, which touch facts nowhere.

Since the most remote antiquity, this conception has encountered its opponents and the idea of a "I know not what," outside of spirit and matter, has taken birth little by little, as also the idea of a universe eternal and without limits has increased, impelled by the forces in its nature, whose unconscious equilibrium governs the world.

Rejected, persecuted, these ideas appear everywhere, at the end of Greek philosophy, in the middle ages, at the renaissance. Exile, prison, the executioner have been at the end of their resources to extirpate this error. The reformed church has not been behind the zeal of the Romish, and everywhere flames have devoured the impious. At Paris one of the bold ones was torn in pieces by the students. Noble martyrs! They had no recompense to look for; they suffered and died for an idea, in order not to lie to their own consciences, not to blush before themselves. This is what religion calls pride and hardness of heart.

In our own days the customs are less ferocious. Students thinking orthodoxly are content to hiss M. Aulard, one of the greatest thinkers of our times.

IV.

To resume. Materialism would explain everything as movements of matter, and is convinced of its powerlessness.

Spiritualism would explain everything as the action of spirit upon matter, but it cannot demonstrate that it has reason behind it.

Science brings in yet another element, which is neither spirit nor matter, which we are not able to comprehend, even while we point out its effects.

All this astonishes, because it has been a habit for many centuries to substitute illusions for realities. Wishing to explain the universe without knowing much about it they said: "Everything which is not matter is spirit." "Everything which is not spirit is matter." And they have gone on to describe minutely the attributes of each (without knowing for certain that either one existed), without which it would be impossible for either to

Digitized by Google

exist. Now it is found that such a theory does not answer to the facts.

Official philosophy does not yet acknowledge itself beaten; spirit and matter are necessary to it and a soul at every cost. Hence the strife, the arguments, the tears. In many circumstances, philosophy admits, it is possible to see the brain of a living human being; nevertheless no one has seen the brain perform its functions. Great thinkers, justly celebrated savants, are reduced to arguments of this kind.

"No one has actually seen the functions of the brain." But even admitting that by a miracle of science it might be possible to actually observe the functions of the cells of the brain in its activity, it is evident that no one would still be able to *see thought;* we can see the vibrations of a sounding body, but we do not see the sound. And for that matter, have we ever seen any organ in the act of performing its functions? By the aid of a microscope one can follow, even to the end of the foot of a frog, the going and coming of the blood; can one see how the venous blood is changed into arterial blood? Can we see in the lungs how the blood is transformed from venous to arterial? Can we see how the liver secretes bile? Can we see how water absorbed by the plant is changed into sap, and this again into perfumes and poisons?

Living matter is no longer mere matter; it is mystery. The time has come for sounding the mystery, to approach boldly the study of unexplained facts, such as those of hypnotism and other occult manifestations, of which we have been accustomed to disembarrass ourselves by denying them (which is no longer possible), or by invoking the chimerical intervention of spirits. This is what M. Flammarion is trying to do, in his curious book upon "The Unknown," in which he attempts to place in the order of nature facts strange, apparently supernatural; but how can he infer from these facts the existence of a soul independent of the body? They seem to establish so much as this: The unknown force which produces thought may have the power of projecting itself beyond the limits of the body; a brain may be able to operate at distance upon another brain. But it by no means follows that this force is of a "spiritual" nature, independent of the brain. Is it possible that M. Flammarion is duped by the etymology of the word "psychic"? He

Digitized by Google

admits *a priori* the human duality; he does not think that ideas and sensations are of the same order, even though it has been seen this long time that it is not possible to have ideas where there has not yet been sensation and that consequently sensations must generate ideas; he does not desire that the brain, the seat of intellectual operations, should be regarded as the creator of them; in all this he obeys his spiritual education and Metaphysics, that grand syren of thought, whose graces fascinate and deceive the great thinkers who follow her.

But M. Flammarion is sincere, he is impassioned for truth; he searches for her; he now and then momentarily encounters her, and then such phrases as these escape him:

"All the facts relative to the production and association of ideas may be explained by the vibrations of the brain and those of the nervous system which there takes its origin. Possibly spirit and force in matter are nothing but different manifestations of an entity which remains unknowable by our senses. Thought is a dynamic act."

It is necessary to have courage to say this. Questions of soul, conscious immortality, the idea of God, which is of the same order, all these belong not to the domain of science but to that of faith. Faith places itself outside of and above reason, and this renders it unattackable; it imposes itself, and no discussion with it is possible. Looking down from on high upon human science, it affirms that by the sole forces of his intelligence man cannot attain to eternal truth. Faith and science can never understand each other; the golden dream of uniting them, cherished by so many superior men is a chimera.

Most touching efforts have been made to conciliate them. Among others, countless volumes have been written to explain scientifically the six days of Genesis, transformed by the needs of the cause into geological epochs. But we now know that there were no geological epochs, in the proper sense of the word; that cataclysms, standing still of the sun, deluges, are local phenomena; the surface of the earth is modified slowly, continually, as is being done incessantly under our own eyes, without our recognizing it or perceiving it, so short is our existence compared with hers; and, if we speak of epochs, it is merely for fixing an idea, for facilitating the study of geology, nothing more.

Digitized by Google

"I believe because it is absurd," said the apostle; "this makes you believe but stupefies you," said Pascal. Both are right. Faith and reason are incompatible.

Science and religion, it is often said, ought to live on side by side; the one addresses the intelligence of man, the other speaks to his heart. It is forgotten that to each of us truth appears from a different standpoint. Nevertheless it is impossible to imagine how we are going to understand two voices which speak to our ears in contradictory terms. It is necessary to decide and to choose.

V.

It is a strange thing and worthy of remark: Lately so perfectly inflexible, faith tends to humanize itself, and to approach science, yet without being able to arrest its fatal march. It is long ago that they forbade us to believe that the earth revolved, and the "Pars Physica" of a treatise in theology is but an object of curiosity. They have an observatory at the Vatican, and it is possible to see a prelate blessing a telescope with a flood of beautiful words, conciliating and consoling. The public demands no more. It is well understood that all this holds mainly to generalities, and that great care is taken not to go too deep; men are little inclined for this, ordinarily; they excel in making contraries agree at the expense of all logic. They even go so far as to change the sense of the old words. They call "God" the voice of conscience; "Religion," respect for holy things; they leave dogma to theologians and march on at hazard without reflecting upon things which might embarrass them, and pass over with a smile what might be impiety, because it would be unbecoming and troublesome.

There was once a lovely impiety, that of the poet Lucretius, treated as impious because he listened to the voice of his reason and could not reconcile it with the "verities" of paganism. Incredulous rather than impious, the latter word awakening ideas of hatred and contempt of holy things and the despisal of infancy and its adorable simplicity. Like the infancy of the individual, that of the humanity is sacred and its beliefs to be respected. This infancy is not yet ended; long hence, very long hence, men will feel themselves feeble and will wish to comfort thmselves with beliefs, be the object of the beliefs true or not;

Digitized by Google

and so long as they have need of believing, nothing ought to hinder them from it.

Suppose for an instant, if you will permit, that reason should be definitely victorious, so that science should reign the sovereign mistress of all the world.

Would man thereby be happy?

Assuredly not; but that matters little. Happiness is a relative thing; whatever it be, it can be only a happy accident, a lucky chance. To say to man that he has a right to be happy is the surest possible means of rendering him unhappy. There is no way than for him to find it already under his hand, as it were, if not Happiness, with a great H, an irresistible ideal, at least a very sufficient happiness, without the assistance of any belief or any mysticism.

How?

Quite simply, as religion has already indicated; in devotion, in sacrifice, and in adding labor, which religion seems to have forgotten.

Wherefore?

Because in marching along this path, one obeys the laws of nature.

"Nature," says one, "interests herself more with the species than with the individual, whence the struggle for existence, which makes such a noise. But this law also arrests its action at the point where it injures the species; it is then replaced by a contrary law.

It is clear, in effect, that species will fade out shortly if parents devour their offspring, if the representatives of the same species continually seek to destroy each other.

All the world knows the devotion, at times pushed even to heroism, which animals show for their young. Read "The Bird," read "The Insect," of Michelet, those delicious books, and see what astonishing examples of labor and devotion to the same thing these little creatures show. If they work in this way, it is not probably for the sake of an ascetic ideal; it is because they find a joy, a satisfaction in a natural ideal.

Religion, we say, seems to have overlooked labor as an element of happiness; it regards it as a punishment or an inferiority. "Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow," says the scripture. Pious painters, it is true, have shown Jesus laboring

Digitized by Google

with Joseph in his trade of carpenter, but Holy Scripture says nothing of these labors. The Messiah has always something else to do. What it says to us is that he openly preferred contemplation to action, Mary to Martha. In the holy books of India, inaction, immobility even, are given as the climax of perfection.

This is contrary to human nature; action is indispensable, because activity is one of the conditions of this life. Those who seek to find happiness in idleness and in egotism, deceive themselves strangely; they will find there only weariness, sickness, hypochondria, a disgust of themselves and others, a premature death.

The man who works maintains the vitality of his organs; the man who devotes himself and sacrifices for others forgets his own evils and tastes the highest joys, those which have no flaw of discouraging reaction. The joys of the artist and of the savant are of this sort, since they all labor for humanity. The laborious and the charitable are the happiest people in the world.

As to science, it has promised happiness to no one; its role consists in searching after truth and in making it clear by the torch of reason. From time to time science discovers a new truth, and this renders happy for the moment those who love to penetrate the mysteries which surround them; if some one abuses these discoveries, she is not responsible. To reproach science of not having contributed to the happiness of humanity is as unreasonable as to reproach art with its barrenness of progress in agriculture.

Art! What an element of happiness, not alone for those who cultivate it but also for those who know how to appreciate it! How happy would men be if they had been endowed with the aesthetic sense, natural to man (the work of savages shows it) and which civilization ought to cultivate, although she more often seems bent on smothering it and eradicating it. Who knows but one day, free from lucre, disabused of mysticism, disgusted at massacres, humanity may not turn herself this way?

Let science accomplish her work. She marches by handbreadths. May be the men who live ten thousand years later will resolve easily the questions which we struggle with and are unable to answer.—From the French in *Nouvelle Revue*.

Digitized by Google

I have several times spoken of the remarkable work in music in some of the great western universities—using the term western from an eastern standpoint. Here, for example, come some programs from Mr. Harry Purmont Eames, who is pianist and lecturer at the school of music of the university of Nebraska—a school which has somewhere near two thousand students. Mr. Eames sends me three recital programs of his own. The first is upon "Norwegian Music," and it was delivered before the Women's Club, of Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 22. The list contained the following from Grieg: Two dances, six folk songs, Halling, March of the Dwarfs, Funeral March, and the Peer Gynt suite, No. 1. The other composers represented are Vermland, Uppland, Kjerulf, Svendsen, Ole Olson and Sindsing.

The second is a Mozart recital: Sonata in C major, Pastorale Varie, Sonata in A major, Rondo in A minor, Fantasia and Sonata in C Minor. The third is a miscellaneous recital, Dec. 8, played by Mr. Eames: Bach-Liszt, Organ prelude and Fugue in A minor; Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2; Schubert, Impromptu in A flat; Schubert-Liszt, "Am Meer," "Hark, Hark the Lark," "My Sweet Repose," and the "Erl King"; Chopin, Nocturne in G major, Mazurkas in F sharp minor and A minor, Waltz in A flat, Op. 42, Polonaise in C minor; Mendelssohn, Songs Without Words, Nos. 3, 44, 34; Liszt, Rhapsodie, No. 12. As Mr. Eames is in many respects a strong player, fully equal to these programs, the importance of the opportunity to the class of students attending from the new states, where concert privileges are rare, will easily be appreciated. Speaking of Mr. Eames, it occurs to me that I failed to make a correction in a notice published of his work some months ago, in which the omission of a line (undiscovered until the magazine appeared in print) made an important difference in the meaning. The

Digitized by Google

notice meant to be complimentary to Professor Eames, but the omission gave it the opposite appearance. At Des Moines I criticized his too great freedom in rythm; the notice looked as if I meant to criticize his playing as a whole, which I did not. Mr. Eames' playing is always emotional and almost invariably enjoyable.

* * *

Naturally the dean of all this western university cultivation in music is Professor Stanley, at the university of Michigan—that plain and useful school, where, upon a total expenditure of less than six hundred thousand dollars a year, they contrive to give first class university privileges to a student body which is expected to aggregate about 3,800 this year. The income of the university comes about equally from a legislative appropriation and the fees of the students; the Michigan students pay no tuition fees. About half the students are from that state, but other states contribute students enough to make a large university, no less than ninety-seven coming from the state of New York.

I have never been in a university place where the atmosphere was plainer, more business like, and simple than at Ann Arbor. Naturally 3,600 students are not taught without a multitude of class rooms; the departments of chemistry, engineering, and the like, have magnificent appointments of their own. I should say they have two millions of dollars in buildings; perhaps more. But everything is for use. While the buildings are not mere plain barns, such as college buildings used to be, they are not pretentious. But they are well prepared to do business. For instance, the central library consists of about 150,000 volumes, and it is commodiously housed in a fire proof building, under conditions promising permanence. There is a great auditorium, or concert hall, seating over 2,500, and containing a good grand piano, a great organ of four manuals, the same that Farrand and Votey exhibited at the Columbian fair in Chicago, in 1893; this cost the university about $15,000, and was contributed by the women's organization, assisted by the musical department.

I had the pleasure of meeting a number of professors and the distinguished head of the university, President Angell. He is a fine man, his facial appearance suggesting the late Horace Greeley—perhaps it is the whiskers and the smooth Yankee face,

Digitized by Google

so kindly, so intelligent, and evidently so capable. He sits in a plain office, and is surrounded by no frills.

The university has a very practical connection with music. Mr. A. A. Stanley is professor of music in the university. He gives lectures upon musical history and aesthetics, conducts classes in theory, counterpoint, and the like—all of which count for degree work. I like his spirit. What he tries to do is to so manage his department as to influence the vast body of undergraduates to appreciate music and to learn to take pleasure in hearing it. He does this in part by the lectures, in part by frequent recitals, of which there is more to say later, and in part through the great choral society and the yearly May festivals, for which the best artists are engaged. The choral society consists of three or four hundred voices, which are entirely changed in a little over three years. The first year material consists of voices as yet unpracticed in choral work and untrained in reading. The second year voices have acquired the art; and the third year are the stars. What Professor Stanley wants is not so much the best possible performances of the works studied (though this, naturally, is worked for with zeal and certainty) as to awaken an enthusiasm in the members for choral music, to the end that when they go out for their life work they in turn will become missionaries for music in the places where they live. It is a great idea. It is nobly supported and countenanced by the faculty from the president down.

* * *

Then they have a School of Music, affiliated with the university, but in no way under its authority or support. The music labors under two serious difficulties: First of all it has no endowment and no legislative assistance; and, second, the work done in it does not count in the slightest towards a degree in the university. If the latter point could be modified in favor of serious studies of the pianoforte, violin, singing and organ (theory already counts when done in the university classes), there would doubtless be many who would carry on the study of instrumental music and singing from the standpoint of literature, and as those intending to become performing artists.

Professor Stanley thinks that he can never expect to attract to the university young men and women who are studying the

Digitized by Google

piano, violin or singing with a view to an artistic career. He thinks that such students will, for a long time, if not always, be attracted to the great cities. But I do not see this. It will depend, in my opinion, upon the grade of instruction available in Ann Arbor. The expense of first class study there is much less than in a large city; the opportunities of literary study in connection with music are far superior, and musical theory is quite as well taught at Ann Arbor, I imagine, as anywhere else in this country, not excepting the classes under Professor John K. Paine himself. But what of the advantages for the higher education of pianists and singers? This is a question which requires a new paragraph.

* * *

In the previous issue of this magazine I made mention of the new head of the vocal department, Mr. William G. Howland, one of the best oratorio and song singers in this country; an artist with a splendid voice, considerable stage experience, magnificent presence and attractive personality, a studious, high-minded artist. This would seem to settle the rank of opportunity in the vocal department.

There is a new man at the head of the piano department in the music school, Mr. Albert Lockwood, of New York. Mr. Lockwood's story is given at greater length upon another page. Suffice it to say that this remarkable young gentleman, who is now about twenty-nine years of age, has had four or five years at Leipsic, some years with Leschetizky, and lived a year in Italy, at Florence. He has an enormous repertory, and he is in all respects a first class pianist, far superior to most of those who are starred through this country from Europe. Mr. Lockwood is a cultivated American gentleman, they say a very attractive and stimulating teacher, and an artist as modest and unassuming as any one could ask; yet at the same time he is able to play you anything at a moment's call through one of the largest concert repertoires possessed by any artist. What more is to be had in a teacher? Just think of the difference between studying with a teacher of this kind and with one of those ill-mannered, bullying German piano teachers, who are always rude to women when they are not brutally insulting.

Every American girl who has studied abroad understands how wide this difference might be, for while she may never

Digitized by Google

have seen precisely this type of American gentleman among her piano teachers, she has seen enough of the class in general to know how wide a difference it would make in the pleasure of her studies. Add to this, which in itself is everything when you consider what it means to vulgarize art in training a young and enthusiastic woman, here is something to reflect upon. More. Think of the difference in language. On the one hand, a knowledge of German so imperfect that the student loses half the good points during the first two years, or else has her lessons in English from a German knowing it too imperfectly for the finer shades of art and interpretation. So far as I can see, the only good thing they lack at Ann Arbor for educating musical artists in a first class manner is a halo of proper size. American irreverence is unfavorable to mythical productions of this sort, and it may be some years yet before such a toadstool will develop in the clear and high air of Ann Arbor; but our students, who desire their music as culture, will see from what I have said above that America is by no means in the rear in some branches of art.

This tribute to the new departure at Ann Arbor would be incomplete without referring to the astonishing series of lecture-recitals which Mr. Lockwood gave in July of this year at Hamilton, Ontario. The programs complete are found upon another page. Observe that the list contains the following concertos: Mozart, Op. 83, for two pianos; Beethoven, fifth; Schumann, in A minor; Chopin, in F minor; Tschaikowsky, in B flat minor; Rubinstein, in D minor; Brahms second (he also plays the first); Saint-Saens, in G minor. Then look at the range. Starting with Bach and his contemporaries, it comes down completely to the present day. See the Schumann program: Papillons, Carnival, Sonata, Op. 11, Fantasia in C, Concerto in A minor. It is a heroic dose—but is there not something to be learned from it? And how many pianists are there able to play it? The Chopin program was also no "slouch": A variety of Studies from Op. 10 and Op. 25; the Concerto in F minor; the Sonata in B flat minor, Op. 35; the Fantasia, Op. 49, and the Polonaise in A flat. Look at the Russian program: Tschaikowsky Concerto, Liszt Etude de Concert (which one is not stated—an undesirable omission), a group of pieces by Rubinstein and the Concerto in D minor. Then look at his Brahms

Digitized by Google

program: The Sonata, Op. 5, Ballade in D, Rhapsodie in G minor, Intermezzo, Op. 79, 3; and Concerto in B flat major. It is very doubtful whether there is any other pianist in the United States at this moment who could duplicate this astounding list of selections. And from what I know of Mr. Lockwood's playing, I doubt whether there is one who could play any quarter of it, selected at their own pleasure, better than Mr. Lockwood. Surely this is a man and a virtuoso whose work deserves to be watched with interest. He ought to become a great power in American musical development.

* * *

There is one aspect of this musical work at the university of Michigan which leaves something to be desired. There is as yet not the slightest beginning of an orchestra there. Every year they have several concerts by visiting orchestras, particularly the Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, and the Boston festival orchestra, which under Mr. Mollenhauer is, I am told, an excellent orchestra. I have had pleasure in several cases of recording beginnings of orchestral work in many schools not so full as that of Michigan, but here there is none. The cultivation of music follows along peculiarly American lines. In contrast with this I do not mention the excellent student orchestras, of which in Chicago there are at least two very good ones, those of Prof. Jacobsohn and Mr. Spiering; but I remember the university of St. Petersburg, where that splendid musician and good director, Mr. H. V. Hlavach has a student orchestra of no less than one hundred and fifty players, and they give a number of concerts every year, playing whole symphonies by all good writers, and plenty of concert works.

Probably if the situation were fully understood this difference between the Russian university and our own rests first of all in the less remunerative outlook for the average student in Russia, and the fondness of the Russians for music. It is no uncommon thing there for a university professor, a teacher of high grade, even a general in the army, to practically give up his profession in order to devote himself to music. The late great master, Peter Tschaikowsky, did this; so also the celebrated composer, General Cesar Cui, who is not only a general of artillery by rank, but what is equivalent to a West Point instructor, his specialty being fortification. Yet for years Gen-

Digitized by Google

eral Cui has written about music with rare intelligence, and himself has composed many songs and a variety of serious works, including several operas. Nothing like this happens in America. Suppose, for instance, the late Tecumseh Sherman, after his march to the sea, had given up his time to writing operas, how very queer it would have seemed!

In America the musical trades union has its laws against the education of apprentices, the importation of any more foreigners to compete with those already here—most of them Germans, and no American stands the ghost of a chance of getting a place to play in an orchestra even at the trades union rate, except German be his native language. The caste system is not abolished in America in orchestral music. In Russia it is probably different. Owing to the low standard of living for the middle classes, a young man might be able to earn as good a living in the avocation of orchestral player, helped out by lessons, with composition and chances to direct to fall back upon, as in any ordinary professional channel. Nevertheless along with that missionary work for music which they do so well at Ann Arbor, there is still room for more in the line of orchestral playing and practice. And when one stops to think of it, there is no reason why it should not happen that way within a very few years. Just as in the department of women there are more and more coming for serious study, not expecting to teach but as culture for itself, so among all those thousands of young men there must be many who would be glad to keep up their early fondness for music; and after gaining a fair proficiency upon their favorite orchestral instruments would be very glad to devote an evening a week to orchestral practice. And these in turn would go out and be missionaries in those small towns where as yet they have no idea of an orchestra except as an apparatus facilitating dancing.

* * *

While in Detroit lately, I spent some time with Mr. J. H. Hahn at his conservatory of music, an institution which has done a flourishing business anytime this twenty years. Mr. Hahn has some ideas about the proper relation of the mind to playing. He makes his pupils master the music of their pieces before beginning to practice it. What does he mean by mastering their music, is it asked? I cannot precisely tell, since upon

Digitized by Google

this occasion, which was a little hurried, I did not try to make an examination. But what I heard was this: First, there was an intelligent appearing young girl, about twelve, who was asked about some of the pieces she had studied several weeks previously. One was the second Invention of Bach. She was asked what kind of sections the piece was composed of, and answered, describing the form of it; then she was asked to begin with the third section, the seventh, the ninth, and so on—all of which she did with perfect certainty. The same she did with another piece, the name of which escapes me at the moment. Whether this kind of memorizing extends to the ability to play at will the chord successions, the inner voices alone, the bass and soprano alone, etc., I do not know. But practically Mr. Hahn has been influenced by Barth's idea of having a pupil able to begin at any designated measure (by number or by line and position on the page) without referring to the printed copy. This means, with Barth, a visual impression. Mr. Hahn's way does not necessarily imply a visual impression, but a musical one, as such.

An older pupil illustrated the same system in connection with the Bach Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major, Clavier No. 3. It was entirely successful. When she played the prelude through her finger work showed to admirable advantage. This memorizing affords something very different in the playing from what we have in all those cases where the pupil having missed a note stops and has to begin over at the beginning in order to acquire momentum for crossing the dangerous point. I did not learn the manner in which the pupil is supposed to proceed in the actual work of memorizing the new piece. I am hoping that Prof. Hahn will later on unfold his system with more detail.

Of course there is no virtue in memorizing merely as a mechanical recollection; what we are after is to secure, through its instrumentality, that mental grip upon a work which the player from notes never has. My idea is, and I suppose that of Mr. Hahn as well, that it is possible to educate, cultivate, develop in young and not particularly gifted pupils, a mental action not unlike that which the specially gifted have already by nature; and by this means to bring the playing of ordinary pupils up to the intelligence and authority of a class of players

Digitized by Google

with whom at first it would not seem that they could ever hope to come in competition. Good players excel equally in two respects: In their mental and emotional grasp of their music, and in their technical facility. Now, technic depends prodigiously upon mental conception preceding; and through this special attention to the mind it is possible for young players, of ordinary talent, to acquire the authority which comes from thoroughly understanding what they have to do; while at the same time their progress in technique is vastly facilitated through their understanding so much better exactly what they are after and why.

The higher class of artist, such for instance as Mr. Lockwood, acquires a vast repertory, not so much through facility of memorizing the interesting pieces he studies as by reason of his being unable to forget them. Memorizing is not an effort to such; it is the first step towards ascertaining precisely what a master has said and what he meant by it. Persons with this gift, if it happens to be associated with the capacity to finish (which very seldom goes with this spontaneous memory) finally become great artists; when they mature their music takes on new beauties from their own inner reflection upon it. The same thing happens in lesser degree with all students who acquire a repertory and are able to retain a dozen or twenty large pieces at once.

* * *

Mr. Waldo S. Pratt, professor of music in the Hartford Theological Seminary, has an important article in the Atlantic for December upon "New Ideals in Musical Education," which deserves to be seriously considered by college authorities, and most of all by those of the east. After recognizing the growing estimation of music as an art having something quite particular to do with life and culture, Professor Pratt comes to his main theses, which are three in number. The first is that, "in the college, musical effort should address itself explicitly and largely to the needs of those who feel themselves shut out from the experiences of musicians, and who even seem to lack special musical aptitude." This assumes that a college and a special professional school are fundamentally distinct. "The latter is for a special picked class and aims to train specialists; the former is for all, and aims at a rounded preparation for life in its general relations."

Digitized by Google

His second thesis: "That in general education those aspects of music should be made prominent that concern the objective facts of musical history, analysis, criticism and elucidation; music being assumed to be parallel in nature and significance with other fine arts and with literature."

The third thesis has reference to the three ends in view as a practical result of the kind of college education in music here advocated: First, "To make students rationally intelligent about the plain facts of music." Second (and here it is necessary to condense and summarize): "To satisfy the hunger for the beautiful, the passionate momentum of the eager heart, the reaching up after the invisible and the ideal, the capacity for burning zeal and holy reverence." And, third, "that the moral and spiritual potencies of music may be better known and discriminated." In other words: "To establish manly and righteous standards in music as in other arts."

While Professor Pratt presents this as a "new ideal in musical education," readers of this magazine know that for several years ideals of this kind have been in process of working out in the university of Michigan, under Professor Stanley. It is to be regreted that Professor Stanley does not find it germane to his temperament to define and elucidate his ideals through the medium of written statements; but only through the practical administration of his work as the official exponent of the art of music in the university. Those who are immediately about him know, however, how high his ideals are, and what a natural insight he brings to his work. In the east, however, the new ideals are as yet almost entirely ignored. At Harvard a few excellent concerts are about all the training offered the unmusical undergraduate; while the musical student is trained as a specialist in composition—thus confusing the proper ideals of college work with those of a technical school, as Professor Pratt well says. At Yale the case is about the same; and at Columbia, which is graced by the handsome composer, Mr. Alexander MacDowell, in so far as information has reached this office, there is nothing done for the undergraduate body in general—nothing whatever. When we come farther west we reach Oberlin, where Professor Pratt's ideals have been worked this long time; Michigan, the northwestern university—where, however, much still remains to be set in operation; Nebraska,

Digitized by Google

Colorado, and so on—in all of which good influences are at work. In Chicago university nothing or but very little is being done in this line. No doubt it will come in time.

* * *

The Chicago Apollo Musical Club gave its first concert of the present season Dec. 3, the work being Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul." The chorus, under Mr. Harrison M. Wild, numbered about four hundred voices and showed excellent training and spirit. The solo artists were Miss Effie Stewart, soprano; Miss Mabelle Crawford, contralto; Mr. Wm. H. Rieger, tenor, and Mr. Julian Walker as the principal bass. The latter showed a very imperfect comprehension of oratorio style and vulgarized his work greatly by overmuch and ill judged portamentos. He must have been very badly taught. The tenor, Mr. Rieger, on the contrary, showed an admirable school and sang his role beautifully; and much the same might be said of Miss Stewart and Miss Crawford. The orchestra was composed of the Chicago men to the number of about forty, and Mr. Middleschulte was at the organ. Mr. Wild directed with energy and intelligence. Everybody seemed to be attentive, but from the position assigned the press the parts often semed to be out of time with each other. Whether this was actually due to lack of precision or to an unfortunate position in a corner of the hall very close to some parts and very far from others, I am unable to state. There was a good audience.

As for the work, it contains many lovely moments. One of the best is the beautiful tenor aria, "Be thou faithful unto death," with the lovely 'cello obligato, which, in this instance, was played to something very like perfection by Mr. Bruno Steindel. The work is strong in the peculiarly Mendelssohnian specialties (the Songs without Words' types), such as the soprano aria, "Jerusalem" (well sung by Miss Stewart), the alto songs, the choruses "How lovely are the messengers" (taken too fast, I think, upon this occasion—just a little too fast) and "Happy and Blest are They."

* * *

In another part of this issue, Mr. Sidney P. Biden, the promising young baritone, comments upon the neglect of classical songs and particularly of the songs of Franz, by American singers. He seems to think that this is peculiar to this country

Digitized by Google

and perhaps to the present generation. The assumption is incorrect. In all ages when there have been singers, the same custom has prevailed as now, of preferring songs which hearers will understand at first hearing, and which are so written as to display the voice. This trait in singers was just as marked among the pupils of Allessandro Scarlatti as it is among the pupils of Mme. Marchesi. It was Porpora, the most distinguished pupil of Scarlatti, who inaugurated the reign of vocal display, he himself both composing in this vein and training singers to do the work. Among his pupils were some of the most famous of the great Italian castrati, such as Senesimo and Farinelli, the first exponents of vocal pyrotechnics. I imagine that Scarlatti's daughter, the beautiful Flaminia, devoted herself to more serious singing, the innumerable solo cantatas of her father furnishing her suitable material. They were probably written for her especial use.

At the time when Schubert was most active in turning out the exquisite melodies which have enriched musical literature ever since and still give great pleasure in their instrumental arrangements, the fashionable music of the day was that of Rossini, in which empty pyrotechnics and ear-tickling tunes were the main things, and sentiment wholly wanting. Nobody sang Schubert's songs in his own day, except the phenomenally intelligent tenor Vogl. Baron Spaun comments very much to the point upon the emptiness of the usual teaching of singing in that day, and declares that a new school will have to spring up before these wonderful songs will comes into the general current of song-singing.

It was the same with Schumann, whose songs were sung neither in his own lifetime nor ever since, upon anything like an adequate scale, considering their importance and the world of beauty and deep sentiment they contain. It is no wonder, therefore, that his successors, Robert Franz and Johannes Brahms, have fallen heirs to the same neglect.

Before singers can be expected to take up these finer songs the following modifications of current teaching and practice will have to be made: First of all, the singers must learn to sing the songs in the language of the listeners, since without the text the best points of these masterworks fall unappreciated. Second, the vocal training must be much more finished than is usual, so

Digitized by Google

that the necessary qualities of tone, and above all the art of singing smoothly and of enunciating words clearly yet legato, will permit the songs to be sung with proper expression and intelligibility. Add to this the further necessity of the cultivation of taste in the singers to such a degree that they will take pride in their own work and feel that confidence in the beauty of these songs, which, as a matter of fact, the great majority of them do not understand or enjoy.

It is a curious circumstance, and not easy to explain in agreement with the supposed greater refinement and good natural taste of the fair sex, that the men singers are far more active than the women in trying to make these choice songs appreciated. This is probably due to the better, all-around education of the men aside from their music; and perhaps in part to the one-sided training of most women singers. If those of our vocal experts are right, who need three years at least upon pure tone-work, for placing a voice, and three more years for acquiring a repertory, the time for general cultivation is in danger of being cut out entirely, and our new singers will be as ignorant as many of those of former generations—or even as many of our own time—such as Tamagno, the late Campanini, and the like.

* * *

It is sometimes a disadvantage to have too good a reputation, although this is not a disadvantage under which musical periodicals as a rule labor. The reputation of this magazine for presenting serious discussions upon musical subjects often tends to keep away from it young students who fancy that it would be beyond them. Some experiments lately made indicate that even a serious periodical like MUSIC contains a variety of matter which is very interesting reading to almost any intelligent girl of fifteen, who is studying her music with anything like the self-respect she brings to her other studies. Exepriments show that almost every article is read with avidity; even this department of the magazine, which the writer feared would be too adult in character, proved entertaining and to generate a call for "more." But then why should one have been surprised at this? Will not any doctor tell us that mild alteratives are often popular as medicines for "self-taking," as the Germans say?

Some three months ago several of the periodicals were giving considerable space to phases from Saint-Saens' lately published

Digitized by Google

volume called "Portraits and Souvenirs." The best of them had already appeared in this magazine, from three to six years earlier, immediately upon the publication of the original chapters in the "Revue de Paris," "Nouvelle Revue," etc. In fact, while this periodical aims first of all to talk about music as musicians think of it, and to present by preference views of the art of noble and permanent appeal, it has been well said of it, that it is more "journalistic" that almost any other musical periodical—taking the journalistic function to consist in giving the cream of current thought.

* * *

Very gratifying reports come in from the Music Studens' Clubs of our Extension work, but there are thousands of teachers who still fail to recognize the important assistance it might be in their work. Particularly gratifying is the formation of several large clubs in flourishing schools, where the influence of a systematic study of this kind was immediately recognized by the teachers. In fact, that a work of this kind should appeal to the more intelligent piano teachers in charge of important educational departments does not surprise us; all such have felt the need of some active method of bringing their students into a better line of work. But the private teachers in small places, for whom the work is of the greatest possible assistance, are as yet, perhaps, unduly cautious in taking it up. Many underestimate their own influence with their pupils; they also underestimate the assistance a work of this kind would be to the productive power of their teaching, and to what an extent it might increase their own prestige. As Rev. Thomas K. Beecher said long ago, "the truth will stand up for any one who gives it a chance," and there is no place where it will do more than in precisely this province of piano teaching. Teachers who do not attend gatherings of other teachers and who read very little of a professional or pedagogical kind, have little idea how much information about music is floating around loose in newspapers, magazines, and the like. The result is that the majority of the patrons of any good teacher have a very fair idea of certain things which they would like their children to accomplish in taking lessons. As a rule this ideal does not include familiarity with "ragtime" music; but, on the contrary, a serious introduction into the best music, from the standpoint

Digitized by Google

of as high a type of art as is reasonable to expect from immature minds. In short, parents, even in small places, and in places where sonatas are rarely heard, desire their children to become educated in music; able to play good music attractively, and wise to discriminate good from bad. Hence when the proposition is fairly presented for the students to join this work and receive its study material, the response often takes on an alacrity entirely unforeseen by the hard-working teacher. The world had moved while she had not been aware of it.

The extension work taken up in the class of almost any good private teacher performs the following uses:

First, it promotes the selection of more interesting and valuable pieces for study; it also promotes a more thorough study, both upon the external side of finished playing, and upon the inner side of aesthetic understanding of the intention of the author.

Second, besides doing this for the individual student in the case of the pieces he studies, it enlarges his horizon by almost forcing him to hear the other pieces recommended from each author, which he has had no time to master for himself. He thus becomes familiar with the sound of many pieces by good writers, which in the ordinary course of things he would never hear anything about. He learns how to listen sympathetically, and the standpoint and intention of each piece is made clear by the explanatory matter read in connection with the playing. In other words, he begins to study his music as literature.

Third, he gains an idea of the greatest names in music, learns something about the succession of schools and styles in the tone-art, and in other ways gains in musical intelligence.

* * *

There is one feature in the ways of the musical trade which merits the serious attention of all lovers of good music. I mean the comparative lack of prosperity which all makers of fine pianofortes are now suffering. The so-called "commercial" piano is taking the place of the best instruments and is monopolizing the markets to a degree beyond what is right or normal. Everybody knows that the American piano is the product of the Chickerings, Nunns and Clarke, Steinway, somewhat assisted perhaps by Weber and Decker, and latterly by Mason & Hamlin. Practically the so-called "American" piano is the Chickering

Digitized by Google

piano of 1853, improved by the Steinways and supplied with the wide scale and the felt hammer first used by Nunns and Clarke. The Steinways began their work by combining these elements and adding the most important novelty of all, the system of cross stringing, thus enabling the bass strings to be carried across a wider part of the sounding board, and so promoting their vibration and volume.

All good or fairly good pianos anywhere made embrace all these parts of the so-called "Steinway system" (for this great firm has succeeded to a sort of proprietory interest in the combination of good qualities making up the American piano), which it is possible to have upon a commercial scale. That is to say, if one is producing a commercial piano, the expensive hand labor for perfecting imperfections which still remain unincluded in machine construction, and the expensive supervision and careful scrutiny of each individual instrument as a minister of pure tone, are both impossible; what the commercial piano does is to copy the scales and other details of a first-rate piano, systematize the production and collection of these individual parts and to perform the work upon such a scale as to minimize the expense of production. This being accomplished the commercial piano works at the other end of the problem, establishing its agencies everywhere and advertising and pushing its product with a commercial genius often of a very high order. The instruments thus produced are generally very good; much better as a rule than any piano possible to have been produced forty years ago, for instance. But they all lack the peculiar refinements of tone and the sympathetic effect which properly belong to a really artistic pianoforte. For the price commonly paid for them, such instruments are a god-send to all people of moderate means. They generally wear fairly well and are worth the money. Up to this point there is nothing to be said against the commercial piano. It has been an evolution to meet a legitimate demand.

The only place where a good musician has a quarrel with a commercial piano is when it begins to be sold where an art piano was wanted, and where it would have been chosen had the qualities of pianoforte tone and the excellencies of a really superior instrument been understood as good judges understand them. At this point the commercial piano is a fraud; not be-

Digitized by Google

cause it is not worth the money paid for it, but because it puts itself in place of a better instrument where the better instrument was desired.

This is the feature which brings it to pass that the old houses of Chickering and Steinway are selling probably no more pianos than they sold ten years ago. The house of Steinway sells fewer upright pianos now than ten years ago; its trade in grands is large and growing, but its total output is probably no greater than in 1890 or 1880, and this at the very time when its prestige is everywhere conceded. This means that other firms are supplying the increased demands. So also with smaller firms of high ideals. Take Mason & Hamlin, a firm which produces a very superior piano; or Henry F. Miller. These firms probably sell no more pianos than ten years ago; perhaps not so many. Yet everybody knows that their instruments represent the best that material, skilled labor, high ideals and long experience can produce.

* * *

There is, however, another view of this situation which appeals to me with great force. Namely this: What change would it make in the condition of the music trade if every buyer of a piano understood the difference between a commercial piano and an art piano as completely as any good judge understands it? Would the commercial piano be sold nineteen times out of twenty (perhaps ninety-nine times out of a hundred would be better) and the art-piano only the one remaining time? Are we to rest satisfied with the conceded fact that now, when music is so much more studied, and when the prosperity of the country enables so many well-to-do families to gratify their tastes, a piano in place of being bought as an instrument of music and upon musical grounds only, is bought as an article of furniture? When all sorts of fancy prices are paid not alone for old Italian violins, but even for the best new ones (a fine new violin often selling for more than a very good piano) and a violin is sold primarily for its tone, are we to rest satisfied to permit the piano to be sold regardless of its tone and durability, but solely upon its plausible appearance?

It is evident that this condition of things comes back much further than to the commercial piano makers, with their push and wonderful organizing capacity, or the ignorant public (for

Digitized by Google

whom we may at once admit the commercial piano to be much better than any piano that could have been bought forty years ago) and comes home to the piano teachers and to artists. This is the point to which I now invite attention, for here is exactly the place where there has been and still is a great lapse in our systems of musical instruction.

Every artist knows that the impression of a fine musical work, such as those of any of the great writers for pianos, turns as much or more upon the quality of the piano upon which it is played as upon the manner of playing. In other words, so long as an artist is playing poetic and highly artistic music by great masters, his best efforts will come to very little with a miscellaneous audience, unless helped out by a good piano. Upon the right kind of a piano a good artist, when he is in the mood, will interest unpracticed hearers in the very noblest music, where upon an inferior instrument his work would leave no impression whatever. Every artist knows this, and if you know him well enough he will confide how often his best work has been rendered ineffective by a piano lacking in proper tonal qualities. Upon poor pianos the best things of Chopin are ineffective, those of Schumann entirely uninteresting and not beautiful, and much fine music of a lower class is deprived of its beauty and left dry and unmeaning.

Every good teacher knows that the quality of the piano the pupil practices upon has not a little to do with the development of his taste, his liking for the best music, and the progress of his skill in properly interpreting music of this class. There is not one good teacher but has talented pupils whose progress is stunted by their lack of ear practice upon the music they study. More; many teachers give lessons upon such poor and inartistic pianos that it is not possible upon the instruments to bring out the beauties of the best music. Every good musician knows how true this is. In a large city probably nine-tenths of all the music lessons are given upon commercial pianos, and only one-tenth or still less upon instruments having even pretensions to artistic rank.

As a part of this vicious disregard for tonal refinement, the treatment of the lessons adds yet a further neglect, in leaving the pupil without that elementary training in tone-quality, the habit of observing fine gradations of tone volume and quality, which at

Digitized by Google

the end of years of study leaves the pupil unobservant of fine nuances, incapable of fine tonal discrimination, and, in fact, so untrained as not to be able to distinguish between the better of two instruments of quite different grades.

The most striking illustration of the extent and prevalence of this kind of omission, is given by the Mason technics. Thirty-three years ago William Mason published what he called his "Accent Exercises," the same being merely a written-out illustration of certain novel methods of practice, which many artists had applied in their own work years before, but which had never before been put into written form. The only absolutely new material in this collection consisted of some modulating arpeggios, the ingenious invention of Dr. Mason, and the systematic application of accentuation in place of a few random examples of it. Naturally the publication attracted wide attention at first, but not being offered as a system, and being bound up in an instruction book, it soon passed into forgetfulness. Yet the one object of this method of practice was to form an expressive touch and to train the musical consciousness to sensitiveness to tone values. Later, in 1878, his technics was published—the author being then, as ever since, at the very head of American teachers of piano—and universally so regarded. Yet such is the lack of intelligence in average teachers, and such the selfish ambition of many prominent teachers to appear as authors of their own "system" or as exponents of some one of the monotonous technical systems of Germany (which are simply incapable combinations of mechanical exercises without any musical quality whatever in the subject matter or any musical training in the manner of applying them), that it is not until very lately that Mason's method of practice and his carefully devised material have begun to gain the recognition they ought to have gained thirty years ago.

My conclusion is that the artistic piano maker is suffering in part from the progress which the commercial piano has made, largely by availing itself of the discoveries of the high-grade maker; but more than that, from the disregard of teachers of all that part of their work which turns upon refined discriminations of tonal quality—these being the very crux of the great artistic music and of fine piano-making as well. And if the teachers were to awaken to proper intelligence in this point, the

Digitized by Google

pupils and their parents would begin to inquire more carefully into the tonal powers of the pianos they buy and the likelihood of their remaining instruments of music under the stress of daily practice. All that the artistic maker of pianos needs in order to have a vast public lies right here. The United States contains so much wealth and so much ambition to "get the best," that if only this part of the relations of good tone to the growth of musical taste and the possibilities of artistic interpretation were understood, as artists understand them, and as good ordinary teachers ought to understand them, the sale of high-grade pianos would more than meet the existing production at prices leaving a proper reward for the makers who have remained steadfast to ideals of art.

* * *

This is a great year for pianists. Among the newcomers few stand better in the estimation of those who have heard them than Mr. Harold Bauer, of Paris. Mr. Bauer made his appearance with the Boston symphony concerts in Brahms' first concerto. He was greeted as a pianist of marked ability but of indiscretion in his selection. Later he was heard in Chicago in a variety of selections covering the usual range, with some music for piano and violin in connection with Miss Leonore Jackson. Mr. Bauer is a charming personality of English origin, but resident for eight years in Paris. Mr. Godowsky heard him there and wrote back that he liked him best of any pianist heard in the city. He has a fine touch and a technic of reasonable powers. The Brahms' concerto was probably just a little farther than he could go to good advantage, for his standing before the public as pianist is as yet but new. In the usual repertory he is a very enjoyable player. The best he did in Chicago was the Schumann 'Papillons," which he gave with great delicacy and much insight. In the Liszt concert study in F minor his conception was at fault no less than his execution. So also in the Schumann Toccata, he played quite rapidly, but the sixteenths in the upper voice were not clear enough. He still has something to learn before playing this trying work up to the standard set here last year by Emil Sauer. In the duets with violin Mr. Bauer was heard to excellent advantage, his career having been first that of a solo violinist. His piano studies he made under Paderewski. He

Digitized by Google

played upon a very beautiful Mason & Hamlin piano, and his musical touch gave the instrument a fair chance.

His companion in these concerts, Miss Leonore Jackson, gave a variety of selections, the best being the Paganini caprice in A minor, which she played admirably. All her work was of high distinction. The public support of these two concerts (under the management of Mr. F. Wight Neumann) was beggarly—which is a pity, since this sort of thing might in time discourage even so impetuous an optimist as Mr. Neumann.

* * *

We have in America a "newly rich" class in music just as in money, and it often happens that they do not at first trial quite keep step with the procession in which they find themselves. Naturally this happens more often in the supposedly "abstract music" of the pianoforte, string quartet and orchestra than elsewhere—because in these departments our concert programs are fully abreast of any in the world, while our audiences often contain a large representation of persons who have their musical world before them. Two reports of this kind have reached this office apropos to the two weeks' concert tour made by the Chicago Orchestra (Mr. Thomas) early in the season. One concert took place at Madison, Wis., and among the pieces was Weber's "Jubilee" overture, at the end of which the composer introduces the air, "God Save the King," with all the power of the orchestra. The innovation (this happened historically some time ago, Weber having finished the overture in the year 1818) did not meet unanimous approval in Madison.

"The idea," said an indignant lady, "That Mr. Thomas should think that we would suppose that Weber wrote 'My Country 'Tis of Thee.' The idea is absurd. I consider it an insult to a Madison audience." The indignation grew, and more than this one agreed that Mr. Thomas had insulted Madison musical connoisseurs by trying to make them think that the great composer, Carl Maria von Weber had even so much as known of the common old air, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," much less embodied it in a serious work.

To use the children's phrase, this unfortunate beginning operated to put the nose of Mr. Thomas' reputation "out of joint" with more and more, and when the symphony was reached (it was Beethoven's fifth, which Mr. Thomas plays as

Digitized by Google

few conductors in the world do play it), another lady broke loose: "I think Mr. Thomas showed very poor judgment," said she, "in giving us that awful old symphony; it was the worst symphony Beethoven ever wrote; and, besides, it was just repetition, repetition, the same thing over and over. It was a horrid old thing, and the idea of Mr. Thomas playing that!"

The lady's difficulty in the symphony reminds me of the unlettered New England deacon who, in company with his pastor, was risking his immortal soul in a worldly voyage up the Rhine. The parson, having Baedecker behind him, rose to the occasion appropriately; not so the deacon. He grew more and more disgruntled as one feature of the scenery after another opened before him between Bonn and Mayence. "I consider it monotonous," said he; "right here there is a maountain, a vineyard (the 'i' long) and a castle; a little farther, on the other side of the river is a castle, a vineyard and a maountain; then a little farther and we have a vineyard, a castle and a maountain; and so it goes all day. I consider it monotonous."

Another of the concerts was at Des Moines, Iowa, where they have finished their rebuilt auditorium hall and are prepared to entertain concerts in first-class shape, saving only, perhaps, a little matter now and then of misplaced enthusiasm. At Des Moines Mr. Thomas had prepared one of his reliable programs. Referring to his records he observed that he had not previously played the eroica symphony there, so he put down the first half of it. The entire list was this: Weber Jubilee overture; first half the Heroic Symphony of Beethoven; Brahms' Hungarian dances; a ballet suite ("The Belle in the Sleeping Wood"); the "Flying Dutchman" overture; Smetana's Vysehrad; three charming little pieces by Rameau (instrumented by Mottl), and Lalo's striking Norwegian Rhapsody. It *was* a fine long program, a very long one. But the players being engaged by the year, a piece or two more or less made no appreciable difference in the expense of the tour. What struck them at Des Moines was the repose of it. A wail received at this office contains the following:

"The concert was given in the new Auditorium, which has been rebuilt since the fire of last summer, and work on the decorations, etc., had been rushed to make this a gala occasion. The audience numbered at least 2,000 of the best people the

Digitized by Google

town affords; so that every condition favored a great treat so far as we were concerned. But I must say to you frankly, the concert was a great disappointment. I enclose the program. Something is the matter with that orchestra or its conductor, or both. Everybody went to that concert with high hopes and expectations. Why such a disappointment? I was disappointed. As a whole it did not appeal to me, I was not stirred or moved, thrilled, and all that sort of thing, and I think that I am as easily wrought upon by music as the majority of the fraternity. The orchestra numbered 60. There was everything at hand for a great concert. The audience gave Thomas a big reception, which he scarcely recognized. Technical perfection was evident, but it fell flat. The audience tried their best to warm up Thomas and his orchestra, but they failed. A bright pupil of the college who had been greatly excited over the coming of Thomas, and who had been led to expect great things, rushed into the college the next morning and said: 'Shaw, I was disappointed; I should think Thomas would get excited once in a while.' The Beethoven numbers were not what we have reason to expect from Thomas. The papers had very little good to say, and all in about the same tenor, and invariably give the most praise to the concerts given here last summer by Van der Stucken. We paid for a full course dinner and got a cold lunch."

Digitized by Google

MISS AUGUSTA COTTLOW.

Miss Augusta Cottlow, who has been residing in Berlin for several years, has now returned to Chicago and to concert work in America. Miss Cottlow is a native of Chicago, and for many years was a pupil of that most excellent teacher, Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, the same who formed the early years of Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler—and laid the musical foundation upon which her beautiful art is now established. Miss Cottlow played much in public prior to her going to Europe, about five or six years ago, and everywhere with success, a record due to her pleasing qualities, sincerity and general attainments in the art of the piano. After going to Berlin she became a pupil of that great master, Mr. Ferruccio Busoni, one of the very greatest pianists of the present time—an artist as remarkable for teaching ability as for interpretation, and under his instruction she made great advances in her art.

Before leaving Chicago she had already made some attainments as a composer, having studied composition with Mr. Frederick Grant Gleason. In Berlin she pursued this part of her work with Mr. Otis B. Boise, that very productive master to whom so many American students in Berlin have been so much indebted. She has produced a variety of compositions, and several have been published.

Miss Cottlow belongs in the front rank of the younger pianists, and with her lovely and attractive personality and her sincerity as an artist, combined with solid attainments, the breadth of which is to be measured in her success last autumn at the Worcester Festival in the great Tschaikowsky Concerto, she is sure to grow into an honored positior .s an American artist of

Digitized by Google

MISS AUGUSTA COTTLOW.

the first rank. Miss Cottlow played many times in Europe during the last two years, and everywhere got praise and appreciation.

Digitized by Google

MR. ALBERT LOCKWOOD.

Mr. Albert Lockwood is a New York gentleman who has pursued his musical education at Leipsic for five years or so, under the best teachers available in that rather conservative town. Doubtless he gained much from the Gewandhaus concerts and from the frequent visiting artists, and laid the foundation for his enormous repertory. From Leipsic he went to Florence, where he spent a year; and from there to Vienna, where for a long time (three years or such matter) he was a pupil of Leschetisky, who testified concerning him that his memory is one of the most phenomenal he has ever encountered. Under this redoubtable master of good playing, Mr. Lockwood developed his repertory, covering practically the whole of piano literature. He returned to New York about four years ago and played a number of times with the late Anton Siedl's orchestra, with Paur, and others, and gave some recitals. He is now engaged at the Ann Arbor School of Music, under the immediate wing of the University of Michigan.

Mr. Lockwood played a recital Dec. 4, before the Ladies' Musicale of Detroit. His program was the following:

Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 57.
Moszkowski, etincelles.
Leschetizky, Barcarola.
Gluck-Brahms, Gavotte.
Chopin, Ballade in G minor.
Nocturne.
Sonata in B flat Minor.
Rubinstein, Contradanse (six numbers).
Wagner-Liszt, Isolde's Liebestod.
Wagner-Brassin, Ride of the Valkyries.

The playing throughout was characterized by repose, spirit, admirable technic, and intelligence. Naturally a list like the above affords no opportunities for any very pronounced virtuosity; most of all this quality was in the last number, which went with great spirit. The best playing, in the opinion of the present writer, was found in the Love-Death of Isolde, where

Digitized by Google

most excellent musical qualities were everywhere apparent. The Rubinstein selection did not appeal to the present writer, but it seemed to please the audience. Mr. Lockwood's very pleasing touch was well shown in the lighter selections from Moszkowski and Leschetizky. He is above all a most excellent and sound all-around player. His technic is adequate to the whole of the standard repertory of the pianoforte. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Lockwood's seclusion in a small town will inspire him to go on and develop a grade of technic representative of the newer school of playing, as illustrated in the work of Godowsky and Busoni. If he does this at his age (for he is not yet thirty) there ought to be a great and highly distinguished future for him, particularly as his personal qualities are entirely in his favor.

MR. HERMANN E. ZOCH.

A pamphlet recently received from Mr. Hermann E. Zoch, gives complete the programs of no less than fifty piano recitals which he has given without assistance in the city of Minneapolis during the past fourteen years. The list is a truly honorable one. By way of illustration, it shows that the great sonata, Opus 111, of Beethoven, has been given in these recitals six times; the apassionata ten times; the "moonlight" seven times; the rarely played sonatas, Op. 106 and 110, once each. The Schumann and Chopin lists are long, but there are fewer repetitions; evidently his work in this line was less appreciated. Of the Liszt concert music, he has repeated the "Don Juan" four times —a custom better honored in the breach than the observance; Waldesrauchen, four times; the two legends "birds" and "waves" twice each; the "Tannhauser" overture, once; the Wagner-Liszt Isolde's Liebestod, eight times. The list represents a very wide range of composers from the greatest to those of ordinary salon rank.

An excellent feature of Mr. Zoch's recitals are the program notes, which in the cases received at this office have been written by Dr. H. Gale, of the psychological laboratory of the university. They are well made and useful, being neither technical on the one hand nor running into empty gush on the other. No particulars of Mr. Zoch's training or history have been received at

Digitized by Google

MR. HERMANN E. ZOCH.

this office, but it is evident upon the face of the record that he must be exercising a highly advantageous influence upon musical matters in Minneapolis.

Digitized by Google

MR. MILO E. BENEDICT.

Among the devotees of the higher art of music in the state of New Hampshire few have a more honorable record or have

led a more useful life than Mr. Milo E. Benedict, of Concord. Mr. Benedict was born in Vermont, June 9, 1866. His disposi-

Digitized by Google

tion to music showed itself at an early age and he began to compose, and soon gained no small local celebrity as a "boy composer," a title due to his having produced his first composition at the age of seven, and this was followed by a variety of others in rapid succession. None of his compositions of this period were reduced to writing, but were retained in mind and often played by the young composer. His first written piece was at the age of fourteen, and his first recital soon after, at Portland, Maine, where he gained recognition as a talented young musician.

MR. BENEDICT'S STUDIO.

This recital was followed by many others in the eastern states, and he soon had a flattering offer for a two years' tour. His health being delicate, he had the good sense to decline, and almost immediately entered the Petersilea Academy in Boston, where in due course, after eight years, he was graduated with honors.

In 1884, in company with a party led by Mr. Petersilea, he visited Europe, and remained there for study. He spent some time at Weimar, where he joined the Liszt coterie, which at that

Digitized by Google

time included Arthur Friedheim, Eugen d'Albert, Rosenthal, Reisenauer, Miss Aus der Ohe, etc.

Mr. Benedict is an active teacher, yet he continues to compose, and his first concerto for piano was played by him at one of the meetings of the New Hampshire Association of Music Teachers. Mr. Benedict holds that music should not be the whole of life;

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, CONCORD, N. H.

he has accordingly devoted himself occasionally to poetry and literature. No doubt many of his musical compositions now in manuscript will eventually be published. Among his amusements photography holds a place, and the accompanying pictures are of his hand; they were sent an invalid friend with no expectation of their appearing in print.

Digitized by Google

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

[Libretto by Mrs. A. C. D. Riley.]
[Music by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor.]

Mention was made several months ago of the first performance of a new operetta for children, mainly, at Armour Institute. The work then given has since been largely rewritten, extended to two acts and instrumented in two forms, one for small orchestra of seven instruments and piano and one for full orchestra of twenty or twenty-four. The libretto is by that charming writer of songs, Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley, of Evanston, Ill. The songs are mostly founded upon the familiar verses of "Mother Goose." In many cases they are unchanged; in others new verses are written, suitable to the story. The general idea of the opera is that of a birthday party which Mother Goose gives her son Jack, inviting thereunto most of the familiar personages of the nursery rhymes. Thus we have Humpty Dumpty, Little Bo-Peep, the Three Black Crows, Jack and Jill, Little Miss Muffett, Old King Cole, the Knave of Hearts and the Queen of Hearts and their attendants, the Blades of Grass and Peaseblossoms, who have a charming dance, and so on. The dialogue is brief, being just sufficient to carry the story.

The music is by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, and it is only just to say that in the whole of America there is no other composer so likely to fit out a work of this kind with catchy, sprightly, and rhythmically smart melodies, harmonized cleverly and well suited to the words. For this sort of thing Mrs. Gaynor's talent for bright rhythms is particularly useful, and in the present instance she has more than met all reasonable expectations. Curiously enough, considering that her melodies are always conceived from the standpoint of the words, they generally turn out to be even more instrumental than vocal. In this work, for instance, here are at least eight or ten melodies of very rare charm—such as any composer of operettas thinks himself fortunate if he can have even one such in each act. Many an operetta has succeeded moderately well for a time without any melody of this kind. But Mrs. Gaynor has at least three

Digitized by Google

very charming waltzes, and a good half dozen of other bright and fetching dance forms which the ear cannot rid itself of, so quickly do they fasten themselves in the memory. Moreover, there is the additional point of the supply being by no means exhausted. The orchestration of the opera has been done

MRS. ALICE C. D. RILEY.
MRS. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

by a pupil of Mrs. Gaynor (and of Mr. Weidig), Mr. Frederick Beale, and he has produced some very clever, playable and interesting instrumentation.

Mrs. Riley and Mrs. Gaynor have now co-operated in a variety of songs and books before this opera. They work together in mutual understanding and confidence. Both have children of

Digitized by Google

their own at the impressionable age, and few writers understand the child standpoint so well.

"The House that Jack Built" was performed at the Studebaker theater in Chicago, Dec. 21 and 22, for the benefit of the Homeopathic Hospital. The affair was managed by Messrs. Hannah and Hamlin, who failed to grasp the attractiveness of the work, and as a consequence the house at the first performance was no more than half full, although it was declared at the box office that all the seats had been sold. On Saturday the house was crowded, and the work would easily have supported a couple of matinees more. It was beautifully put upon the stage under the supervision of a pupil of Mrs. Gaynor, Miss Margaret Martin, the staff of the house co-operating cordially.

Through the failure of the management to give the proper keynote of the work in advance, the notion prevailed in newspaper circles that this was merely an amateur opera for a charitable purpose, and the only newspaper notice given the performance was due to the enterprise of Hearst's Chicago American, which had a very pleasant and appreciative account of the affair, together with portraits of the composer and poet.

There were about one hundred and fifty persons in the performance and the stage pictures were delightful. The attendance of children at the matinee was large and their delight was boundless. The work is intended to be given under society patronage for charitable purposes and the like. The opera is not yet published, and performing rights must be obtained from Mrs. Gaynor. A collection of the songs has, however, been gotten out by Mr. Clayton F. Summy, ten of them, which will enable anyone contemplating such a work to ascertain something about the music. The work is capable of running for at least three or four performances in any small town, and if properly worked up will bring large profits to the charity for whose benefit it is given.

The performances at the Studebaker were directed by Mrs. Gaynor in person, and she proved herself a capable and most agreeable director. The German orchestral players, who had come into the work with the usual stolid opinion of any music that a woman might write, not to mention disgust at being directed by a nonmember of "the union," got more and more interested as the work went on, and at times so absorbed in

Digitized by Google

watching the stage as to fail to notice their cues. At the end they were very nice and appreciative to the composer—which speaks well for their discernment. The beauty of this work is that it is just plain, good and attractive melody along simply and easily appreciated lines, where so much has been done that it seems to many composers as if nothing more was possible. Despite so many attractive melodies having been composed out of the degrees of the major scale, Mrs. Gaynor and every other capable new composer shows that just as good fish still remain in the sea of the scale as ever have been caught out of it.

Digitized by Google

Things Here And There

LONDON LETTER, BY HORACE ELLIS.

Again an obituary. This time it is of the passing of Arthur Sullivan that I write.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan was born in London, May 13, 1842, Irish and Italian blood mingling in his veins. His father, formerly a bandmaster, was, at the time of the boy's birth, principal teacher of the clarinet at Kneller Hall, where the military bands of this country are trained. Few musicians have had such an early opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with wind instruments as Sullivan, for from the time he was a little child he experimented with them with such success that in his eighth year he regularly took part in the band rehearsals, playing either flute, clarinet, cornet, althorn, French horn, trombone or euphonium. This we have on his own authority, and he also has said that he could play the oboe and bassoon a little. When he was twelve years old he began the study of musical theory under the Rev. Thomas Helmore, "Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal," into whose choir he was admitted as a treble singer. In 1856, when the Mendelssohn Scholarship was founded, he became the first holder of the prize, and shortly afterwards entered the Royal Academy of Music, working for two years under Goss and Sterndale Bennett. From there he went to Leipsic, where Reitz and Richter taught him composition, Hauptmann counterpoint, and Moscheles and Plaidy, piano.

Sullivan began his career as a composer as early as 1854, writing a number of anthems and short pieces for the organ, and while at the Royal Academy an overture of his was produced at one of the private concerts. His first public success, however, came when his music to Shakespeare's "The Tempest" (written in Leipsic) was played in 1861 at the Crystal Palace. Shortly after this he turned his attention to song writing, and produced his most popular works in that line from "Orpheus with his Lute" to "The Lost Chord." Then he entered upon the field of cantata and oratorio with "Kenilworth," written for the Birmingham Festival of 1864. Following this came "The Prodigal Son" in 1868, "The Light of the World" in 1873, "The Martyr of Antioch" in 1880 and "The Golden Legend" in 1886, the first three of which were written respectively for the Hereford, Birmingham and Leeds Festivals.

In 1866 he made his first venture in light opera, the kind of work

Digitized by Google

with which his name is most usually associated, writing "Cox & Box," followed in 1867 by "Contrabandista," in 1871 by "Thespis" and in 1875 by "The Zoo." The first great Gilbert & Sullivan success was, however, "Trial by Jury," the date of the production of which I am at the moment unable to place. From then on appeared the long series of operas which brought so much fame and wealth to the collaborators. (It is said that Sullivan for some time derived an income of one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars a year from ths source alone.) Here is a list of the works: "The Sorcerer," 1877; "H. M. S. Pinafore," 1878; "The Pirates of Penzance," 1880; "Patience," 1881; "Iolanthe," 1882; "Princess Ida," 1884; "The Mikado," 1885; "Ruddigore," 1887; "The Yeomen of the Guard," 1888; "The Gondoliers," 1889; "Haddon Hall" (libretto by Sydney Grundy), 1892; "Utopia, Ltd," 1893; "The Chieftain" (a revision and expansion of "Contrabandista"), 1894; "The Grand Duke," 1896; "The Beauty Stone," 1898; "The Rose of Persia" (libretto by Basil Hood), 1899. In addition to the foregoing Sullivan was at work upon an Irish opera for the Savoy Theater at the time of his death.

It is far from a complete catalogue of compositions that I am giving, but I should mention several overtures ("In Memoriam" and "Di Ballo" being the best known), incidental music to a number of Shakespear's plays, a symphony, a 'cello concerto, a considerable amount of church music and the grand opera "Ivanhoe." The latter was the most ambitious thing that Sullivan ever attempted for the stage, and it was hardly a success, for he was then too old to begin that class of music, especially as (or because) he had devoted so many years to lighter compositions. His last completed work is a "Te Deum," written for St. Paul's Cathedral to celebrate the conclusion of the present war. Of course it has not been produced yet.

Although Sir Arthur's health had been far from satisfactory for some time, his death, which took place Thursday morning, Nov. 22, was unexpected, the cause being sudden failure of the heart's action. The first arrangements for the burial were that the church service (by command of the Queen) should be held in the Chapel Royal, St. James', where he had sung when a boy, and the interment (by his own desire) take place in Brompton Cemetery. This was altered, though, and it was settled that while the first part of the service should be held at the Chapel Royal, the body should be buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. The funeral took place Tuesday, Nov. 27, and, probably, never before (at least in this country) has there been so much regret evinced by all grades of society for the death of a musician as was shown by the numerous notabilities who attended the obsequies at the two churches and the crowds that gathered to see the cortege pass.

What rank as a composer are we to give Sullivan now that his task is finished? There has long been a cry that he prostituted his talent by so much work of a light order. This may be. In most of his serious compositions we see his breadth of musicianship, and there is no doubt that had he walked only in the highest ways of his art he

Digitized by Google

would have left us greater samples of his power. But Sullivan had a great deal of humor in his nature, and he was able to do what so few can do—express it by means of music. Those who have not heard his light operas given adequately, with his own orchestration, have missed the greater part of his genius for producing light, healthy music. Much of the humor (and there is such a thing in music) lies in the orchestra, and quips and cranks of tone color and instrumental treatment may be heard there that are as witty in their way as anything spoken on the stage. His melodies and rhythms are always a fitting illustration of and accompaniment to the text, and it would be a thorough pedagogue who, hearing these works properly produced, would fail to find anything of value or interest in them.

A musician may have a perfect working knowledge of all constructive musical devices, but if he has no ideas that are in themselves interesting and worthy of treatment his compositions become merely ingenious puzzles. Sullivan was truly a composer—a creator—for he had inspiration (for lack of a better term) and if his technic did not rise to the extreme height of that possessed by some, it was, nevertheless, of a high order and worthily clothed his thoughts whether they were grave or gay.

A most earnest young man named Donald Francis Tovey brought his talents as a composer and pianist before the public notice in a series of four concerts given the first four Thursdays of November, at St. James' Hall. His own works performed were a trio, in C minor, for pianofort, clarinet and horn; three duets for oboe and pianoforte; quintet, in C major, for pianoforte and strings, and sonata, in F major, for violin and pianoforte. Here we have an example of what I said above. Mr. Tovey has, apparently, a bewildering amount of constructive technic, reminding one somewhat of Brahms, but noteworthy ideas are conspicuous only by their absence. He takes himself seriously and means his hearers to do the same; therefore he issued books of analysis of the works performed which were curious in some respects. They often failed to illuminate and were needlessly verbose at times, words and musical illustrations being spent on trifles. Some of his expressions were peculiar, as, "the minuet follows the slow movement with an intentional jerk of tonality." In another place he speaks of a subject "curling in a kind of descending spiral." But there is no denying the fact that Mr. Tovey is in deadly earnest, and if he keeps on will "arrive" some day, in one way or another. He is to be commended for having given us a chance to hear Bach's two cantatas for soprano, "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen" (with accompaniment of piano, string-quartet and trumpet) and "Ich bin vergnugt" (accompanied by piano, violin and oboe). Also the Bach aria, "Ruhet hie," with oboe d'amore obligato.

Ysaye made his first appearance in this country as an orchestra conductor Wednesday evening, Nov. 14, at Queen's Hall, when the following program was presented. Overture from the opera "Sancho," J. Dalcroze; Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Beethoven; Pianoforte

Digitized by Google

Concerto ("The Emperor"), Beethoven; Entr'acte from the opera "Fervaal," V. d'Indy; Symphonic Variations, "Istar," V. d'Indy; "Idomeneo." Mozart; Symphonic Poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit," C. Franck.

This debut caused considerable argument among the critics, some warmly praising Ysaye and others condemning him for taking liberties with tempi and trying to give new readings of old works. To me Ysaye's conducting was a surprise. Certainly he had a great advantage to start with, as it was the Queen's Hall orchestra that was under his baton—an orchestra that is almost constantly rehearsing—but that does not alter the fact that he was thoroughly familiar with each piece that was played (using no scores for the standard works) and has a decided beat and no affected mannerisms. I should not care to go so far as some and say that he is as great a conductor as he is a violinist, but he certainly takes high rank. As a violinist he is at the very zenith of his powers and there are few that can compare with him.

He gave a second orchestral concert Monday evening, Nov. 19, with these selections: Overture, "Romeo and Juliet," Tschaikowsky; Symphony in C, Schumann; Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, Rubenstein; Symphonic Poem, "Leonore," H. Duparc; "Mon Coeur" ("Samson and Delilah"), Saint-Saens; Symphonic Poem, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," Saint-Saens. Also a recital Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 21, as follows: Sonata, in E major, for Violin and Pianoforte, Bach; "Not Words, my Beloved" and "What Sweetness, What Sadness," Tschaikowsky; Pianoforte Solo, Twelve Studies, Op. 25, Chopin; "Kreutzer" Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte, Beethoven; "Feldsamkeit" and "Vergebliches Standchen," Brahms; Rhapsodie for Violin and Pianoforte, Liszt-Joachim. Busoni was the assisting pianist. He has made a great advance in his playing during the last two years and is more virile than he was formerly. Misses Florence Schmidt and Jessie Goldsack, and Madame Kirkby Lunn furnished the vocal numbers.

London, Dec. 5, 1900.

GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS IN LEIPSIC.

The fourth concert of the season was given on Nov. 1. Beethoven's Overture to "Coriolanus," the Brahms violin Concerto in D minor, the third Symphony by Mendelssohn, and a group of songs given by the St. Thomas Choir constituted the program. The concerto was played by the concertmaster of the orchestra, Felix Berber, whom Dr. Schwartz of the Signale says has made astonishing progress in the two years he has been engaged there. The numbers by the Choir were two old songs, "Ah, love with sorrow" (Paul Hofmeier, 1459-1537), and "Now let us be joyful" (Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-

Digitized by Google

1612); two songs from Brahms, "All of my heart's conjectures," "At Night Time"; and a song by Gustav Schreck, "Age is a courtly man." The last named composer is Cantor of the St. Thomas School and director of the choir by virtue of the position. The organization has long followed the custom of participating in one Gewandhaus concert each season under the direction of its own conductor. The present Cantor has been incumbent for about fifteen years and is most widely beloved.

The fifth concert, given a week later, opened with the Cherubini concert Overture in G major (first time played here). It was written for the London Philharmonic Society. The other numbers were the Liszt E flat Piano Concerto, three Ballet pieces by Jean Philippe Rameau (1683-1764), arranged for orchestra by Felix Mottl and given here for the first time: some Gypsy Dances for piano and orchestra by Sofie Menter (orchestration by Tschaikowsky), and the Second Beethoven Symphony. Sofie Menter was the soloist. She is one of the greatest of the women pianists.

The program on Nov. 15 was as follows: Overture to Oberon, by Weber, Aria from Samson and Delilah by Saint-Saens, an orchestral Suite in G by Tschaikowsky (given here for the first time); songs by Grieg, Jensen and Massenet, and the Schumann Symphony No. 1 in E flat major.

In speaking of the above program and the Tschaikowsky Suite, Dr. Schwartz comments thus interestingly on the advance of the Russians: "One of the most remarkable things observable in connection with modern musical development is the strong coming out of the Russians in the last few years. We have become fluent in speaking names that were formerly unknown to us, and this in spite of their barbaric ring. There is hardly a concert given now but that the Russians are ready for it. And they seem to come prepared with strong artistic timber, so that for the present it is impossible to tell what will be the outcome of it all. There is perhaps an analogy in the case of old Italy. Musically established in the beginning as no other nation was, and later pursuing a music that seemed to lie far out from the beaten path, they listened for awhile at the doors of the northerners who first brought regular art practice into Italy. In a short time they had learned their trade and were become masters of equal birth. Now the table turns again. Italy is becoming the paradise for the tonal art, where the German masters in particular are seeking for the modern in art, and it will soon be the Germans again who will wrest the supremacy from the Italians. The German music is at present in the same relative position to the Slavonic. We are no longer in absolute possession of the leadership, and there is the possibility that we will lose it entirely. We reflect and ruminate too much in our music, and amid all the philosophy we forget the music making.

"By thus hanging on to metaphysics the Russians made the same mistake at first, but they have emancipated themselves. Their natural

Digitized by Google

inclination to play and their love of music making have saved them from going too far. But they have not thrown program music completely overboard. Look at this program: The Storm, Reflections on a Winter Journey, Mist Land, Steppe Sketch, etc. These themes furnish fine opportunities for bringing out something musical. We, on the other hand, are stumbling over our fancied super-humanity (ertrauemtes Uebermenschthum)."

In beginning a series of lectures on the "Modern German Song" in the Conservatory of Leipsic about two years ago, Professor Herman Kretzschmar of the Leipsic University called attention to the present deplorable condition of German song as compared to the time of Heinrich Schuetz (1585-1672), and indicated that singing was in danger of becoming a lost art in Germany. He said that this was an easy conclusion after hearing the present day singing in Italy, and particularly in England. He gave examples of some of the old Schuetz songs in the light florid style and expressed his regret that the stage and the concert podium had taken not only these but most all other songs out of the home, where they rightly belonged. Then he thought the grace and fluency of the old songs were very desirable. In another lecture at the University, he said that the same thing was true of the oratorio and the other sacred musical forms. Instead of being used for church occasions, for which they were written, they, too, had been brought into the concert halls where they remained almost entirely.

With this eminent historian calling attention to the vocal status in Germany, and with a further consideration of the Glinkas, the Glazounows, the Gabrilowitchs, Sapelnikoffs, Pachmans, Paderewskis and the Hambourgs, together with Leopold Godowsky, lately returned from America, and now pounding Berlin into a fever of enthusiasm, there seems to be some real cause for the alarm sounded by the esteemed critic on the Signale. E. E. S.

GERMAN OPERA IN 1899-1900.

A writer who has made an extensive compilation of statistics bearing upon performances of opera in Germany has the following to say in the Signale:

"From the program book of the German stage for the period Sept. 1899 to Aug. 1900, a work which is about ready for distribution, we glean the pleasing fact that the young Italians, whose operas formerly occupied so much space in this summary, have lost considerable ground, and that for the present we shall not have much to fear from their influence. It is true that Cavalleria Rusticana with 272, and Pagliacci with 193 performances still occupy a great deal of ground in the various repertories, but the other works of Mascagni and Leoncavallo have disappeared almost entirely. And those other

Digitized by Google

representatives of the realistic—Giordano, Puccini, Spinelli—appear only casually, so that this fashion may be considered on the wane. The first place in number of productions for the year is occupied, as has been its custom for some years, by Lohengren, 282 evenings; followed by Tannhauser, 266. Then come Carmen, 247; Freischuetz, 236; Mignon, 211; Flying Dutchman, 202 (whose popularity is steadily increasing); Faust, 187; Undine, 186; Trovatore, 181; Magic Flute, 171; Haensel and Gretel, 170; Martha, 160; Czar and Carpenter, 159; Fidelio, 159; Waffenschmied, 156; Trumpeter of Saekkingen, 145 (fewer would be better); Marriage of Figaro, 143; Merry Wives, 143; Meistersinger, 141 (more would do no harm); Barber of Seville, 136; Walkuere, 122; Don Juan, 121; Evangelimann, 120; Aida, 119; Fra Diavola, 108; Wildschuetz, 104; Baerenhaueter, 98 (a success due to curiosity, perhaps); Huguenots, 92; The Hermit's Bell, 87; Nachtlager in Granada, 86; Postilion of Lonjumeau, 86; L'Africaine, 80; Daughter of the Regiment, 79; Stradella, 75; Weisse Dame, 69; The Jewess, 67; Rhinegold, 60; Siegfried, 60; Le Prophete, 58; Oberon, 57; Traviata, 54; Tristan and Isolde, 50; Hans Heiling, 47; Bartered Bride, 44; Rienzi, 41; Rigoletto, 39: Nuernberger Doll, 38; Mute of Portici, 35; Mask Ball, 34; Taming of the Shrew, 33; Queen of Sheba, 33; William Tell, 32; Orpheus and Eurydice, 29; Joseph in Egypt, 27; Golden Cross, 26; The Departure (d'Albert), 24; Die Folkunger, 24; Norma, 23; Lucia di Lammermoor, 22; Robert le Diable, 22; Cosi fan Tutte, 22; Escape from the Seraglio, 22; The Beggar of Bridge of Arts (Kaskel), 21; Der Pfeiffertag (von Schillings), 18; The Ratcatcher of Hamlin, 18; The Mason and Locksmith, 17; The Devil's Portion, 16; Barber of Bagdad, 16; Manon (Assenet), 16; Euryanthe, 16; Lucretia Borgia, 15; Regina (Lortzing), 15; La Boheme (Leoncavello), 14; Doctor and Apothecary, 14; Sampson and Delilah (Saint-Saens), 14; Othello, 12; The Theatrical Manager, 12; Vampire, 12; Black Domino, 11; Lobetanz, 11; Eugene Onegin, 11; May Queen (Gluck), 10; Romeo and Juliet, 10; Falstaff, 9; Werther (Massenet), 9; Henry VIII (Saint-Saens), 9; Deluded Kadi, 9; Die beiden Schuetzen, 8; Opera Rehearsal, 8; Iolanthe (Tschaikowsky), 9; Ernani, 8; Ekehard (Albert), 8; Djamileh, 8; Watercarrier, 7; The Pearl Fisher, 7; Zampa, 5; Linda of Chamounix, 5; Heir of Morley (Holstein), 5; Cricket on the Hearth, 5; Life for the Czar, 4; Don Pasquale, 4; Iphigenia in Aulis, 4; The Trojans (Berlioz), 4; Beatrice and Benedict (Berlioz), 4; Benvenuto Cellini, 2; Templer und Juedin (after Scott's Ivanhoe), 2; Genoveva, 2; The Crossbearers (Spohr), 2. Among others, Idomeneus, Titus and Jessonda had single performances. Gluck's Alceste, Armida, Iphigenie in Tauris are not represented in the list, as is also the case with the works of Spontini.

Then we shall not be able to say that the German stage should be ashamed of the figures, but rather rejoice in the high figures reached by Wagner, Mozart, Weber and Lortzing. We may also regret the strong hold of Meyerbeer and still welcome much else that is good in the foregoing.

Digitized by Google

Now when we go over into the field of operetta we have a genuine surprise, since this art form that we had once considered dead has blossomed out into new and vigorous life. Not only have the Fledermaus and the Geisha scored the two highest runs of 462 and 461 performances respectively, but the operetta has gained greatly in quality. We quote the following amazing figures: The Doll (Audran), 385; Beggar Student, 118; The Bird Seller, 101; Her Excellency (Heuberger), 102; Boccaccio, 101; Opera Ball (Heuberger), 76; Gasparone, 61; Mikado, 57; Beautiful Galatea, 57; Der Obersteiger, 53; Fatinitza, 48; Beautiful Helena, 48; The Forrester, 36; The Haunted Castle, 35; Bells of Corneville, 34; Verlonung bei der Laterne, 33; Don Cesar, 28; Girofle-Girofla, 27; Tour of Africa (von Suppe), 26; Orpheus in the Lower World, 23; Jolly Fellow, 21; The Masco', 20; Vice-Admiral (Millocker), 20; Poor Jonathan, 19; A Night in Venice, 18; The Midshipman, 15; The Truthful Mouth (Platzbecker), 15; Trip to China (Bazin), 13; Ten Maids and no Man, 11; Farinelli, 10; Fotunio's Song, 9; The Merry War, 7; Hoffman's Anecdotes, 6; Mamsell Angot, 5, and "last but not least," Parisian Life, 4.

As may be seen from the foregoing, the Vienna operettas have almost driven the Parisian plays from the field; Offenbach with his long operettas are about left out with the exception of Beautiful Helena, and Orpheus in the Lower World. Strauss and Suppe triumph along the entire line. Whether the new people, Audran, Jones and Heuberger will last, is still to be seen.

It is not a pleasant outlook for the future as we glance over the ballet music. Goldberger's "Forget Me Not," with 125 productions, and the two by Bayer, "The Fairy Doll," 122, and "Vienna Waltz," 24, are in the lead. Steinmann's "Fantasies in a Bremen Winecellar" reached 30; Mader's "Red Shoes," 24. and Schmidt's "Traveling Dancing Girls," 15 productions. On the other hand, Delibes' "Coppelia" and "Sylvia," which are certainly the flower of the ballet compositions, had but 9 and 5 productions respectively. Adam and P. Hertel were not represented at all.

Whether Lassen's "Goddess Diana" and Mottl's "Pan in the Bush" will have any permanent influence remains doubtful at least.

EIGHT PIANO RECITALS BY ALBERT LOCKWOOD.

The following series of eight remarkable programs was played by Mr. Albert Lockwood, at Hamilton, Ont., last August. Considering the importance of the selections and their number, there are few pianists who would care to undertake the series to be given upon alternate days in succession (one day intervening after each program). As will be seen, they cover the entire range of modern pianoforte

Digitized by Google

literature. The playing was highly praised for its unusual combination of strength, delicacy, musical feeling and attractiveness.

I.

Domenico Scarlatti (1683-1757).

Pastorale.
Capriccio.
Tempo di Ballo.
Sonata—A Major.

Jean Phillippe Rameau (1683-1764).

Le Tambourin.
Gavotte and Variations.

John Sebastian Bach (1685-1750).

Gigue.
Saraband and Double, from 6th English Suite.
Gavotte and Musette.
Prelude and Fugue, No. 5 (from Wohltemperirtes Clavier).

Joseph Haydn (1732-1806).

Variations, F Minor.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791).

Concerto for Two Pianos (Op. 83, Caderenzas bv Reinecke).

II.

Ludwig Van Beethoven (1770-1827).

Sonate. (Op. 10, No. 2).
I. Allegro.
II. Allegretto.
III. Presto.

Sonate (Op. 57).
I. Allegro assai.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Allegro ma non troppo, Presto.

Sonate (Op. 111).
I. Maestoso: Allegro con brio ed appassionato.
II. Arietta adagio molto semplice e cantabile.

Concerto (Op. 73).
I. Allegro.
II. Adagio un poco mosso.
III. Rondo: Allegro.

III.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828).

Fantasie (C major, Op. 15).
I. Allegro con fuoco.
II. Adagio (The Wanderer).
III. Presto.
IV. Allegro.

Digitized by Google

Minuet, from Op. 78.
Impromptus (Op. 90, Nos. 1 and 3).
Moment Musicale (Op. 94, No. 3).
Sonate (A major, posthumous).
I. Allegro.
II. Andantino.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace.
IV. Rondo: Allegretto.

IV.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856).

Papillons (Op. 2).
Carneval (Op. 9): Preamble, Pieriot, Arlequin, Valse noble, Eusebius, Florestan, Coquette, Replique, Papillons, A. S. C. H., Lettres Dansantes, Chiarina, Chopin, Estrella, Reconnaissance, Pantalon et Columbine, Valse allemande, Paganini, Aveu, Promenade, Pause, Marche des Davidsbuendler contre les Philistins.
Sonate (Op. 11).
I. Introduzione, Allegro vivace.
II. Aria.
III. Scherzo e intermezzo.
IV. Finale, Allegro un poco maestoso.
Fantasie (Op. 17). Motto: LL

Durch alle Toene toenet,
Im bunten Erdentraum
Ein leiser Ton Gezogen,
Fuer den der heichlich lauschet.
Fr. Schlegel.

I. Durchaus fantastisch und leidenschaftlich.
II. Maessig.
III. Langsam getragen.
Concerto (Op. 54).
I. Allegro affettuoso, Andante expressivo.
II. Intermezzo, Andantino, grazioso.
III. Allegro vivace.

V.

Francois Frederic Chopin (1809-1849).

Etudes (from Op. 10 and 25).
Concerto (Op. 21).
I. Maestoso.
II. Larghetto.
III. Allegro vivace.
Ballade (Op. 23).
Nocturne (Op. 27, No. 1).
Preludes (from Op. 28).
Sonate (Op. 35).
I. Grave: Doppio movimento,

Digitized by Google

II. Scherzo.
III. Marche funebre.
IV. Presto.

Fantasie (Op. 49).
Polonaise (Op. 53).

VI.

Peter Iljitsch Tschaikowsky (1840-1893).

Concerto (Op. 23).
I. Andante non troppo e molto maestoso: Allegro con spirito.
II. Andantino semplice, Allegro vivace.
III. Allegro con fuoco.

Franz Liszt (1811-1886).

Etude de Concert.
Waldesrauschen.

Anton Rubinstein (1829-1894).

Nocturne (Album de Peterhof).
Etude on False Notes.
Romance (F major).
Concerto (Op. 7, D minor).
I. Moderato assai.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro.

VII.

Johannes Brahms (1853-1897).

Sonate (Op. 5).
I. Maestoso.
II. Andante.
III. Scherzo.
IV. Intermezzo (Retrospect).
V. Finale.

Ballade (Op. 10, No. 2).
Rhapsodie (Op. 79, No. 2, G minor).
Intermezzo (Op. 76, No. 3).
Concerto (Op. 83, No. 2, B. flat major).
I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro appassionato.
III. Andante.
IV. Allegretto grazioso.

Edward Macdowell (1861——).

Sonate Eroica, "Flos regnum Arthurus."
I. Slow, with nobility; fast, passionately.
II. Elflike.
III. Tenderly, yet with passion.
IV. Fiercely.

VIII.

A. Borodin (1834——).

Serenade (D flat major, from Petite Suite).

Digitized by Google

S. Rachmaninoff (1873——).
Prelude (Op. 3, No. 2).
Moritz Moszkowski (1854——).
Etincelles.
Valse (A flat major).
Edvard Grieg (1843——).
Sonate (Op. 7, E minor).
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante molto.
III. Alla Menuetto.
IV. Finale: Molts Allegro.
Ballade (Op. 24, in form of variations on a Norwegian Melody).
Camille Saint-Saens (1835——).
Concerto (Op. 22, G. minor).
I. Andante Sostenuto.
II. Allegro scherzando.
III. Presto.

BICKNELL YOUNG ON VOICE PRODUCTION.

On a Thursday evening in the latter part of November, Bicknell Young coaxed a small but select audience into the rehearsal hall of the Kimball building and talked to them for an hour and a half about "The Basis of Tone Production in Speaking and Singing." Mr. Young's discourse was not simply painless. It was made interesting from the start when he announced that it was to be as informal as he could make it, and that before he concluded he wished that those present would join in discussion and questioning on points about which they wished to know.

This assurance of a free and easy time being complete, the lecturer proceeded to say that it was always difficult to speak or write intelligently about the voice, since there was so little of it that was physiological. He explained that doctors and many vocal teachers were accustomed to look for it through the mouth, the laryngoscope and what not, but it had never been found to date. Hence, the common sense thing to do would be to stop looking for it. He thought that notwithstanding the great increase in American teachers who taught voice worse than it had ever been taught before, it was also happily true that a good many were coming to teach more intelligently than ever, and now as he observed the work of an occasional one talented in imparting the vocal knowledge, he was accustomed to think how gladly he would have had such a teacher when he was studying. Then, it was his opinion tnat while America was extremely progressive in the work of tone production and voice building, the teachers of the old world remained better equipped for giving style and expression to their pupils.

He next called attention to some of the platitudes existing in the

Digitized by Google

vocal parlance. Some were accustomed to say that if a singer had good breathing methods and enunciated well he could sing well. It was about like saying that if a man could acquire a few millions he could become wealthy. Very true, of course; but not of any great service in guiding a poor man through the process of getting it.

The lecturer then began telling how he started in with a new pupil, the main idea being that he hardly ever started twice alike. The first thing he noted was that every voice had some individuality of its own that made it unlike any other voice, and the teacher should exercise the greatest care in recognizing this. Whether it was observed during the giving of a high tone or a low tone was immaterial. It was the tone on which instruction should begin, and the pupil should be brought to give it out softly from the start. This tone was to become a base around which all further operations should center for a time at least.

Mr Young next considered breathing. He had no patent way to suggest. He was not a believer in a purely abdominal breathing, but paid tribute to some of the breathing exercises given by Mr. Shakespeare. The only bad tendency he noted about them was that the pupils sometimes came to think too much of the muscles and gave their work an appearance of effort thereby. The main point about breathing, the lecturer thought, was to be sure that all of the cavities of the lungs should be filled with the breath, and in particular, the rear cavities. Speaking further of fallacies practiced in connection with vocal teaching, he said that the "Italian A," so orthodox and so much beloved in the discourse of singers, was a thing entirely unknown in Italy, the fact being that hardly one person in a thousand in our country was able to give the sound he was searching for.

After Mr. Young had got things thoroughly warmed up, the members of the audience began asking questions as he first invited them to do. This gave opportunities for more complete explanation of points that had been touched upon, and a generally interesting time ensued.

Finally some one suggested that the proof of the pudding was in the eating, and would Mr. Young kindly grant a song so that it could be ascertained whether he could really sing? Certainly. Mrs. Young was there and presided at the piano. He sang "Absent yet Present," by Maud V. White. The matter was not in doubt. The audience was very much pleased and after a season of hand shaking they repaired to their homes. E. E. S.

MME. BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER'S CHICAGO RECITAL.

When this great pianist plays as she did in her recital at Central Music Hall on Dec. 5. she is practically incomparable. On this occasion she led off with the great Beethoven Sonata, opus 111, and she got so much music out of it that not only the rank and file of her audience,

Digitized by Google

but the pianists as well, could only sit around in open mouth amazement. It was music for the gods. Here is the entire program:

Sonata, opus 111.....Beethoven
Maestoso-Allegro con brio ed apassionata.
Arietta (con variazioni).
Song without words, opus 62, No. 4.....Mendelssohn
Song without words, opus 67, No. 4.....Mendelssohn
Hark, Hark, the Lark.....Schubert-Liszt
The Erl King.....Schubert-Liszt
"Warum?" (Fantasiestueck, opus 12, No. 3).....Schumann
Impromptu, opus 36.....Chopin
Etude, opus 10, No. 7.....Chopin
Etude, opus 10, No. 12.....Chopin
Valse Caprice .....Rubinstein
Romance poetique (dedicated to Mme. Zeisler)..Emil Liebling
Ballade, opus 24 (Variations on a Norwegian melody)..Grieg
Caprice Espagnol, opus 37.....Moszkowski

It would be difficult to decide, after conceding this pianist the finest quality of artistic taste, which feature of her playing contributes most to the general effect she obtains, but I think it must be largely the manner in which she manipulates the pedal. Except in the staccato passages, which she also accomplishes in the most striking way, her piano is kept singing through the entire program, and not a violinist or a vocalist could ask more of her in this behalf.

A large and enthusiastic audience was present to hear her, for she is only accustomed to appear about once each year before a Chicago public. E. E. S.

LA SCALA IN MILAN.

The famous old Milanese opera house La Scala is subject to varying fortunes. For some years it was closed on account of failure to get financial backing. Some friends of art finally got together and raised a fund of 300,000 lire. Half of this was put up by the city of Milan, and the other half by the boxholders. Wagner's "Siegfried" and "Lohengrin," and Puccini's "La Tosca" were given. At present the fund has dwindled to 101,000 lire, and the house would have been compelled to close again had not the president of the society, the Duke of Modrone, gone down into his own pocket for 104,000 lire.

He has again pumped the fund up to 125,000 to try to run through a third season beginning some time in December. It is said that if the city of Milan does not find it possible to appropriate 500,000 lire annually to La Scala it will probably have to discontinue for an indefinite period.

Digitized by Google

THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA OF LEIPSIC.

Mrs. Norma Knuepfel, of New York, has just announced a tour of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Leipsic. Under the direction of its creator and conductor, Hans Winderstein, it will play in America during March and April, this year. The opening announcement at hand is couched in very moderate terms, except in chronicle of the orchestra's "unparalleled success in Copenhagen and Christiania."

Let us hope that the press agent may remain so modest, and that the American public may have a really fair idea of what to expect of the organization and its conductor. In this way the enterprise may be allowed to experience a very fair and well merited success. About four years ago Mr. Winderstein organized in Leipsic an orchestra upon a basis of general utility. The first public work of the body was in Sunday evening concerts held in the Albert Halle of Leipsic. The programs were rather on a popular style, with plenty of time allowed for the waiters to bring the beer. But the director was in earnest and he left nothing undone that would make toward a permanent hold on his public, all the while presenting a great deal of the best music his body could play. He had a very good concertmeister, a very good 'cello soloist, and a harpist, I believe, for the solo features of his programs. At the same time he planned a series of a half dozen week-evening concerts to be given at long intervals through the season of perhaps six months. These concerts were to have at least the finest soloists that money could buy, and the prices were made unusually low, so that it was possible for everybody to have season tickets. The symphonies and the other important works purely orchestral were to be ground off to as fine a texture as was possible by hard work, with this collection of players, many of whom were still pupils of the Conservatory. The enterprise was a success. The people came in droves, and with the prosperity wave once in motion, the director used all of his available means to raise the standard of his performing men. It was not long until he had the competing Liszt-Verein on the uneasy seat. Finally the latter organization died though its main promoter, Professor Martin Krause, still lives and is much sworn at to this day.

Meanwhile, Mr. Winderstein began to tether with a longer rope. About two seasons ago he arranged some occasional concerts for cities neighboring Leipsic, such as Halle, Magdeburg, and a few others that could be easily reached, and this enabled him to give his expensive soloists two or three engagements together. This was a great help possibly in securing great talent at the minimum figure. The gentleman has found it possible since then to make a tour of Norway and Denmark with his band, and now America is to be invaded. So much for the business success. Let us consider the man and the musician.

Notwithstanding the activity which Mr. Winderstein has shown in serious musical pursuit, such as the writing of some orchestral

Digitized by Google

scores of minor importance, and performing on some of the musical instruments—probably the violin—the present writer is of the opinion that the Winderstein personality is of more man than musician. The readings he presents are like all of the other things he attempts to do, conscientious and industrious, but hardly inspired. It may be that his work under the shadow of the matchless Nikisch has caused him to seem somewhat dwarfed, but it is probable that there has been little attempt upon anybody's part to make him out a great and imposing interpreter of anything. Then we shall expect him in America with a well drilled collection of as good players as he could procure for this trip, and the addition of some fine solo talent to support the work of the orchestra. Let us hear how it will sound. E. E. S.

THE SUNKEN BELL.

A MUSIC DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS, AFTER A FAIRY POEM OF G. HAUPTMANN'S.—BY HEINRICH ZOELLNER.

The *Signale* has the following regarding the first Leipsic performance of this work by Heinrich Zoellner, former director of the New York Liederkranz and now of the Leipsic University Singing Club "Paulus."

Zoellner's "Sunken Bell" scored an important success on the occasion of its first performance in this city. The principal singers, who did their work very well, were brought before the curtain after each act. With the third act the composer was also called out, and at the close the entire collection of godfathers to the work—the conductor, the stage manager and all—came to acknowledge the applause of the public.

Whoever is unacquainted with the Hauptmann poem, or can find it possible to leave his appreciation of the same out in the check room, will have nothing to complain of in the text of this opera. It is entrancing, notwithstanding the composer has used only the words of the poem. By slight omissions and unimportant additions he was enabled to curtail the plot considerably. The Hauptmann fable seems virtually to draw the music out. Its language is music in itself, as one may find by reading Rautendelein's songs and the other gems with which the poem is set. And directly here is where lies the danger for the composer. The line between poetry and music is so sharply drawn that the composer is liable to suffer when he puts the words to music. The text is too musical to be put to music. It is so laden with spirit that it can evade any music which seeks to augment it. Or it must require a composer gifted of God to bring its latent symphony into a musical form.

Herr Zoellner is not the man. His music is beautiful, sometimes very beautiful in the lyric parts particularly. But in portraying the dramatic the strength fails him. Hence, the sameness of tone to which

Digitized by Google

this bell is tuned. I fear that this is the rock upon which the fine work will become shipwrecked.

Zoellner works with the stage apparatus of Wagner (leading motive, etc.) but Wagner has already spoiled us with his music-dramatical forms of expression. Whoever attempts to follow him breaks his own neck, since this style of writing came from the Bayreuth master fresh from life, and now as we hear a new work in this style we cannot help thinking of the greater precision and musical vigor with which Wagner would have presented it. And so is Zoellner's score at its best when entirely independent of the Wagner form. Space will not permit me to call attention to the many beautiful musical passages in the work, but they are all in the field of the lyric."

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT OF THE SPIERING SCHOOL.

The Spiering Violin School played the first of two orchestral concerts planned for this season, in University Hall, Dec. 21. They gave the Overture "Fingal's Cave," by Mendelssohn, the Siegfried Idyll by Wagner, and the Mozart Symphony in G minor. Miss Caroline Gray played the first movement of the Mendelssohn Concerto with orchestra. The numbers were done in excellent spirit on the whole, and the pupils seemed to follow the baton very well. This made it possible to get very good interpretative effects. A very well drawn climax was accomplished in the overture, where the orchestral strength remained in very good control. The Siegfried business from Wagner was a good thing in which to measure the musical ripeness which the pupils had attained. It was not altogether ripe. But the notes were all there as per schedule and they can grow into spirit later. On this occasion the oboe man was about the happiest of the lot in producing the real thing. The symphony went very well, the last two movements being particularly vigorous. A good audience was there to receive the work. E. E. S.

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY FACULTY CONCERT.

Nov. 27, the American Conservatory gave a faculty concert at Central Music Hall, before a large and appreciative audience. The program was this:

Toccata in A major for organ.....Best

MR. MIDDELSCHULTE.

Recitative and Aria, My Heart is Weary....Goring Thomas

MISS ELAINE DE SELLEM.

Rhapsodie, opus 76, No. 1.....Brahms
Scherzo, opus 20.....Chopin

GLENN DILLARD GUNN.

Digitized by Google

Recitative and Aria from Reginella.....Braga

GLENN HALL.

Concerto in A minor for violin.....Vieuxtemps

JAN VAN OORDT.

The Magic of Thy Voice.....Meyer-Helmund

MME. RAGNA LINNE.

Preludes, Nos. 20, 3 and 6.....Chopin
Polonaise in E major.....Liszt

HOWARD WELLS.

Als die alte Mutter.....Dvorak
The Dream .....Rubinstein
Thy Beaming Eyes.....MacDowell

GLENN HALL.

Lesgnika .....Rubinstein-Siloti

GLENN DILLARD GUNN.

No comment is needed upon the foregoing except to praise the qualitv of the selections.

SECOND SPIERING RECITAL.

The second Spiering program differed from the announcement first made for it, in that Bach Chaconne was substituted for the Folie d'Espagne by Corelli. This left it as follows:

Schumann.....Fantasie opus 131
Bach.....Chaconne for violin alone
Ondricek ..... Barcarolle
Brahms-Joachim....Hungarian Dances Nos. 9 and 10 in E minor and G. major

When in the last issue of MUSIC I wrote about Mr. Spiering's work in his first recital, and called attention to his extensive equipment in the technical paraphernalia belonging to an up-to-date violin virtuoso, I hardly suspected that the two subsequent programs should bring out anything that would lead me further into the use of the large adjectives. But the gentleman's playing of the Schumann Fantasie, which he took at a terrific tempo, has shown up the biggest bow technic that has ever come under my observation. This composition contains so much hard work for the bow that fatalities would surely result if it ever came much into vogue. The fiddlers would simply die of overwork. It calls out the up and down bow staccato at many inconvenient places and introduces the whole catalogue of springing and arpeggio markings. The left hand is also given all sorts of difficult skips and heavy cord complications, so that the work for the two hands is about evenly divided. It is also fairly interesting

Digitized by Google

from the musical side and would probably become more so after frequent hearings.

The fact that this program began with such a heavy work must have been responsible for the lack of spiritual repose which was evident in the Bach Chaconne that immediately followed, since it did not come off with the quiet grace and fervor that were characteristic in the playing of the Bach Sonata on the former program. It was as if the performer was still running under the high pressure. But it was technically clean and very well conceived, leaving it still a first-class performance. The Baracarolle by Ondricek was a very graceful and pleasing affair that could be used often on concert programs.

The recital closed with these Brahms-Joachim dances that are not often played. As an encore Mr. Spiering also played the Scherzo Tarantelle by Weniawski. The third and last of this series of recitals will be played on Jan. 12, and will bring the great Gesangscene from Spohr, the Sonata with the devilish thrill, by Tartini, the Bruch "In Memoriam," and "Farfalla," by Emil Sauret.

EUGENE E. SIMPSON.

THE JACKSON-BAUER RECITALS.

The violinist, Miss Leonora Jackson, was assisted by the Parisian pianist, Harold Bauer, in two recitals at Central Musc Hall, Dec. 13 and 15.—The programs began with a sonata for piano and violin, Beethoven's Kreutzer and Grieg in F major. Both were admirably done. Mr. Bauer was heard in a variety of selections, the most difficult being the Schumann Toccata and Papillons (of which he gave one of the best public performances ever heard here), the Liszt F minor study (not well conceived), and Legend of the "Waves"—the waves being rather solid and stormy.

Miss Jackson played a rather tedious "Caprice" by Gade, and a variety of selections mostly popular. Her most pretentious piece was the Paganini caprice in A minor, the same upon which Brahms wrote his two books of variations for piano.

Miss Jackson's violin playing is of a sort that will stand a great deal of hearing. After listening to the four programs on which she has appeared in Chicago since January last, I come to discover that she can be a very attractive player in compositions of smaller form than those in which she has made her reputation. Her performance of the Gade Capriccio on the first of the foregoing programs was a real treat, and she was still more interesting in the Paganini Caprice, which is not heavy except from technical considerations. In the sonatas these players worked very well together, the Grieg coming off in much finer spirit than the Beethoven—a circumstance probably accounted for by the two days' rest which both artists greatly needed.

Mr. Bauer is an Englishman living in Paris. He was a violinist and only later became a pianist. He has a good technic, a very musical

Digitized by Google

tone, and plays in a manner which is generally sound and enjoyable, but which does not, as a rule, rise either to the refinement and marked originality belonging to artists of the first class, nor to a grade of technic commanding as piano playing now goes. In short, a pianist far beyond mediocrity, yet also far below the great ones. As he is still by no means past his possibilities of improvement, it is to be hoped that he will show advances in later appearances. His playing was delightfully free from gallery tricks, and he had the advantage of playing upon a Mason & Hamlin grand of very beautiful qualities.

E. E. S.

Digitized by Google

MINOR MENTION.

Conductor Arthur Nikisch lately appeared as a pianist in the first Chamber Concert in the small hall of the Leipsic Gewanghaus. He played the piano part to the quartet by Brahms opus 26. The critic on the Signale spoke rapturously of the work of the great conductor on this occasion. The small hall was crowded to the doors on account of Nikisch's assistance in the above named composition.

* * *

A thirteen-year-old son of the celebrated violinist Hugo Heerman, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, has been playing in concert with his father. They have been performing Bach's D minor Concerto for two violins. The elder Heermann is one of the best violin representatives of the German school of today.

* * *

Saint-Saen's "Samson and Delilah" was brought out for the first time in Dresden early in November, and was accorded a fine reception. There are few places where it could be better sung, since Dresden's opera is one of the best equipped on the continent. The King of Saxony takes a great personal interest in keeping up the standard of the royal play house.

* * *

The Wagner operas are making some headway in the south of Europe. Tristan and Isolde will soon be given at La Scala in Milan, and the Niebelung Trilogy will occupy the operatic stages of Madrid, Barcelona, and Lisbon at various tmes from December to February. The artists and orchestra players are all German, and the latter organization will be under the baton of Bernhard Stavenhagen, of Munich.

* * *

At a concert participated in by 600 male voices of the United Teachers' Singing Clubs of Braunschweig, Halle, Magdeburg, Weissenfels, and Leipsic, and held in the last named city, a new work by Carl Reinicke was produced for the first time with great success. It is entitled "Mahomet's Song." The veteran and beloved composer, who was also present, was accorded an ovation such as is usual wherever he appears in public.

* * *

A new opera by Rimsky-Korsakow, entitled "The Fable of King Saltan," was lately produced for the first time in Moscow, and is said to have scored a fine success.

* * *

Mr. Louis Campbell-Tipton, of the Chicago Musical College, has just written a second Piano Sonata in one movement. It is in the

Digitized by Google

key of B major, is romantic, and purposely written in a less complicated style than his Sonata Heroic. Professor Hans von Schiller is now learning the latter for a future public performance.

* * *

At a very pleasant musicale given Nov. 28 by Miss Emma E. Clark, in her studio in the Fine Arts Building, Mr. Herman Braun, of the Chicago Orchestra, played some light violin selections, and Charles Edwin Rowdon gave the song cycle "Eliland," by Von Fielitz, in a superb manner. Miss Clark gave a short talk on the "Eliland."

* * *

It has been decided by the high courts of Vienna that the estate of Johannes Brahms, amounting to 210,000 gulden, falls to the Vienna musical society "Czerny" and the "Liszt" society of Hamburg. This is by reason of a letter found after the composer's death. The twenty-one heirs had contested the testamentary validity of the letter.

* * *

The Leipsic publishing firm of C. F. Peters celebrated its centennial anniversary on Dec. 1. It was established in 1880 by Kuehnel and Hoffmeister, who termed it the "Bureau de Musique." Carl Friedrich Peters succeeded in 1814. It was one of the first firms to issue the classics at very low rates, and it began the Edition Peters some time during the sixties. In 1893 was established the Peters Public Library in Leipsic, and this has done much toward furthering the study of musical history. The cheap editions were at first printed from type, and were not handsome. The discovery of a method of printing rapidly from lithographic transfers made the present editions possible.

* * *

New York is getting long on symphony orchestras. Frank Damrosch has begun his third season of symphony concerts for young people, F. X. Arens begun a series of five popular symphony concerts on Dec. 14, and the American Women's Orchestra is already at public work under the direction of Madame Jeanne Franko. But the permanent orchestra so badly needed is not yet provided for.

* * *

An orchestral society in Alameda, California, gave its first concert on Dec. 6. They played the "Stradella" Overture, by Flotow, the Coronation March from Meyerbeer's "Prophet," some Spanish Dances by Moszkowski, and some lighter works by other composers. Their director is Mr. Theodore Vogt.

* * *

The Vilim Orchestral Club of about forty pieces gave its first concert of this season in Auditorium Recital Hall, Dec. 6. They played the polonaise from Glinka's "Life for the Czar," the Peer Gynt Suite by Grieg, a Canzonetta by Frederic Grant Gleason, and the Lust Spiel Qverture by Keler-Bela. Their best work was in the Grieg. As

Digitized by Google

amateur orchestras go they played very well, securing a fairly even attack and some musical intensity at times. They were assisted by Miss Edna Crum, who played the Weniawski Faust Fantasie and the last two movements of the Mendelssohn Concerto.

* * *

In January Earl Drake will play a new violin concerto by Tirindelli, of Cincinnati, this being the first Chicago performance of the work.

* * *

The mayor of the city of Melbourne, Australia, has instituted a series of free concerts, which are being held in the Town Hall. It is said that the result is an overcrowded house, and that the wealthy people attend in as great numbers as the poor.

* * *

At Youngstown, Ohio, on Dec. 6, the pianist, Arthur Leigh Wood, had the assistance of the Mahoning Orchestra in the performance of the Mendelssohn Capriccio Brilliant in B minor. He also played a varied collection of other works, including the Beethoven Sonata, opus 31, No. 2. An orchestral accompaniment is a luxury that the city pianists cannot always afford, and Youngstown is to be congratulated.

* * *

Thirty-one pupils of the Faelten Pianoforte School were heard at a single recital in Steinert Hall, Boston. There are other pupils in this school, but it is supposed that they were not ready to play on this occasion. Standing room was at a premium. Miss Susie A. Crane played the Adagio and Finale from the Hummel A minor Concerto, Carl Faelton playing the second piano.

* * *

The institution known as "The Conservatory Faculty Concert" is originated in a time of trying need, when our musical life was so America, it being also indulged in by our Canadian brothers. But it originated in a time of trying need, when our musical life was so meager that the "faculties" themselves were sometimes hard put to it to produce a program of the merit of a first-class pupils' recital of a good American school of today. It is not a bad thing. In some of the foreign schools, where the teachers are never called upon to appear in public, they run down to a point where they have little ability left to demonstrate the works they give to their pupils. With a natural tendency to conservatism it sometimes leaves a bad combination for a teacher. On the other hand, we still have some teachers in our own country who have never had any such ability, and this is much worse. Let us call the honors even.

* * *

At a madrigal concert, given by the Art Club in Pittsburg, Dec. 16, nine madrigals were sung by a chorus of sixteen voices. Among them were "There is a Ladie Sweete and Fair" (Thomas Ford, 1607), and "Awake, Sweete Love" (John Dowland, 1597).

Digitized by Google

The Ann Arbor Choral Union has a series of five concerts for this season, the concert by the Pittsburg Orchestra, with Albert Lockwood as soloist, and the violin recital by Fritz Kriesler having taken place already. The Spiering Quartet, assisted by the baritone, William A. Howland, appears in January, Ernst Dohnanyi plays a piano recital Feb. 1, and David Bispham will give a song recital on March 15. A May Festival of five concerts is also announced, but dates and arrangements are not yet fixed. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Sullivan's "Golden Legend" will be the principal choral works produced.

* * *

At Mount Union College Conservatory, Alliance, Ohio, Miss Dora Brown played a piano program of American composers, Dec. 5. John H. Rogers, Wm. Mason, E. A. McDowell, H. A. Wollenhaupt, L. M. Gottschalk and Templeton Strong were represented, the last named by a Rustic Wedding Procession, played by two pianos from manuscript. Mrs. K. F. Lett played second piano, and Mrs. J. W. Moore sang songs from Mrs. Beach, Ethelbert Nevin and Dudley Buck.

* * *

On Dec. 15 Mr. Harmon H. Watt was assisted by vocal members of the Piano College faculty in presenting a program of his vocal and piano compositions. Among the nine pieces he played was a new Romanza in F, which is perhaps his best work.

* * *

The Beloit (Wisconsin) College Musical Association lately gave a Gounod program in the college chapel. A violin, an organ, some solo sopranos and the association chorus participated. A Motette "Gallia," for soprano solo and chorus was given, this being a musical form not often found on American programs.

* * *

Detroit has just been blessed with the organization of a juvenile symphony orchestra with twenty-five members. Its ambition, as catalogued, is to have seventy-five players and to own its own club rooms and musical library. There must be something particularly enthusing about the Detroit atmosphere to produce such a breaking out as this.

* * *

Pupils of Maurice Aronson form the membership of the Piano Students' Club at Freeport, Ill. They played their third recital of the season on Dec. 18.

* * *

With the Chicago Orchestra Dec. 14 and 15 the violinist, Fritz Kreisler, reappeared after an absence of some years, and played the Beethoven Concerto like a monarch among violinists. He has grace, and technic and eloquence.

* * *

Siegfried Wagner's new opera, "Herzog Wildsang" (Duke Wild Song), will be produced this season at Munich then at Leipsic.

Digitized by Google

A thirteen-year-old pupil of Heinrich Barth has aroused great interest in Berlin by his performance of the G minor Piano Concerto by Saint-Saens. His name happens to be Rubinstein.

* * *

Tschaikowsky's opera "Eugene Onegin" has had its hundreth St. Petersburg performance.

* * *

Here is the caliber of the first concert of the season given by the Paris Conservatoire: Brahm's C minor Symphony No. 1, Songs from Mendelssohn, Suite "L'Arlesienne" No. 1 by Bizet, "Crucifixus," by Lotti (choral), "Close Thy Eyes" (four voices), by Schumann, and the Beethoven Leonora Overture No. 3.

* * *

A young Italian living in Genoa, but a pupil of the Milan Conservatory, has lately had a new opera produced in Genoa. It is called "Medio Evo latino." The young composer was called before the curtain twenty times at the first performance. His name is Ettore Panizza.

* * *

At the Beethoven program, given December 14 and 15, the following works were presented by Mr. Thomas:

Fourth Symphony.
Violin Concerto (Mr. Kreisler).
Coriolanus Overture.
Fifth Symphony.

All these works were produced between 1806 and 1807. The length of the first part of this program was excessive for all but those in whom the psychological aspect of Beethoven's chief work during the years in question predominated. The fourth symphony, while containing agreeable parts is, in the main, rather characterless and, aside from historical motives, might as well have been left out. The violin concerto was played with great artistic fire by Mr. Kreisler, and this, along with the magnificent reading of the fifth symphony, were the two points of interest.

The wisdom of this arrangement of pieces is at least open to question. The first part, including everything except the fifth symphony, occupied nearly two hours, closing at a little after ten. The concert was out soon after eleven. This is too long. Also the placing of the important and serious "Coriolanus" overture at the close of a part occupying about an hour and a half of continuous attention before coming to the overture, was not altogether kind to that part of the public which honestly tries to imagine, with Bill Nye, that classical music is much better than it sounds.

There is another point. This arrangement, based purely upon the order of production, ignores the mental conditions of enjoying music, which is, first of all, through frequent relief by means of emotional contrast. In the present case there was very little contrast, hence a

Digitized by Google

corresponding amount of tedium. An entire program by one author is monotonous per se, owing to the limitations of composers. When to this is added a juxtaposition of long pieces in almost the same general emotional tone, the result is not, properly speaking, education. The main thing is not simply to play Beethoven; it is to make him liked.

* * *

At the concert of the Chicago Orchestra, November 30 and December 1, Mr. Thomas played a new symphonic poem, by Mr. Frederick Grant Gleason, called "The Song of Life." Mr. Gleason furnished the program, a kind of analysis of the work, but unfortunately, the present writer failed to receive or find a copy. It is founded upon a stanza of poetry, as follows:

> They have the night, who had, like us, the day;
> We, whom day binds, shall have the night, as they;
> We, from the fetters of the light unbound,
> Healed of one wound of living, shall sleep sound.

The work is in one movement, the leading motives of the beginning prevailing with few interruptions all through, and it would not be possible to maintain successfully (with evidence at hand) that the work does not mean what the poetry says it means.

Considered from the merely external standpoint of an interested hearer, the work manifsts the following traits: First of all, to begin with merits, remarkably good scoring, and a good variety of well-managed orchestral colors and sonorities. At several points the work almost reaches a climax, and all along things are so conducted that the light instruments having a theme are distinctly heard. In this respect Mr. Gleason is to be praised. Secondly, from a harmonic standpoint and with regard to thematic invention and development, Mr. Gleason succeeds well. The work was monotonous to a degree, and this quality appears to have been due to the following causes: First of all to a lack of any very pronounced imagination in the elementary themes themselves, or of decided individualities among them; second, a lack of that kind of harmonic insight which enables a composer to give his work the touch which exactly reaches and stirs the feeling sought for (this is instinct and cannot be acquired); third, to a lack of well-varied rhythmic development.

Digitized by Google

SONGS AND SONG-WRITERS. By Henry T. Finck. With Portraits. Scribner's Sons, New York. 16 mo., cloth, Pp. 254.

Curiously enough it has happened to Mr. Henry T. Finck, the well-known musical critic of the New York Evening Post, to write the first book in existence upon a subject of such universal musical interest as the Art-song. Mr. Finck naturally regards the art-song as having been created by Schubert, and, unlike many who praise that over-fertile writer indiscriminatingly, he regards only a small part of the Schubert production as having been really inspired. Mr. Finck, among the first of the lovers of the Schubert muse, recognizes the striking fact of the essentially instrumental character of much of the Schubert melody, and this by no means of his least popular. Perhaps it would be nearer to say that the most popular of the Schubert melodies are those which combine the folk-song character in the main phrases with certain digressions which, while still in the folks tone, are out of the main key, and in some related tonality having a poetic and an emotional under-relation to the leading key of the song. A case of this kind occurs, for instance, in the favorite "Shakespeare Serenade," where the main part of the melody is as simple as the plainest of folks songs; but the middle part, where the digression takes place into the unexpected key of G flat, imparts a dreamy character to the whole, astonishingly effective, considering the simplicity of incidents involved. In fact the whole subject of song-aesthetics still remains open for investigaton, along with that of the sources of musical expression in general. Why is it, the student may ask himself, that certain progressions along the commonest notes of the scale have such a charm sometimes, while far more unusual progressions fall flat? And why is it that a transition into a foreign tonality sometimes seems inborn in the very nature of the poetic text?

To answer questions of this sort it would be necessary to enter upon an exhaustive investigation of the emotional contents of every possible progression in and out of the key. Such a "science of melody," for this is what it would amount to in the end, would take us over the entire realm of musical invention, from the gracious and facile melodies of Mozart, down through those of all writers since, to Wagner and beyond. Why is it that Beethoven can sit still upon the tonic with such dignity at the beginning of the Heroic Symphony while later composers measure their dignity by their pomposity?

Digitized by Google

Mr. Finck treats his subjects with much good sense, and (it goes without saying) with a practiced hand. As to thoroughness of preparation, note his own words in the preface: "Not a single song have I commented on without having played it over myself; nor have I hesitated to say, for instance, that most of Beethoven's songs are poor stuff, or that of Schumann's two hundred and forty-five songs only twenty are first-class; any more than I hesitate to say that of my four favorite song-writers two are still living, and one is an American; the four being Schubert, Franz, Grieg and MacDowell." After this explanation of the thoroughness with which the work is done, and the confession of faith underlying the work, the next step is for the reader to address himself to the book, which, in passing, may be commended for its agreeable typography no less than for its contents.

The song-writers included in the book are Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Reichardt, Zelter, Zumsteg, Spohr, Marschner, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Franz, Jensen, Richard Wagner, Strauss, Liszt, Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, Dvorak, Chopin and Paderewski, Grieg and MacDowell—truly a lengthy list.

* * *

DR. PERCY GOETSCHIUS' "EXERCISES IN MELODY WRITING."

Dr. Percy Goetschius has lately added another to his already important contributions to the literature of elementary musical theory, the present occupying an entirely new field. His "Exercises in Melody Writing" is, in fact, an attempt at systematizing the development of melodic invention. The student is supposed to take up this text-book at any convenient stage of his harmony work and carry it along in connection or alternation therewith. He begins with the commonplaces of melody—the progressions along the scale tracks and the chord tracks. Scale degrees are distinguished as "active" and "passive." The former are those which seem to require a resolution—such as the seventh and the fourth; the purely passive degrees are the tones of the tonic chord, but even of these there is no real passivity excepting in the tonic itself—every other tone within the key tending to seek its ultimate repose in that one.

Later on the various incidents of melody are unfolded and the intention is first of all to present the general traits common to all natural melodies; then to carry the work to a point where a habit has been formed of conforming involuntarily to a natural melodic track. Still later the features of exceptional usage are taken up and exercises are given to promote their mastery.

The only previous occupant of this field of theory which the present writer happens to remember is the little book by Dorn, called "Musical Composition"—a misnomer, as it relates to melodic composition only.

In a complete course of theory, melodic invention is substantially

Digitized by Google

worked out in the subject of counterpoint; still there is much in melody which counterpoint fails to explain, particularly all the metrical and stanza-like formation. Much of this comes up in the course of Dr. Goetschius' book, which is therefore cordially commended.

* * *

FAMOUS COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS. Philip Hale and Louis C. Elson, Editors. J. B. Millet Company, Boston.

Two numbers of a new issue of "Famous Composers and Their Works" have been received. The books are published in the same elegant style as the former work, which had a sale of about forty thousand copies, so it is stated. The scope of the new series is not stated in the advertising matter thus far received. The first number opens with an essay upon "Musical Critics and Criticism," by the Editor of MUSIC. The article extends to something over twelve thousand words, and deals with the general principles of criticism, the prominent personalities in this line the world over, and gives portraits of many. The second article, finished in the second number of the book, is upon "Conductors and Conducting," by Mr. Rupert Hughes, a writer of considerable research and talent. This is illustrated from the Boston standpoint with portraits of Nikisch, Gericke, Paur, Zerrahn, Ceidl, Walter Damrosch, Levi, Sousa, Van der Stucken, Bulow, Chevillard, Weingartner, Mottl and Wagner as conductors. The third article is upon French Composers, the two included being Cesar Franck and Vincent D'Indy. The issues are supplied with sixteen pages each of music. The composers represented are Gabriel Faure, Richard Strauss, Stcherbatcheff, Chaminade, Godard, Lalo, Franck and Widor.

It is evident from these selections that the new series is intended to cover and supplement the deficiencies of th original work and to furnish practicable information and selections from contemporary composers about whom there is just now a great deal of inquiry in the women's clubs and so on. Accordingly the work should command a large sale. The parts are sold at fifty cents, and there will be sixteen in all.

* * *

REPORT OF THE CENSUS OF CUBA, 1899. Lt. Col. J. P. Sanger, Inspector-General. Published by the War Department of the United States. Cloth, 786 pages.

The report of the census of Cuba, taken last year under the direction of the military occupation, is a very complete document, containing besides the statistical tables a vast amount of information concerning the population, occupations, conditon of the island, etc. According to this census the total population is now a small fraction over a million and a half—somewhat smaller than that of the city of Chicago. The census of 1887 gave a total of 1,631,687, which is larger than the present by sixty thousand. It is likely that the falling off is apparent rather than real, and due to the superior accuracy of the present enumeration and tabulation. As a manual of information upon the

Digitized by Google

island, the volume is invaluable to editorial writers, students and public men. The work appears to have been done well, and the report is of unusual interest.

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

ANTHEMS FOR CHURCH USE. (Mixed Choir.)

"Bring Unto the Lord." (Harvest.) Ferris Tozer.
"The Day Is Past and Over." J. A. Meale.
"Arise, O God." F. R. Rickman.
"Turn My Face from My Sins." Cuthbert Harris.
"Great is the Lord." (Festival.) Arthur Page.
"My Song Shall Be Always." Thos. Hutchinson.
"Break Forth Into Joy." Frederick A. Owen.
"Awake, My Soul." Edward Rohde.
"While the Earth Remaineth." (Harvest.) Baxter.
"Blessed Be the Man." (Hospital Sunday.) A. W. Ketelbey.
"The Lord is Gracious and Merciful." Ouseley.

All the foregoing are good sound samples of choir material. Naturally the last has a certain flavor of the English practiced hand. In the first upon the list the text "Bring Young Rams Unto the Lord," is repeated four times—most likely in order to impress it upon a forgetful congregation. The middle part of this anthem also has a text which is by no means so clear to the English reader as it most likely was to the Hebrew who penned it: "He maketh the wilderness a standing water and water springs" (why not swamp?) "And there he setteth the hungry." The anthem closes with a chorale which is well treated.

Also the following compositions are for church use, being hymn anthems:

"Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing." Henry Houseley. (Pleasing.)
"Still Will We Trust." P. A. Schnecker.
"The Hour of Prayer." O. B. Brown.

The latter is of very moderate difficulty and is pleasing in character.

* * *

PART SONGS. MEN'S VOICES.

"The Magic Flower." Edward Kreemser.
"The Wind Mill." G. Baldamus.
"May Morning." Johannes Pache.

All the foregoing are to be recommended as pleasing and effective. Very moderate in difficulty. Somehow the muse seems to proceed more mellifluously when not bound for church.

* * *

VERMISCHTE LIEDER. Op. 12. O. G. Sonneck.

"Nelken." (Tenor.)
"Herbstlied." (Barytone.)

Digitized by Google

Out of the twelve songs of Mr. Sonneck's Opus 12, the two above are recommended as most favorable for beginning acquaintance with a new composer. "Nelken" has an excellent rhythm and a pleasing melody quite in antique style. The text is German, by Th. Storm. The song of spring is not quite so practicable. It is written for bass and belongs to the deeply serious *stimmung*, which German tradition associates with this class of voice. Of the remaning parts of the Opus there will be more to say at another time.

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

SPRING BLOSSOMS. Easy Fantasias on Favorite Melodies. By G. P. Ritter.

"The Piper of Dundee."
"Old King Cole."
"The Watch on the Rhine."
"Scottish War Song."
"Australian National Hymn."

These are all arrangements of the old melodies whose names they bear. They run to about three pages each, and lie well below the third grade in difficulty. They can be commended occasionally both for melody practice, which they afford good material, and for storing the pupil's mind with a certain number of folks songs. The least satisfactory of the lot is the last. Of course, this sort of thing will not do in too large doses. Finger work as such has rather a small place in these arrangements. They run mostly to chords. It is about time that a new set of easy teaching pieces were composed, in modern and rational style, from the standard operas of the Italian repertory. Those melodies are appreciated by young players long before they are ready for such melodies as those of Schumann or Wagner; and it is fitting that pupils should have an education of this kind. When they do appear, it is hoped that the old-fashioned hash idea, in which the source of the individual fragments is carefully concealed, will be replaced by titles and that every air will be arranged according to its true expression. From a German standpoint it will no doubt appear strange to say that for inspirational purposes in the direction of melody, some of these arrangements of really fine melodies are far better than the interminable and meaningless sonatinas which German tradition prescribes as the only suitable aliment for the beginner in playing.

* * *

SONGS OF LIFE AND NATURE. By Eleanor Smith. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Company.

Within a little more than two hundred pages Miss Eleanor Smith has brought together what is probably the best collection of songs for female voices (part songs) that has ever been made for the use of girls' schools and classes. The best composers are represented, by choice selections, Brahms, Franz, Cesar Cui, Schumann,

Digitized by Google

Mendelssohn, all the good writers are here, and here in appropriate form for the class intended. Miss Smith herself has a considerable number of compositions in various styles, all well done, original and musical—and all at the same time associated with very choice poetry. It is a book, therefore, to use with pleasure, to respect and to derive benefit from. Miss Smith was for several years in charge of the music in the Cook County Normal School, and the present collection is in part the result of this experience. The first edition of "Songs of Life and Nature" was published in 1898. Since then Miss Smith has produced the five books of the Modern Music Series, in which her talents are illustrated in different terms. She is a teacher who takes her art seriously.

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

SAFE SONGS FOR CHURCH USE.

From the house of Schmidt a variety of commendable songs for church use are at hand.

"How Gentle God's Commands." By E. W. Hanscom.
"The Lord is My Shepherd." E. W. Hanscom.
"O Jesus, Thou Art Standing." A. J. Holden.
"Jesus, Lover of My Soul." By Fred C. Erhardt.
"The Voice of Jesus." By Jules Jordan.

All the foregoing lie just above the line of the common place, following established tracks to such a degree that the average hearer will never be shocked, while at the same time he will not remember just where he heard something like it before. Could anything be better? The two songs by Mr. Hanscom, of Lewiston, Maine, are duets for contralto and tenor ("The Lord is My Shepherd") and for soprano and alto ("How Gentle God's Commands"). Both lie along the most pleasing tracks of Italian or Mendelssohnian duets.

* * *

TWO SONGS. By J. H. Hahn.

"Break, Break, Break."
"Love Me if I Live."

Both texts are successfully treated with a certain novelty, yet with not too much. Will be found pleasing by many singers, particularly as they lie well for the voice.

* * *

FRUEHLING (IN THE SPRING). By Alban Foerster.

Here we have a really inspiring and enjoyable song for public singing (soprano or tenor), a song musical, full of spirit, and worth knowing.

* * *

SIX SONGS. By Ad. M. Foerster.

"Night in the Desert."
"The Ocean."
"Fair Rosalind."

Digitized by Google

"A Hunting Song."
"Unfathomable Sea."
"A Sleeping Child."

In these six songs by the practiced Pittsburg composer, we have a variety of pleasant conceits for lyrical effort treated in a manner just enough novel to afford stimulation. Particular commendation is to be given Mr. Foerster for the use of English texts, which are all but one by masters of English poetry. The exception (Fair Rosalind), is by the composer himself. One of the most pleasing of the six is the first, for mezzo soprano. The Hunting Song is comic. The care with which these songs have been selected illustrates what a recent writer has said that the English language is poor in lyrics. When the German is in love he takes to poetry for the moment, like a duck to water. When he dreams of love it is the same; and as love is the only satisfactory motive for song, the German affords a range which English lacks.

* * *

ALBUM LEAF. By Claire Ring.
DANSE CAPRICE. By Claire Ring.

Two pleasing pieces of moderate difficulty. The first a little sentimental. Apparently written for large hands. The second in C minor is in a sprightly 3-4 measure. About fourth grade of difficulty.

* * *

CONTEMPLATION. Ernest Gillet.
IMPATIENCE. Ernest Gillet.

Very easy fourth grade. Quasi sentimental and meditative. The second is much like the Gypsy dance by Reinhold.

* * *

IN THE STYLE OF A GAVOTTE. Op. 200, No. 4. W. Aletter.

A pleasing quasi antique, fourth grade.

* * *

THREE PIECES FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO. By Felix Borowski.
"Valse Gracieuse."
"Sur le Lac."
"L'Adieu."

The "Gracious Waltz" is a very pleasing little piece for violin and piano, intended for young players. "Upon the Lake" is a barcarolle. The "Farewell" is a more sentimental melody. All of easy grade.

* * *

(From Silver, Burdett & Company.)

THE BEACON SONG COLLECTION. By Herbert Griggs. For Schools, Colleges and Choral Societies. No. 2.

This large collection of 249 pages is intended, apparently, to serve a compound purpose; being available for advanced schools (high schools and academies), choral societies, and the like. It covers much the same ground and belongs to the same class as the "Chorus Wreath," which was formerly so popular, except that this one being later has the advantage of all the experience of the last score of ears. The authors most numerously represented are those of English

Digitized by Google

part-songs, such as Mendelssohn, Sullivan, Leslie, Barnby, Farmer, Hullah, Pinsuti, and the like. Some of the songs are very long. For instance, an arrangement of Michael Watson's "Night" occupies nine pages; Costa's "Lady Arise" fills up ten pages. Evidently the conscience of the editor did not permit him to abridge these standard selections. There is one song included without notice of permission, which apparently violates the copyright entry—it is Dr. William Mason's arrangement of the Handel Largo to the words: "Hope in the Lord." The Handel copyright has run out; but Dr. Mason's placing those words to it involves a right which is still, if we mistake not, intact. Speaking of length, a more conspicuous case is that of Costa's "Damascus," from his oratorio of "Naaman." This piece runs to fifteen pages. The first is entirely devoted to an instrumental prelude, which might have been shortened, leaving those desirous of the whole prelude to provide a copy of the original of the pianist.

The variety of selections and the sterling quality of most of them will commend this book to many; thereby, no doubt, Mr. Griggs will find his reward.

* * *

(From H. F. Chandler.)

MUSICAL RHYTHMS FOR PIANO, For Educational Purposes. By Arnold D. Scammel. With an Introduction by Mrs. Crosby Adams, Chicago.

A collection of fifteen little pieces, of about two pages each, all in sprightly rhythm, mostly dances, and named with nursery titles, such as: "The Wunk's Party," "Pussy Cat Gavotte," "March of the Hoogie Googies," "The Doodle Bug's Charm," etc. They are designed to please children when played to them. It is even thought that such examples of music might be learned by the older little ones, in connection with their playing lessons. The book therefore appeals to a large constituency. From the standpoint of invention, the music is very good. Some of the pieces might have been written by Ethelbert Nevin, so well are they done from a melodic standpoint. It appears thus that the term "Musical Rhythms" covers only a small part of the contents of the music.

In her charming introductory essay, Mrs. Crosby Adams writes in a cultured way of the desirability of giving young pupils music with pleasing rhythms—an educational idea which nobody disputes, the only difference lying in the inability of some teachers to ascertain what it is which will interest the child. Upon another occasion this essay will perhaps be reproduced. All the pieces in this collection lie below the close of the third grade of piano; and, considering their number and the limitations purposely imposed, they contain an unusual proportion of variety. Therefore, the author is to be praised. The publisher also deserves a word, since not only has he made a most attractive exterior (the die for title being a remarkably clear-cut and fine-looking one), but the whole typographical execution is admirable and the price, one dollar, very reasonable for a collection of thirty-five well printed pages.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

Digitized by Google

MUSIC.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

THE XIXTH CENTURY AND NATIONAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

By national school of music, in the present inquiry, I mean a production of art-music by composers of one nation, containing, besides the general qualities of good music, something over in the form of temperament and ideals of mood and meaning, corresponding to the predominant psychical types of the nation. It is maintained by some that the farther we go along the path of development and the closer mankind is brought together, as happens in these later times, the smaller and smaller will be the ground of national characterization in music. They tell us that all good musicians, the world over (Italy not excepted), are instructed in the principles of their art and their taste trained by German musicians or by musicians who themselves have been pupils of German musicians. The orchestral players the world over are mainly German; and singers come from every country, our own standing high as one of the most productive sources of supply. Thus interpreters, as well as composers, having been subjected to like influences, all of German origin, the tendency, they say, is more and more to eliminate everything provincial and characteristic of the country in which the composition is actually done, and to make every well-written piece of music entirely free from qualities betokening nationality in the composer.

From the outside this contention would seem just, and it is received as such by perhaps a majority of composers and high musicians. They go on and call attention to the fact that these national distinctions have been obliterated to such a degree that music is now the one cosmopolitan language of

Digitized by Google

the world, German, Italian, French, Russian, Belgian, English and American standing upon the same level of presumed authority, the sole test being that of the excellence of each particular work. This uniformity, they say, will go on more and more, since it is so powerfully assisted by the cosmopolitan ear-training we get, and the prevalence of opera of all types and nationalities in the opera houses the world over.

Nevertheless, while admitting to the fullest extent all the above mentioned influences for uniformity, the contention does not seem to be well sustained; or, rather, there are influences at work which turn in the opposite direction. In the first place, the direct influence through German work in instructing the young is always decreasing outside of Germany. While in the early stages of music in any country the most important professors have been imported from Germany; later on the native musician becomes in turn a professor, and a demand grows up which the German supply does not satisfactorily meet. This has come to pass in France, where there are very few German musicians living and teaching, and in Russia, in England, Belgium and Italy. It is beginning to be the same in America, despite the large importations by some of our schools.

Moreover, look at what has taken place previously in the history of our art. From the year 1600 to about 1700 the Italians had everything their own way in music. Opera, at least, they entirely monopolized, not alone as composers, but also as performers. Even such geniuses as Bach and Handel thought it necessary to learn from the Italians. Bach never went to Italy, but as violinist he was undoubtedly familiar with the epoch-marking works of Corelli and the other early Italian masters of the violin; as organist he knew the work of the Gabriellis and other Italian organists; and as harpsichordist he must have known something of the early artists upon that instrument, although it is not likely that he was familiar with the compositions of the greatest of all in Italy, Domenicho Scarlatti, who was about his own age. But in his Italian concerto, in many places in his organ works and compositions for violin, the partitas and the like, Bach shows that he had endeavored to assimilate whatever there was of a national character in the music of Italy. So, also, Handel actually

Digitized by Google

visited Italy and remained there for a couple of years or more, the intimate associate of the Scarlattis, father and son; and it was as an Italian composer that he flourished for twenty years more in London.

Yet such was the original force of these two men, and such the vigor with which their music responded to something concealed in the German heart, that they became founders of a German school, a school of composition which while having no chords different from those habitually employed by the Italians and no tricks of counterpoint unlike those taught by such masters as Padre Martini and Alessandro Scarlatti, nevertheless were full of something as purely German as if it had been German sayings written in Gothic script. Not that Bach and Handel alone created the German school; on the contrary, old Heinrich Schuetz, and a variety of masters after him, were themselves builders in this temple of great art. But the German school arose, and for the entire century from 1700 to 1800 the German was a strongly predominating influence in the music of the world; an influence so important that all the music of the modern world stands upon the Bach foundation. For while Bach did not create the fugue, it was Bach and no other who developed it into a form adapted for free expression, as any one can see who will play enough of them to discover how individual they are despite their seeming conformance to a well-established type of proceeding.

What the eighteenth century founded the nineteenth century would seem to have more fully established and to have made irrevocable, for after Bach and Handel the Germans had the sons of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and the vigorous writer of sonatas, F. W. Rust, whose work is supposed to have influenced Beethoven to an important degree. Then came the romantic school, in which Germany, with Schubert and Schumann at the fore, may be said to have led the procession and to have set the key of the world-concert even in this new dispensation. With all this world of performers, important schools for training musical masters—schools which, like those at Leipsic, Berlin and other cities, have put their impress upon many great composers of other nationalities.

While we direct our eyes in this direction it seems as if there was no other real school of music in the world outside the

Digitized by Google

German. Many eminent German musicians actually think this or something dangerously like it. But it is not true. While the music of the period of Bach, the period of Haydn, Beethoven, and the romantic are each after their kind peculiarly responsive to German moods and types of thought, they are by no means the whole story.

Along towards the middle of the eighteenth century, France began to have its own school of opera, and that school has gone on strengthening and enriching itself to such a degree that two-thirds of all the operas heard in France this hundred years have been produced by French composers. Other composers, from Germany even, have changed their style of writing and modified their ideals in favor of those of France. One might almost claim that the great Chevalier Gluck did this; certainly Myerbeer did it, and Rossini again in turn. And while, as a natural result of French mind, the eighteenth century furnished mainly the lighter operas from French sources, a supply which has never ceased, it was not until after Cherubini had begun to establish higher standards of professional education that the French composers began to succeed in grand opera. Succeed how well is attested by the productions of Bizet, Gounod, Reyer, Saint-Saens, Massenet, and the like. Many of the works of these men have entered into the world-swim and others, no doubt, will yet do so—such as Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII." and "Samson and Delilah," and probably at least a part of the work of Cesar Franck.

The French also produced a great genius in orchestral music, Berlioz, a composer whose works are at once famous and epoch-marking. After Berlioz all good French writers display in this important province a refinement and perception of tone values greater than that of most composers of other countries.

Italy, unfortunately, stood still for a century. At the end of the seventeenth century Italy led the world. Thus she began the eighteenth; but her ambition restricted itself to the department of Italian opera, and in this to the display of voice and vocal excellencies rather than towards the expression of tragic or deeply conceived feeling by means of the musical web itself. Thus she turned out some beautiful operas by such composers as Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, and the ever-

Digitized by Google

fertile Verdi, and now later by a group of young and, on the whole, strong composers, and there is unquestionably a distinctive flavor to Italian music. Its main means of expression was at first the violin, and it was an Italian who put this beautiful goddess of our art at the head of the orchestra; later the voice acquired the art of cantabile, and has continued to remain the ideal of an expressive medium in Italy. So Italian opera has been somewhat emasculated of all that great world of resource in tone color and the expression of feeling by means of living, struggling, and soaring orchestration, and the dramatic use of thematic art—the climax of which was reached in German opera by Richard Wagner. Therefore, while it is not possible to deny that Italy has a school of music of its own, and that this school is somehow expressive of characteristics peculiarly Italian, it is possible to maintain that it acquired this school and national color in its music in the same way that it has acquired a like national color in its literature and life, mainly by standing still and breeding in and in while other nations have gone forward to greater attainments. Yes, there is something in this. Nevertheless, there is after all an Italian school, and I make no doubt that the oncoming group of young Italian composers will find place, even in their most honestly written symphonies and chamber music and operas of a more heroic type than those of this century, for mental types and habits of thought and mood which are deeply and essentially Italian.

So also of Russian art it can be maintained, and is by some, that what we have in Tschaikowsky is not so much a peculiarly Russian composer as a genius of the first order, who belongs to no one nation, but is the common heritage of the whole world of art. This can be said, but it is not the whole story. Before there was a Tschaikowsky there was Glinka, and Glinka certainly did devote himself to developing Russian music as such. First of all he began in the folk songs or in his own melodies in the folk tone, and because he found himself unable to harmonize them satisfactorily according to German counterpoint, he, at the fortunate suggestion of his teacher, the celebrated Berlin theorist, Dehn, devoted himself to finding out their own proper harmonization. This he did so well that he began to realize the outcoming of tendencies previously hidden

Digitized by Google

within his bosom; and later, adopting boldly Russian stories and Russian characters, he created a peculiarly Russian development of opera. This form of art, so far as we know it from the outside, is first of all well written after German ideas; but inasmuch as the subjects and the language are Russian, and the folk melodies are in the Russian folk tone and harmonized according to Russian ideas, the result becomes a national product the proof of which, like repeated helpings to the pudding, lying in the favor and long life which some of Glinka's operas have enjoyed now during fifty years or more.

Probably the late great pianist, Antoine Rubinstein, was more responsible than any other one influence for the establishment in Russia of a high class professional school of music, manned as far as possible by high-minded Russian masters. In this school have been trained all the present active Russian composers, and in this school was trained Tschaikowsky. This great artist had originally an irrepressible appetite for Italian cantilena, and all his early efforts at composition were conceived, as far as he could, after Italian models. With German art he was never completely sympathetic. The classical composers he liked; Schumann, Schubert also; but Brahms he found quite one side the line of his own musical tendencies. When we hear the cyclonic fifth symphony of Tschaikowsky, with its opening monotone of a deeply muttering care and discontent, and trace its path all through the wonderful slow movement to the finale, how is it possible to think it the work of a composer whose ideals are Italian? It was not the work of such a one; for, while Tschaikowsky was an Italian in recognizing the power of a properly harmonized cantilena, his resources and way in which he used them were never Italian, but wholly and characteristically Russian. Moreover, the Tschaikowsky symphonies came after a series of not less than eleven operas upon Russian subjects, and in the Russian language and folk tone of music. Then in the department of symphony what have we? Certainly a world product, in the sense of power, pervading force and originality; something Russian in the types of feeling and the mighty energy which pervades it; and something of the world-swim in the universality of the appeal it makes. But that it is any the less Russian for having this undercurrent of the world-grief, he would be a bold writer who would maintain.

Digitized by Google

So, also, of the later Russian writers, such as Cesar Cui, Rimsky-Korsakow, Balakireff, the young writer Glazounoff, and so on. The latter, indeed, presents elements which might easily be taken as supporting the contention of those who anticipate the final extinction of national traits in universal music. But there is also another explanation in the case of Glazounoff; he is a rather unaggressive personality, with plenty of talent, but without positive personal convictions. He easily falls into current manners, therefore, and the most common traits of the Russian music about him might be overlooked in favor of those of the classical music of Germany. Nevertheless, even Glazounoff is none the less a Russian composer than his predecessors. The absence of the national note in unmistakable appeal is only a part of the like absence of a vigorous personal note of his own. He has personality enough to make his works charming, but not enough to fight about; he is a sort of Russian Schubert.

I have elsewhere adverted to the strange closeness of the habit of musical composition in the higher forms in Russia and official life in directions apparently opposite if not irreconcileable. General Cesar Cui is a case in point; he is professor of fortifications in the Russian military school for educating army officers. Rimsky-Korsakoff was educated for the navy, and was actually an officer of marines when he managed to effect his transference to the post of teaching composition in the St. Petersburg conservatory. This indicates a greater closeness of musical art to the average Russian life than exists anywhere else in the world, even in Germany.

That the Russian music brings a new note into the world-concert is as plain as the Russian note in every other department of life into which it has entered. The Russian composers are very musical, full of energy, they have barbaric tendencies to overdo emotional climaxes, and their best symphonies might be and are denied a rightful place among those of the best German composers on the ground of sensationalism and over-emotionality. All the same the Russian works are played, heard with interest and admiration, and the consummate technique of their execution is admired by all who know it, and felt with an appreciative thrill by those who cannot explain the reason. It is impossible that this spirit should later on

Digitized by Google

cease to be welcome in our art, particularly when the note of intensity has been brought to such a commanding position in German music by Richard Wagner. I think, therefore, that in a true sense the Russians may be said to have a school of musical art peculiar to themselves, yet of such vigor and mastery as to make it a part of the world's supply of high art.

In countries so poor and sparsely settled as the different ones in the Scandinavian peninsula it would be too much to expect any great type of musical art; and this the more because from a musical standpoint Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland are but provinces of Germany, where most of the composers and practical musicians have had their education and some of them have been highly esteemed. Finland, being farther from Germany, has naturally made more headway from within her own resources. A school of national music is working there and something worth while may later follow. Norway has done the most towards a national music, up to the present. Edvard Grieg, the greatest of her younger composers, has boldly filled his works with folk types of melody and tonality, which before his time were utterly unknown in the south of Europe. Other Norwegian composers are doing something in the same direction; yet there is no national opera nor anything peculiarly Norwegian in Grieg's music beyond the comparatively trivial incidents already mentioned. It has a characteristic note, indeed, but it is a provincial note which does not answer in any commensurate degree to the many-sided capacities of the national heart.

Another very musical country which as yet has contributed to the world-concert nothing but characteristic phrases and folk melodies, is Hungary, a country out of which have come such remarkable performers as Liszt, Joachim, Korbay, Remenyi; but Liszt and Korbay alone stand out as composers; and the Hungarian note in their music is little more than a sort of flavoring or individual trade mark. Doubtless the unproductiveness of the Hungarians is due to their having given over so much of the ordinary music to the Gypsies, who have never indulged in written and studied composing. Extempore performances, improvisations, all ephemeral—these have departed without leaving "footprints on the sands of time."

From the first quarter of the eighteenth century down to

Digitized by Google

the last quarter of that just completed, England has occupied rather an unfortunate position in the world of music. First of all that colossus, Handel, came to London, and for forty years dominated everything. The greatest trial of his prestige was when another foreigner or two were brought over to rival him; in the end the direct and characteristically solid music of Handel stood its ground, and after his death he was worshiped even more ardently than during his life. Then, early in the nineteenth century, came Mendelssohn, who succeeded to a new idolatry, the fervor of which has become mitigated only with the last score of years. Meanwhile many talented young men have arisen in England ambitious to do as composers; but between their German education and the German ascendency at court and in high circles they have had but a poor chance, and even if they had boldly adopted national ideals their fate would have been little better.

In the lower walks of music, the part-song, the church anthem, and the ballad, the English have performed creditably during the century. Effective schools for teaching music have been established and are largely patronized; but as yet the ideals are all German, and at most a mere beginning of English national art has been accomplished. Of all English composers of recent times, no one has so nearly gained the ear of the world as the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. That he accomplished even so much is greatly to his credit. The limitation appears when we consider that the works which gained this sympathetic attention from so remote quarters of the globe were in the domain of light opera, where deeper problems of human interest are out of place. Still it deserves to be said that the Gilbert and Sullivan light opera comes nearer to being a production characteristically English and national in a very good sense, than any other musical production of England. A real beginning has been made towards an opera true to English character and life. It has struck the life of the present day and contains many of the essential elements which will enter into a national school. Influences are at work which will probably at no distant day bring out still stronger and more noble musical illustrations of the best which the English character affords.

A gratifying minor incident in the English development

Digitized by Google

during this period is the appearance just now, at the very close of the century, of a young composer of African race, who shows signs of originality and talent. That a composer of this mixed race should ever come to be the exponent of the English race as such is of course extremely unlikely; but even if he turns out to be no more than the brilliant first fruit of education in a race which, while full of musical possibility and disposition, has never before cut any figure at all among the composers of higher races, the fact will still be of importance and the time a memorable epoch.

With reference to the progress of music in America during the century, and particularly with reference to our progress towards a full expression of distinctively American character and ideals in music of large forms and masterly workmanship, a lower key is necessary and the summing up is not wholly flattering. That the gain has been enormous goes without saying. A hundred years ago there was no music in America, or so very little as to be hardly worth noting. The study of oratorio began in a very feeble way with the organization of the Boston Handel and Haydn society in 1815; the New York Philharmonic was founded in 1845; and as early as the middle of the century, or just after, we had our first composers who attracted any attention at all in Europe. These were the late Louis Moreau Gottschalk and Dr. William Mason. Both these composers confined themselves to salon music. Gottschalk had in his music something distinctively American, in the negro rhythms and the tasteful melody which everywhere characterizes his work. He died in 1863, and very naturally the great advance in piano playing since that time has relegated his works to a position of comparative obscurity. Dr. Mason was more German, and consequently less American; perhaps it is right to say that as a composer he is not American at all, since neither in the finished style which his writing shows, nor in the turn of the melody and harmony, is there anything which any good German salon composer might not be willing to sign. From a national point of view the highest praise to be given Dr. Mason is that of having been the first American to fully master German methods of thinking and writing. He therefore became of right a most valued force in American education, which had for its first work to reach

Digitized by Google

a standard of finish equal to the best foreign. For doing this an individual like that of Mason was indispensable. Nevertheless he is not the American composer for whom the country is waiting.

In view of the puritanical heredity of New England, and the early formation of a singing society devoted to oratorio, it was no more than natural that our first creditable successes in music of a high character should be attained in the province of oratorio. Following the line of church music, and particularly the hymn tune, which some of our composers brought to a very creditable perfection, the works of the Harvard professor of music, Mr. John K. Paine, naturally called for first attention. His oratorio of "St. Peter" and his choral music to a play of Sophocles are certainly strong works. Whether they have anything peculiarly American in them is difficult to say; probably they have, in the sense of being unlike equally capable German work; but still they are oratorio and in no sense national. They have not made an impression upon our national musical consciousness, no numbers from them having made way into common use or even into loving occasional use. Solemnly, statedly and conscienciously the oratorio of "St. Peter" has been twice given. The author has been praised; a few diligent students have turned to his work in the search after something characteristic—and this is all. Our American art is to be sought elsewhere. As a force along the same lines as those of Dr. Mason, Professor Paine has been invaluable As a teacher of composition he has turned out a number of well-schooled composers; and from all of them he has, as far as possible, diligently polished off everything provincial, peculiar, and American.

The most recent European success of any musical composition "made in America" has been that of Mr. H. W. Parker's "Hora Novissima," but this is as nearly as possible an English choral work; and its having been manufactured in America instead of England is a geographical accident wholly without significance. It is due the author to say that, making allowance for the difficulty of composing a long work upon a poem in which the same meter is continued without change, Professor Parker succeeded admirably.

Next in plausibility after the two mentioned as candidates

Digitized by Google

for the ranks of distinctively American composers comes the name of Mr. Edward Alexander MacDowell, professor of music at Columbia University. Mr. MacDowell had an elaborate European training, and appears to have set himself definitely towards originality and a characteristic American note as something desirable in itself. But in his case, as in many others, the desire to be original, and even the actual attainment of originality, are by no means the same thing as becoming original through sheer force of unconscious inworking individuality and new apperceptions of tonal possibilities. Mr. MacDowell (since having been made professor he has done comparatively little) has produced a number of semi-successful and wholly creditable works in large forms. A symphony, two pianoforte concertos, an orchestral suite or two, three or four very elaborate pianoforte sonatas, many songs, and sporadic efforts in other directions, illustrate the nature of his talent. The sonatas may be discussed with few words, as illustrating the supposed duty of the modern serious composer to write something new in this form. Mr. MacDowell has indeed written something new; but that the new is also interesting and musical is a proposition which the present writer, at least, must be excused from maintaining. In his songs Mr. MacDowell has written charmingly, even if one stops short of the verdict of Mr. Henry T. Finck, of the New York Evening Post, who classes him among the very best of all composers in this line.

Thus MacDowell is a composer to be mentioned with great respect, and some reputable judges (Dr. William Mason, for instance,), regard him as one of the first of living composers, and the peer of any. This from a master who, like Mason, regards the position of the late Johannes Brahms in the musical pantheon as at least questionable, ought to satisfy the friends of Mr. MacDowell. But whatever excellence longer use may show to belong to the compositions of Mr. MacDowell, one thing is quite certain, which is that he is not the great American composer.

How can this be predicated with confidence, it is asked. The answer is easy. Whenever a composer arises with works really representing American ideals and innermost aspirations, his works will not need an effort to render them current. No

Digitized by Google

sooner shall such a note be sounded within reach of American hearing than its spirit-stirring power will be felt and the composer be hailed as the long-lost brother of his kind; just as happens in the case of lower popularities, such as the popular songs which run like wildfire from mouth to mouth and from ear to ear. This has always been so. True, the American composer is still under a handicap of enormous weight. If he undertakes to write opera, who is to perform it? European educated singers, European players and European conductors. All three of these elements are a dreadful handicap, all the greater in case a composer should have something in his work distinctively American. If he writes symphony, some complacent conductor may chance to underline it for performance. It is played by European players, imperfectly rehearsed, read in the European lights, and perhaps the performance misses most of the points upon which the composer relies. It is the same thing in chamber music. In song it is different. There is a market for American songs. This is a good sign, so far as it goes.

There are given of American symphonies or symphonic poems every year in America a good half dozen, and the case has yet to be recorded where any large American work has been given a second time in the same place. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's Gaelic symphony has indeed had several performances, in Boston, Chicago, and most likely elsewhere; but after all this merely proves that for once a woman has written creditably in the higher walks of art. That it is distinctively American, aside from the general fact, is too much to say.

It follows, therefore, that as yet America has not developed a school of musical writing characteristic to herself. The best we have done so far is to approximate the quality of the second best foreign. The best foreign, such as the workmanship of Saint-Saens, Dvorak, Tschaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakow, Glazounow, Balakirew, Richard Strauss, and the late Cesar Franck, we have nowhere equalled or approached. Still less have any of our productions had in them seeds of characteristic nationality as all of theirs have.

Should it prove in the immediate future that the days of foreign players and conductors in America are growing fewer and shorter, conditions now exist which will probably bring

Digitized by Google

us to an original American school within the next fifty years. We have to educate our own composers, criticize their work as American work, have it sympathetically played by American players and led by a sympathetic yet capable American conductor. This will have to be done on the small scale, in conservatory concerts, local symphony societies, and the like; and many works of mediocre value will have to be brought out in the best manner possible. In short, the road of the American composer, from his desk to actually hearing his completed composition, will have to be made smoother and shorter; roses of sympathy will need to be planted along the borders and the critic will have to let up a little in his fundamental principle that only Brahms (or Beethoven, according to how far his education has progressed along the B's,) can write symphony.

It will not escape the careful reader that the provisions outlined for promoting the comfort and currency of the American composer have in them elements of danger to art. The change from a band of European players to one composed mainly of native players has already begun. Within ten years the violins in all fine American orchestras will be predominantly American. Violas will come next, and then 'cellos. Basses will be later. The trumpet will soon be relegated to Americans, and the trombone already numbers native players of superior quality. The kettle-drummer in the Thomas orchestra (if I am correct) is American—a young man who grew up at the side of the late efficient tympanist, who was a master in this little understood department of orchestral rhythm.

The American conductor is a more serious proposition, owing first of all to the disheartening impossibility of a young conductor gaining routine experience. But the way is bound to open, and it will open much more quickly than now appears likely. We have American singers to vie with the world. Later on we shall train them ourselves in our own language, and they will attain to a rational delight in singing great songs to the American people in speech common to all from childhood.

Thus while we have not yet attained to American music, we have conditions working which are likely to bring us to such a desideratum before very long. Sooner, no doubt, than has

Digitized by Google

happened in other countries, for all countries have undergone this kind of bondage to foreign influences; and one country after another has found its own way out into a highway of art—an art free, inspiring and, above all, appealing to all those belonging to the same enthnology. It is merely a question of having more music within ourselves, more carefully educating our young and of holding up American ideals. It must come.

Thus we come back again to the question underlying a large part of this discussion. It is as to the probable estimation and relative rank the German school is likely to hold in the coming century. The question is a rather large one, and suggestions are as far as the case warrants. In general we see quite plainly that by just so much as music becomes intense and highly emotional, by just that amount it grows tiresome the sooner. In part this is relieved by the wider variety of sources from which our world music is drawn than was formerly the case. The entrance of all these nationalities into the world-concert affords a greater variety of mental types and moods and a wider variety of qualities of workmanship. All this diversifies our music, and while any one piece soon tires a hearer, as soon as a contrast has been heard we are ready again for the former appeal. Still the tendency is for all very nervous and high-strung music to wear out more quickly, just as we find in personal individualities. Of all the German composers, the two whose works are freshest at this moment are John Sebastian Bach and Schubert, two men in whom the distinctively personal note is least obtrusive. Bach stands for us as the ideal of the almost purely musical and impersonal treatment of musical motives. His mastery, indeed, was personal and peculiar to himself, more's the pity, but it did not enter into his music as the expression of his own personality and mood so much as the working out of something lying unrevealed within the fundamental germ, the motive itself. Schubert, also, found his standpoint in the words of his poet; he becomes, therefore, the voice of music as awakened by poetry. Something of this kind is true of Mozart and Haydn, since the personal note is meager in both; but here again we come up to the lack of intensity as well as of forceful technical handling of strong ideas. Haydn and Mozart were optimistic

Digitized by Google

in their music in a childlike way, which in the onward movement of the time has become apathetic to us.

Richard Wagner no longer remains the last word in German music. Brahms spoke later, and with masterly voice; and Richard Strauss has out-elaborated the great elaborator of Bayreuth. I do not believe that the Wagnerian opera will remain the highest ideal of German opera. When you come to think of it, there is little or no human interest in the later Wagnerian opera. The assumed dramatic persons are nebulous and mythical. Their difficulties are artificial, their life impossible, and the conception a crude intermingling of childlike wonder myths and quasi human resemblances. From the poetic side, therefore, it has little standing. The music, again, while sufficiently industrious and seriously conceived, is neither dramatic (except at rare moments) nor suited for pleasurable hearing except by specially prepared listeners. The four operas of the Ring are destined to be cut and cut and cut again; and even that lovely masterpiece, "The Mastersinger," will hardly escape. The colossal love-story, "Tristan and Isolde," may last for a time, such is the power of this conception; but eventually it also will fall under the benevolent ministry of the blue pencil, and young composers will seek to avoid some of Wagner's errors.

If there is any one forecast more warranted than another from the teaching of the century just closed, it is that the music of the future will devote itself to painting and representing something in human life which presses for utterance. No doubt the extreme of the morbid and tragic will go on contrasting with the extreme of the noble, the pure and optimistic; and very likely, as holds in journalism at present, the incidents of the morbid and extraordinary will be thought to afford the composer greater "human interest" than the mere portrayal of noble and well-ordered and comely states of mind.

It cannot be denied that the tendency of such overdone rhapsodies as the tone-poems of Richard Strauss is in the direction of stupefying the ear and rendering consonance ineffective. But in my opinion, there still remain manners of introducing dissonances for flavoring without at the same time destroying the impression of consonance. Mr. Godowsky

Digitized by Google

once made to his class the naive remark, that he would not wonder if some time dissonances would be so perfectly understood that they would not need to be resolved. In Mr. Godowsky's own later works there is a very subtle and original application of passing dissonances, in such a way that the music sounds, if possible, all the sweeter, yet still having in it the appeal peculiar to dissonance. Mr. Godowsky's dissonances are often optimistic and essentially musical, as distinguished from some of the Wagnerian dissonance, which is malevolent, and much of that of Richard Strauss, which is extravagant, irresponsible, a sheer reveling in cacophonous combinations—for you will note that when Mr. Strauss is speaking strictly in a musical manner his ideas are rather sweet, Mozartean and almost commonplace. The composer of the future will not be so; he will have in his manner of being melodious within the key that distinction which some of our public performers have in treating pieces apparently simple, and this will enable him to indulge in expression without running amuck through all the dissonances in sight.

Whatever other nationalities may enter into prominent places in our art, it is very unlikely that the vigorous mysticism of the German mind will not continue to express itself in music with an authority and pervading appeal which will still give that great nation one of the most honored places in the musical pantheon. I do not even believe that our American spirit, even after two generations more, will be able fully to enter into the most secret places of the art of tones and bring to expression those deep underlying sentiments of humanity which are the real something beneath the authority of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Bach, Brahms, and the rest.

Whatever the relative progress of the nations in music, the music of the future will be cosmopolitan, well made, lifelike in directness of expression, and every nationality will necessarily bring into the temple of art its offerings after its kind. The range of moods will be greater, the clearness of expression more complete, the barbaric effort to obtund the sense of hearing will give place to moderation, and there will always remain room, even in great art, for those simple and natural optimisms upon which human well-being so largely depends.

Digitized by Google

DUDLEY BUCK ON THE FUTURE OF MUSIC.

(In reply to certain inquiries from this office Mr. Buck sends a copy of an interview in the Brooklyn Eagle, in which he gives his view concerning the future of music and the likelihood of our developing a national school. Ed. MUSIC.)

I am asked if I "detect indications that there may develop during the twentieth century a type of music which will come to be acknowledged as distinctly American?"

My reply is that, in my opinion, the tendency throughout the musical world is toward the fading away of what may be considered national characteristics in music. Donizetti and Rossini, composers in what is commonly called the Italian school, were contemporaries of Beethoven, who may be taken as a representative of one phase of the German school. As between the compositions of the Italians and those of the German, there were certain essential differences which gave each a distinct musical character.

My observation is that differences of this kind are becoming less and less discernible. What we once considered distinguishing characteristics of German music, for example, are now appearing in music written by Frenchmen, and if the compositions of a certain contemporaneous Italian musician were played to an audience which was intelligent about music, but unfamiliar with the compositions, and if that audience were asked to indicate the nationality of the composer, I have no doubt that many would declare him to be a German, and that others might see in the music what they considered characteristic of the French school. And both opinions might be entirely correct.

In a general way, I believe that this tendency toward the merging and blending of musical expressions may be detected in the compositions of American musicians.

Certainly I cannot say that I detect in the productions of our native composers any peculiarities out of which is likely to develop a distinct school. The fact is that much seems to be developing in very much the same way that every other form of creation or method of expression develops. In the literary world, for example, how much essential difference is there

Digitized by Google

between English and American ideals as forms of expression? Technical or typographical peculiarities aside, could you tell whether a moral ideal or a psychical ideal which might be presented to you came out of an English or an American mind? Nothing could be much further removed from the idea of music than is the idea of a battleship. But how much essential difference is there between battleships the world over.

This, then, is the point I am trying to make. The progress of civilization is toward common ideals. Cultivation, whether it be in music, or in art, or in science, or in morals, makes toward the same end. That, of course, is the explanation of the fading out of defined schools of music, and that is why I do not think it likely that anything like a distinctly American type of music will be developed; that is, a type which is fundamentally different from any other type. I do not mean that there may not be differences in the forms of expression. All men do not wear the same kind of hat; much less are hats worn at the same angle, but a hat is a hat, for all that. I have heard people talk about the distinctive character of the Russian music, but I do not detect any such fundamental or basic difference. Russian compositions may seem to express the peculiar virility and physical force of the Russian people, but this does not constitute a basic difference.

I have heard it said, too, that the peculiar grandeur and magnificence of our scenery will furnish the inspiration for a kind of music which will come to be regarded as distinctly American. That is all very fine from the poetic standpoint, but I don't believe the theory is sensible. As a matter of fact, I have known musicians to have borne in upon them the loftiest and most beautiful conceptions while they were gazing at a blank wall. Probably if such a man had just been to the Yellowstone Park a good many people would declare that what he had produced was a distinct expression of the majesty of American woods and mountains, and very likely the music would lose some of its beauty for them if they found out that he got the inspiration while looking at a bare wall.

In conclusion, then, I believe that the twentieth century will see a constantly increasing interest in and love of music, with attendant tendencies toward composition which shows less variation in its structure and a more generally recogniza-

Digitized by Google

ble essential significance. Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Russians will produce things which grow more and more alike in their fundamentals, whatever differences there may be in their non-essentials. The composer who produces the noblest and loftiest music will be the composer who has the noblest and loftiest inspirations, provided, of course, he has the genius and the force to give them effectual expression. Such a man may appear anywhere on the face of the earth. He may be an American or a German or whatnot.

I can see no indications that he need necessarily be one or the other. When he does appear, he will produce what comes to him without much regard for the form of government under which he lives or the character of the society in which he moves.

These conditions have had and may have a certain influence upon musicians, but it is not from environment that musical inspiration necessarily is drawn.

Digitized by Google

SYMPHONY SINCE BEETHOVEN.

(A Rejoinder to M. Felix Weingartner.)

(From the French of M. Hugues Imbert.)

(Concluded.)

Dead at the early age of thirty-five years, Alexis de Saint Victor de Castillon (1838-1873) did not give a full measure of the talent with which he had been endowed. But if we may judge by his chamber music, his orchestral suite, his overture to "Torquato Tasso," his "Symphonic Sketches," it may be affirmed that he was one of the first in France who, by the elevation of thought, novelty or form, would give to symphony and chamber music a strong and noble impulse. The melancholy and dramatic sentiment, in which he showed his affinities with the beautiful thoughts of Beethoven and Schumann, dominate in all the pages which he wrote under the direction of Cesar Franck, who did not strive to obscure his personality—a fact which adds still another evidence of his excellence as a teacher. Alexis de Castillon never wrote for the theater.

The genial author of "Djamileh" and "Carmen" was a true symphonist, and these qualities are shown in his beautiful symphony "Roma," in the overture to "Patrie," in his "Jeux d'Enfants," and still better in his "Arlesienne," this exquisite masterwork of theatrical music, which brings the name of Bizet (1838-1875) into close relationship with that of Schumann. In his instructive letters, written in so spontaneous a style, he unveils his tendencies and his admiration for symphony. Nobody comprehended better than he; for he had passed through the strong school of the great masters across the Rhine before writing the pages to which we have referred. If he had taken up his abode there, his instrumental music would no doubt have taken on a much wider development.

Even though the fertile production of M. Massenet (1842) would be classed among the French composers of the second half of the nineteenth century who have mainly excelled in opera, it will not do to forget that he made his first appearance in his chosen career with some orchestral suites which had

Digitized by Google

considerable celebrity. His suites are eight in number, of which the first ("Pompei") made its appearance in 1866; and the last ("Scenes Alsaciennes") was composed towards the end of 1882. The author gave proof in these pieces of great skill of hand; his writing is striking, lively; his orchestration very finely colored; the details often extremely fine, particularly in the themes of grace and sweetness. The forcible passages, on the other hand, are often only noisy. Outside his orchestral suites, which demonstrate great knowledge and striking originality in orchestral combinations, M. Massenet has written a number of other pages, of which some are not without value. It is enough to cite in the first line the overture to "Phedra" (1874). The same qualities are still shown in his stage music ingeniously contrived for the "Erinnyes" of Lecombe Lecomte and de Lisle, "Hetman" by P. Deroulede, "Theodora" and the "Crocodile" of Sardou; "Spanish Sarabande," the "Marche de Szabady" and "Visions."

Emmanuel Chabrier (1842) is a composer whose right to be included here cannot be denied, since it was by his Spanish Rhapsody for orchestra that his name was first brought before the public. Even while his temperament has limited his work to what we might call scenic music, such as "Gwendoline." "King in Spite of Himself," "Briseis," he manifested in his first serious composition, and in the orchestral parts of his operas, a capacity for orchestration astonishing in one whose first studies had been so incomplete. The sonority of his orchestra is striking, luxurious, even exuberant; it comes almost entirely from instinct. The style is always original, peculiar to himself, despite his great admiration for the works of Richard Wagner. What we often meet in his music is a suggestion of the malicious, the sarcastic. Chabrier, it must be remembered was a bouffe writer of good quality. In most of his compositions, notably in his "Etoile," "Le Roi malgre Lui," the laugh is everywhere catching. By the side of passages of exquisite tenderness, refined, all of a sudden the air is full of orchestral tempests or amusing drolleries. Read his letters; read his scores; you will find everywhere a truly Gallic fancy which will break up the most frowning visages. We have never been present at a good performance of the Spanish Rhapsody without noticing smiles upon the faces of the listen-

Digitized by Google

ers. What might he not have done, had death not carried him off too soon!

Charles Lefebvre (1845) was also a symphonist in certain pages which recall the floating grace of the pastels of Rosalba, and which one might imagine to have been retouched by the friend who in his youth gave him so much good advice—Charles Gounod. Over and above his works for the scene and for soli, chorus and orchestra, and his melodies and other pieces for piano, Charles Lefebvre has to his credit more than thirty compositions for orchestra or chamber.

Here is another composer of whom France has a right to be proud. Gabriel Faure (1845), of whom it has been said that he is the French Schumann. His talent is above all manifested in what might be called intimate music, symphonic in spirit, in his songs. It is entirely unlike stage music, and a frame seems to envelop one who experiences from the music the charm of a journey taken in a dream. He chose his special direction from instinct. Listen to his disturbed songs, the first movement, so vehement, of his sonata for piano and violin, the Andante of the first quartet, for piano and strings, which has a most poignant melancholy; the vigorous first movement and the poetic Andante of the tenth quartet, many parts of his symphony in D, certain pages of his music for the dramas of "Caligula" of Alexander Dumas, pere, and of the "Merchant of Venice" of Shakespeare; the beautiful Elegy for piano and 'cello, the gracious and feline Berceuse for piano and violin, and, above all, the admirable Requiem, which might be admired even in connection with that of Johannes Brahms, and you will arrive at the conclusion that Gabriel Faure merits special mention among the French musicians who have cultivated mainly symphony, and that his note is absolutely personal.

The organ symphonies of Charles Marie Widor (1845), which number ten, of which the two latest have recently appeared bearing the titles "Gothic Symphony" and "Roman Symphony," have given him a place very elevated among the musicians of his epoch, not alone as organist, but also as composer. Playing in a masterly manner for many years the organs at St. Sulpice, at Paris, he has fully mastered the management of this marvelous instrument, and as a result of his studies has been led to write these beautiful pages for organ, which

Digitized by Google

are his true monument. In the class of symphony and chamber music one might mention several works: three symphonies for orchestra, four concertos, a Walpurgis Night for chorus and orchestra, many overtures, two quintets with piano, a trio with piano, a quartet for piano and strings, sonatas, pieces for different instruments. In addition to these might be mentioned the stage music for Auguste Dorchain's "Conte d'Avril," the ballet "La Korrigane," which had a great success at the grand opera. There are two divisions to be made in the works of Widor: The first comprises compositions of pure sentiment, of instinct; the second, on the contrary, comprises works in which the author has displayed an elevated and noble originality. But in all of them we find the orchestration distinguished and marked, showing how great is the master's dread of the merely commonplace.

Henri Duparc (1848) was one of the first who entered the high class of rhetoric founded by Cesar Franck, and who began by creating remarkable works giving great promise of his future. A Poem Nocturne (1873), and still more, a symphonic poem, "Leonore," after Burger (1875), of which the overture was performed at the official concerts of the Exposition of 1878, gave an impression of an elevated art in which the dominant note is a color appropriate to the picture which the composer intended to paint. He has also produced a collection of charming melodies; if his production has ceased at this point it is because a severe nervous affliction has interdicted all work.

He was the predecessor of Vincent d'Indy (1851), who also in turn proceeded to demonstrate that the teaching of Cesar Franck was far from being deleterious. If many of the pupils of the author of the "Beatitudes" have been able to retain from him nothing more than his new and audacious formulas, it was because they did not happen to have the qualities out of which composers are developed. But others (and Vincent d'Indy is the most striking example) have sought to disengage their own personality. The author of the Trilogy of Wallerstein was not confined to this one single master. He studied many of the dramatic works of Richard Wagner, for which he had so great admiration that Wagnerian echoes are often to be heard in his compositions. But if Vincent d'Indy had

Digitized by Google

written no other important work than the Trilogy of Wallerstein, he would merit a place in the first line of composers who have distinguished themselves in symphonic music during the second half of the nineteenth century. The Trilogy of Wallerstein is a work strongly conceived and wisely carried out. Along with a veritable power in the orchestration and a vigorous touch in the instrumental coloring, it testifies to a profound intelligence concerning the drama which it interprets." —(Ed. Schure). Besides this master work, Vincent d'Indy has produced a number of other works in which he is shown as an orchestrator of the first order. It is only necessary to cite "The Enchanted Forest," "Sauge Fleurie," "Le Chant de la Cloche," the beautiful Lied for violoncello, and some chamber music of lively interest.

Dead prematurely at the age of thirty-five years, Leon Boellman (1862) did not live to fully develop his talent. But the cleverness of his compositions indicated for him a brilliant future. His melody was always of rare distinction, like an instinct; it came from a fountain. His orchestral science was perfect, clear, sober. In all his music one felt a fine spirit and a great lightness of touch, free from all pretention. He left not less than sixty-eight compositions engraved and published, of which seven are for orchestra. Among his most important might be indicated his symphony in F, his Symphonic Variations for 'cello solo and orchestra, Intermezzo and Gavotte, two pieces delicately instrumented, yet not so much so as to fairly lay them open to the charge of being miniatures; Fantasia upon Hungarian Airs, Scenes from the Middle Ages, four short pieces full of sentiment; and later, of chamber music, a trio and quartet for piano and strings, a sonata for piano and 'cello, without mentioning a Dialogue Fantasia between the organ and orchestra, a Gothic Suite for organ, some interesting piano pieces and some songs, most graceful and distinguished in their style. When the Dialogue Fantasia and symphony were played at the Lamoureux concerts the press saluted him as the future master of symphony.

In his Sorcerer's Apprentice, a symphonic poem after Goethe, and a symphony in three parts, M. Paul Dukas (1865) has shown beautiful and original qualities of orchestration, joined to a remarkable invention.

Digitized by Google

An entirely young man, only recently from the Villa Medicis, M. Henri Rabaud (1875) has written two symphonies and a poem, the Nocturnal Procession, which give promise for a symphonic career.

There are also others to mention, not alone among the young, but also among the older: Georges Alary, Emile Bernard, Rene de Boisdeffre, Ernest Chausson, Camille Chevillard, Claude Debussey, Camille Erlanger, Andre Gedalge, Alexandre Georges, Benjamin Godard, the brothers Hillemacher, George Hue, Fernand Le Borne, Xavier Leroux, Georges Marty, Guy Ropartz, Andre Wormser, Gabriel Pierne, etc. Also many older men who have written mainly for the stage, such as: Alfred Bruneau, Gustave Charpentier, Leo Delibes, Charles Gounod, Ernest Guirard, Auguste Holmes, Victorin Joncieres, Andre Messager, Paul Puget, Ernest Reyer, Samuel Rousseau, Ambroise Thomas, Paul Vidal.

As already said, it is not the intention here to make a complete history of symphonic art in France since the death of Beethoven, but merely to write the preface to such a work. Our end will have been accomplished if it appears that the symphonic movement in France is neatly comprised within the last half of the nineteenth century. It is still in vigorous operation, much assisted in force by the openings made by Seghers with the concerts of St. Cecilia, Jules Pasdeloup with his popular concerts, which opened at once a large vista to our music lovers. It was upon the 27th of October, 1861, that the first popular concert of classical music was given. Up to that date the great works of the masters of symphony—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven—were known only to those who happened to have the entree to the concerts of the conservatory. All others, legions in numbers, had no other resource than to read the scores and occasionally to try them over in small parties. Pasdeloup was timid enough at the start, and it was only little by little that he enlarged the range of his programs. He played the role of an imitator, and was not able to make understood immediately all the pieces which he presented. The public, on its own part, cried out for classical music, and most likely would have given but a cold welcome to any innovations. At that time, with brutal frankness, Pasdeloup used to say to the young composers who brought him

Digitized by Google

their compositions, "Make symphonies such as those of Beethoven and I will play them!" This incited them to work hard in orchestration and led to the production of works which, while certainly not comparable to the creations of the Olympian of Bonn, were worthy of figuring by the side of those in concerts. So the whole generation worked with ardor to create symphonies and orchestral suites. Insensibly we saw appear upon the programs the names of Bizet, Massenet, Guiraud, C. Saint-Saens, Gounod, Berlioz, Th. Gouvy, E. Reyer, B. Godard, Augusta Holmes, etc. But after the Franco-German war of 1870 and 1871, Pasdeloup made up his programs in great part of French compositions in the weekly concerts. In the year 1874 he even ordered from Bizet, Massenet and Guirard three overtures—Roma, Phedre, Artavelde— which he performed with success. The two first have remained in the repertory of these concerts ever since.

Two imitators and continuators of Pasdeloup have contributed equally with him to encourage the study of symphony in France, in giving young composers the opportunity of bringing out and hearing their works in the great concerts which they have founded and directed with so much talent. In the year 1873, Edouard Colonne, at first at the Odeon and later at the Chatelet theater, began his national concerts, which afterwards he named "Association Artisque." It is enough to run through the programs of these concerts to discover the encouragement and the large place given by him to French composers. He had, first of all, the glory of causing the works of Hector Berlioz to triumph gloriously through his magnificent interpretations. Later he introduced the works of Lalo, Bizet, Massenet, B. Godard, Cesar Franck, Ch. M. Widor, Th. Dubois, Ch. Lefevre, Paul Lacombe, G. Charpentier, A. Bruneau, Pierne, etc.

Charles Lamoreux, in 1875, after having studied in London with Michael Costa, the organization of the large concerts at the Crystal Palace, wished to acclimate the oratorio in France, and to this end founded his "Harmonie Sacree." At the Cirque d'Ete were given many magnificent auditions of the works of Handel, Bach, Gounod, Massenet. In the course of the year 1881 he founded, at the theater of the Chateau d'Eau, the "Society of New Concerts," which attained a bril-

Digitized by Google

liant career, and since his death have been carried on by his son-in-law, M. Camille Chevillard. If Colonne devoted himself to a cult of Hector Berlioz, Lamoureaux gave himself over to awaken in France a proper admiration of the works of Richard Wagner. Everybody remembers the fine successes he made with a complete performance of "Lohengrin" at the Eden and "Tristan and Isolde" at the New Theater. But he by no means neglected the French school, and we may cite among the names of authors that he brought out those of Chabrier, Vincent d'Indy, G. Faure, G. Charpentier.

The chronology of the concerts given by Pasdeloup, Colonne and Lamoureux is the best contribution existing for the history of symphony in France during the last forty years. The superiority of our younger composers over that of the older ones in this department, which up to then had been the exclusive property of the Germans, comes out in great shape. There is a world of difference between the orchestra of A. Adam, Auber, Bazin, Herold and that of Saint-Saens, Bizet, G. Faure, Vincent d'Indy. The evolution has made great progress and was worthy of having been mentioned by M. Weingartner.

The efforts and the results of the directors like Pasdeloup, Colonne and Lamoureux had the effect of awakening the society of Conservatory concerts from its traditional apathy. One of the directors of this society, better able to comprehend than others that this society ought to be something more than a museum of antiques, was Jules Garcin. And, besides such master works as had never before been heard at the Conservatory, such as the "Solemn Mass" in D of Beethoven, the "Paradise and the Peri" of Schumann, his "Scenes from Faust," two symphonies of Brahms, the prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," the second scene of the first act of "Parsifal," the Grand Mass in B minor of Bach, he also played the symphony in C minor of Saint-Saens, the Norwegian rhapsody and symphony in G of Lalo, the symphony in D minor of Cesar Franck, "Caligula" of Gabriel Faure, "Biblis" of Massenet, "Epitholame" from the "Gwendoline" of Chabrier, Widor's Fantasie for piano and orchestra, "Legendary Symphony" of B. Godard, "Resurrection," by G. Hue; "Requiem," by Saint-Saens, etc.

Digitized by Google

The combined influence of the above mentioned agencies have resulted in opening to the young French composer a vastly more favorable opportunity for entering into the field of symphony and have thus stimulated our growth in this direction very much. Multitudes of quartet parties exist and many orchestras, so that the public taste for the more serious music is greatly upon the increase, and it is not too much to hope that before long absolutely great creations in this department of art will be produced by our younger masters. —La Guide Musicale.

Digitized by Google

AN AMERICAN FARM, SOME MUSICAL HISTORY, AND A VISIT TO JOHAN SVENDSEN.

BY EUGENE E. SIMPSON.

IN MEMORIAM.

Soon after the year 1806 a German emigrant found his way to the home of the Simpsons, in Kentucky. The violin that he brought with him bore the date above, with the name of the maker, Karl Christian Meisel, of Klingenthal. This violinist emigrant went to the war of 1812, leaving his instrument behind. He has never returned, and now if by every chance he rests with the great silent majority, then all honor to him as the defender of his adopted country and may peace be with his ashes.

* * *

The reader will hardly require a further history of the violin and the family in whose possession it remains, except to aid in a complete realization of the strangeness of this tale. Know then, that a branch of the family moved to Illinois by the exclusive route of that early day—the wagon route—and settled on the grandly fertile prairies of this great state, not far from where, sixty years later, other and succeeding generations still live.

Again, in about the year 1870, a foreign violinist named Hansen came to America. He was in company with several of his countrymen from Norway and Sweden. They applied for employment as farm laborers on my father's estate. None of the half-dozen could speak English, but they were engaged and immediately pressed into service. The violinist was so skilled that the inhabitants of our region looked upon him almost as a conjurer. He brought his instrument with him, and succeeded in making farm-life comparatively easy. Every time the friends and neighbors came in the time seemed ripe for a concert, and a messenger was straightway dispatched to the field to bring the artist. This happened very often, always with the same manager and the same assurance of a crowded house. The crops prospered under the radiant heat

Digitized by Google

of the summer sun in the temporary absence of the husbandman.

It was not an unsympathetic or unyielding soil that our violinist tilled, either with his hoe or with the horse-hair wand. To my father, who through these several generations had evolved to the respectable condition of a really musical country fiddler, he imparted a limited repertory of his simple Norwegian compositions. But after a season or two of this mingled service to art and agriculture Hansen departed from our vicinity, and when a few friendly letters had been exchanged between himself and the remaining comrades, all trace of him was lost. Only the memory of his genial personality, his sweet musical discourse, and the Meisel instrument which he played frequently and admired more than his own, were left to us for the succeeding quarter of a century.

It was at about the time of Hansen's departure that your present tale-bearer and temporary historian came to view the scenes of earth. It is hoped that readers may not press to know why the traditions of art rather than agriculture were more firmly settled around me. But it may be right to confess that the father has freely and persistently attributed the circumstance to a desire to "get a living without work," all of which may or not be unjust. At any rate, at the age of ten I followed the example of the father and four older brothers, who had created a "string band" for pleasure at the family fireside, and I began to play the violin.

Some years of this experience was accumulated, quite often as a dance fiddler (horrible confession), until later a monthly musical publication came to my notice and opened up the panorama of a better musical existence. Then came a short term of study in an American institution and this was followed by a prolonged stay in a foreign Conservatory. At the end of the second year there a fellow student invited me to spend the summer vacation at his home in Norway. This invitation was gladly accepted.

The home was in the coast city of Larvik, on the Skager Rack, about one hundred miles southwest from Christiana. The musical life observed in this little city, of about 11,000 people, may be indicative of the musical state in many parts of Norway. There were three small male choruses, number-

Digitized by Google

ing a total of about thirty men. One was the Workingmen's Club, another the Glassworkers' Club, and the third was the Larvik Singing Club. The city engaged a brass band to play a few selections in the park each Sunday afternoon during the summer, and there was an amateur orchestra of about ten pieces, but this was primitive in the extreme. The choruses mentioned did very fair work in part songs since they were directed by gentlemen who had been down into Germany long enough to get acquainted with the literature at least. But the music employed at the fashionable bath on the hill was furnished by seven men from Hamburg, who made this annual summer pilgrimage. By day they played brass selections out in the pavilion, and at evening gave a mixed concert and dance program in the pretty hall. Here they used only the strings.

In former times Norwegian villages were visited by wandering musicians much in the fashion that was popular at times in America. From the leader of the amateur orchestra in Larvik I learned that one of the compositions that my father had played after Hansen, had been composed by such a Norwegian itinerant named Soerensen. Some weeks later I found at the music house of Warmuth & Co., in Christiania, a manuscript of the same selection. I ordered a copy made, that I might take it home as a souvenir, and casually I told the clerk of the gentleman, named Hansen, who had been with my father in America, saying at the same time that I should be delighted if a search through the city records previous to 1870 could furnish any clue to his history. I had understood that he had been a violinist in one of the theaters of Christiania. The clerk then stepped upstairs for a few minutes and returned with the information that Carl Hansen had been a violinist in the city theater, had been in America, had returned and died about fifteen years ago. The old man upstairs who had given the information sent word that if I would come next day he would try to recall more of the life of Hansen, for he had known all of the musicians of the city during the half century. As I reported at the music house next day they presented me to a fine old gentleman, who began by saying that Carl Hansen had been a member of the first and most important string quartet that Norway had produced. After studying violin for some years with the best violinists of Christiania the man

Digitized by Google

had gone to Brussels and Paris, and was for awhile a pupil of Leonard. Then he joined the Ursin Quartet as second violin, and toured for a season or two in Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

I asked if it would be possible to learn something of the Hansen family history, and was delighted to hear that the old mother was still living, and as a highly respected ex-employe of the most important bank in the city was leading a retired life

THE URSIN QUARTET.
Gudbrand Boehn. Carl Hansen. Frederik Ursin. Johan Hennum.

at Frederikshald, a few hours' ride from Christiania. By this time my research began showing a disposition to run in story-book channels, so this probably accounts for the fact that the return tickets already in my possession allowed a stopover at Frederikshald. Bidding my old volunteer assistant a reluctant adieu, and receiving his heartiest good wishes for success in the quest, I resumed the journey, and after a few hours' travel was

Digitized by Google

at the destination as the night was fairly on. Too impatient to wait until morning, I began immediately with what little knowledge of Norwegian I had acquired in the four weeks to try to reach the address furnished me. It was not a simple matter, since many of the streets had neither number nor name that were visible to a stranger.

After considerable wandering, during which I gained some on the evasive locality, I hailed a passing couple and asked if they knew of any such person as Fru Karen Hansen, living in the immediate vicinity. There was hesitation for a few moments, a time probably required for my very original speech to percolate—then they led me directly across the street to a one-story cottage, where they rapped on the door, though every window in the house was dark. This proved to be the right place, and, after a brief statement of my purpose there, the family invited me to return on the following morning, when they would be glad to hear anything bearing upon the American sojourn of the deceased son.

Appearing at the house early the next morning, I found the family to consist of the mother and a married son, who had a wife and three fine children. The son was a retired sailor who spoke English so well that the question of further difficulty with the language was entirely dispelled for the time. He said that the gentleman in Christiania had not guessed closely on the period of years which had elapsed since the death of his brother Carl, for he had died in 1873, a full quarter of a century before. From here our information may be best taken from a letter written to my father from Frederikshald, August 23, 1898:

"Dear Father: Today it has been my fine privilege to visit the mother and brother of the Norwegian, Carl Hansen, who was on your farm in 1872 or '73. It has also been possible to learn many things about him and his ability, so here I begin the tale:

"Carl Hansen was born in Christiania in 1841, and at the age of eight years he began to play the violin. He had lessons from a Christiania teacher, named Johansen, then from another who was principal violinist at the Christiania theater, an Italian named Sperati. The last named teacher kept him as long as he could instruct him, then said he must now go to Brussels and Paris. The parents, being well to do employes in a bank, complied with this proposition, and the young man was in Brussels

Digitized by Google

for about two years and Paris for another. One of his teachers abroad was the very celebrated Leonard. The other I have not learned. Returning to Christiania, Hansen was appointed principal vliolinist at a new theater that had been opened. But this soon failed, and he was out of a position. I have forgotten to say that when still young he entered the army service as bassoonist, but after three years (he was to serve five) he began having hemorrhages. He was excused by permission of the King. From this time later he only played violin.

"But it was through another association that his name comes to be written in the musical history of Norway. This was as a member of the Ursin Quartet, an organization as follows:

"Gudbrand Boehn, first violin (a pupil of Ursin, below).

"Carl Hansen, second violin.

"Frederik Ursin, viola; manager of the quartet and pupil of Ole Bull (?).

"Hans Nielsen, 'cello.

"This company of gentlemen traveled all through Norway and was the finest that has been organized here, though you must understand that the culture of Norway has not reached a high state as compared with many of the other European countries. Hansen went to America some time in 1872, and in November, 1873, returned to Christiania a sick man. He died at the home of his mother fourteen days after his arrival, December 9, 1873. His violin and music failed to reach Norway again.

"His father was born in 1806, and died in 1866. Carl was only thirty-two at his death. The mother was born in 1815, remained some years longer in the bank and was finally retired on a pension. Three years ago she and her son August moved to Frederikshald and bought a home, where she lives with him and his family, very feeble at the age of eighty-three. In a few weeks I will send you a photo of the quartet. They had three copies, so they gave me this one to send you. There was another brother, Emil, a grocer in Christiania, who died some time later I believe. This man August was born in 1840, and went to sea at the age of eleven. He had permission from his parents, for the mate promised to teach him in books, a promise he faithfully kept. August was seaman for forty years, sailing to every port. At the age of fifty-one he was tired of the sea and left it to get married. He took a rather young Norwegian

Digitized by Google

woman six years ago, and now I testify that he has three of the finest children I have seen for months; Miss Clara Charlotte Hansen, age four; Mr. Carl Emil Hansen, age two, and a little girl of three months. Mr. Hansen speaks English to me and I understand some things that his wife and mother say in Norwegian. I leave this town at 2:39 tomorrow morning, and will be in Copenhagen at 5:36, afternoon, if nothing happens. This is my last stop in Norway. The city is one of 13,000 people, about one hundred miles southeast of Christiania. The Swedish border is the river running along the edge of the city. The good old man, Johnson, took a keen delight in helping me to a clue to the Hansens. He wished me to send you a greeting.

"Your son, "_____ _____."

"P. S.—In the family album Mr. Hansen showed me an old picture of Johan Svendsen, who had been companion to Carl in boyhood. Johan Svendsen is now director of the royal opera in Copenhagen, and is the greatest of the Scandinavian composers except Grieg. I would value this photograph very much, but am not sure if it would be right to ask for it. The family retain no musical associations at present."

As soon as I explained to Mr. Hansen that his brother had been for a time on my father's farm, and related how Carl had been often called in from the field to play for visitors at the place, he expressed the greatest pleasure with this information. He said his brother had spoken of some farmer who had been very kind to him, but so far it had been impossible to learn anything further about it. Carl had been up around Sault Ste. Marie, and having become very ill, finally found his way to a hospital on Staten Island. Here he seems to have found other loyal friends, for they offered to send him south to try recuperation, or to his home in Norway. He chose the latter.

Some time after his death the brother August had a letter from a minister of the gospel at Sault Ste. Marie, in which the minister was pleased to report that Carl had died in Christ. He had acknowledged the faith while still in that vicinity. Carl had owned a valuable violin and collection of music, but some one made way with these on the way back to the old country.

All in all it was a pleasant day in this Norwegian home, bringing tidings that had been long sought, and romping with the children that were a constant spring of enthusiasm and life.

Digitized by Google

The little Charlotte had a wonderful head of hair. It was a mixture of brown and gold, hanging about in rank profusion. Not the poppies of far off China nor the birds of any tropic clime could surpass the golden crown and marvelous blue eyes of this little maid of the north. Her father showed me the family albums, and told how Carl had so often exchanged visits with Svendsen when they were boys together in Christiania. As we

JOHAN SVENDSEN IN 1864.
As a Student.

saw the small picture of Svendsen, taken when a very young man, I suggested that it would be interesting, now that this composer had become so widely known, to obtain his autograph thereon. If it were desirable I should find great pleasure in executing such a commission as I went through Copenhagen on the return to Germany.

He said no, that in so far as they had no further musical interests and lived a secluded life in this small city, he would

Digitized by Google

have no special desire for the autograph. But if as a musician and writer on musical topics I should place any value on such a picture obtained from this source he would gladly grant it to me. At evening we partook together the plain but bounteous Norwegian meal. The children had said good night and rested already in refreshing sleep when I bade farewell to the remaining family. As I got to the little yard gate the frail old lady of eighty-three years stood at the door and invoked blessings upon me.

The trip to Copenhagen was accomplished without incident, though it was very delightful by reason of the broad prairies of western Sweden, and the beautiful old woodland pastures to be observed in Denmark, between Helsinger and Copenhagen, a distance of about forty miles by rail. Reaching Copenhagen late in the afternoon, I selected a hotel and then wandered out in the evening to the celebrated Tivoli. This may be designated a huge fair, in which about every amusement known to man is supplied to the public at the price of a single admission. Even a strictly high class symphony orchestra was included therein.

Next morning I placed the quartet and Svendsen photos in an envelope and included a short note in English to Director Svendsen, about as follows:

"Honored Sir: I would be greatly pleased to have your autograph on this very old photo of yourself, and would be thankful if you could give any further information about the life of Carl Hansen and the Ursin Quartet. Will speak German, if you prefer."

I took the note and repaired to the home of Svendsen. It was in a modest but neat second-story flat. Frau Svendsen came to the door and a most amusing linguistic tangle ensued. The Danish and Norwegian languages are supposed to be identical in form, though I, who had only a slight acquaintance with the latter, could but consider this a radical assumption. It is true that they seemed to have some earmarks in common, but as compared to the other the Danish had evidently been cut off before it was ripe. But after two years of calm and unbiased reflection, I still believe that I succeeded in asking Frau Svendsen if she could speak German. In Danish she got me to understand that she could speak French. French was not in my repertory. Then I inquired if English would not do as a make-

Digitized by Google

shift. No, she spoke no English, so we had nothing to do but proceed in our dilemma—an American speaking Norwegian to a French scholar, who replied in Danish. She opened the envelope, and was naturally attracted by the old picture of her husband. She left the room and returned presently with the family album containing a copy of the same. Then she suggested that perhaps I should like to see Herr Svendsen in person, and it was a great relief to have her fall upon the lucky thought. The best time to come would be on the following morning at 9, before he went to his rehearsals at the opera. This much must have been understood perfectly, for when I rang the bell at the appointed hour next day Herr Svendsen met me in person with the pictures in hand, and he showed evidence of much interest in the visit. He said we would speak German, since he knew it better than the English. This was a comparatively painless proposition, and I accepted gladly.

Yes, he had known Carl Hansen and had been with him a great deal in their boyhood. He thought it improbable that Carl had studied in Paris, as the brother supposed. He had been in Brussels, and was in Dresden for a time, but not in Paris. He had been a true friend and a fine musician, and it seemed strange to hear that he had ever been a tiller of the soil in another land. When I asked for information bearing upon the quartet, Herr Svendsen replied that he was sorry to say that little had ever been written of the history of musical affairs in Norway, but he gave me the name of a fine old organist in Christiania, Mr. H. Albrechtson, who would be best trained in looking up old programs and other data. Speaking further of the personnel of the quartet, he said it had been indeed the finest organization that Norway had possessed, and it had been a powerful influence for good in its musical field. Then he remembered the 'cellist Nielsen as a gentleman of exceptional talent. Then I asked about the old picture of my host. It had been taken in Leipsic while he was still a student there in the Royal Conservatory. At my request he proceeded to place his autograph on it. He was about to write on the back of it, but I implored him, in so far as I should wish to publish it some day, that he write upon its face. This favor he kindly granted, thirty-four years after the picture was taken.

With the purposes of my visit well accomplished, with the

Digitized by Google

assurance that he would gladly be of any further assistance possible in helping me to unearth the musical history of Norway and her musicians, he gave me the address of the organist friend in Christiania. I retired thanking him, and finally said "adieu." With a suggestive look he replied "aufwiedersehn," and my visit to the composer-director of the Royal Opera at Copenhagen was at an end. It had been pleasurable in the extreme.

Soon after my return to Germany I addressed a note to the Conservatory at Brussels, and asked if any information could be had as to the work of these Norwegian violinists while they were in the conservatory under Leonard, but this note did not succeed in bringing a reply. A note addressed to Herr Albrechtson stated that it would be desirable to have a summary of programs played by the quartet and any specimen of newspaper criticism that might be found bearing upon their work. This brought a reply some months later under date of Jan. 19, 1899. It was begun in English, but was finished in Norwegian, as indicated below. Though some wrong impressions are included therein as regards the study of some of the gentlemen abroad, it is very instructive as to the work of the quartet, and I think that such a report on the same has never been published heretofore. With but slight editing it reads as follows:

"Mr. Simpson: I'm afraid that Mr. Svendsen has done me too much honor by recomending me to your notice. I'm an old man now, past seventy, and not very strong. But it will be a great pleasure for me to do what I can to meet your wishes. I only beg you to bear with my imperfect English and my defective knowledge of the things you wish to know. I will now begin with a few biographical details of the life of Frederik Ursin. He was born 1825, a few miles from Christiania, where his father was organist and a very popular composer of dances and teacher of music (died 1862). His son began as a member of a military band in our city, and in 1855 went to Brussels, where he was a pupil of the celebrated Leonard on violin, and where he stayed one year. In September, 1856, he gave his first concert in Christiania, and introduced himself with the Third Violin Concerto of Leonard with much suecess. Up to 1864 he gave one or more concerts here annually, where he appeared as solist, among other things with Mendelssohn's Concerto, which

Digitized by Google

he is reported to have played very beautifully. In Copenhagen he also assisted at a charity concert with great success. But from that year he gave himself quite up to the chamber music, which he continued to 1876. From that time he ceased to per-

JOHAN SVENDSEN IN 1898.
Director of the Royal Opera at Kopenhagen.

form in public and employed himself exclusively as a highly valued teacher of violin. He died in Christiania, 1890.

"Excuse me, sire, that I continue in Norwegian, which Mr. Johnson tells me you understand thoroughly. The English takes me too much time and I am not owner of a dictionary." (Translated, the letter continues as follows:) "His most dis-

Digitized by Google

tinguished service was certainly in connection with chamber music, and herein he undoubtedly played a great part in our musical life. His quartet, so far as I know, was the first in existence in Christiania, and he held this together for many years. With this organization he gave about one hundred seventy concerts, partly in Christiania and partly on tours through Norway. In these concerts was presented at all times the best modern and classical music, the programs containing works by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, as well as Mendelssohn, Schumann and Rubinstein. He played first violin himself until Gudbrand Boehn came home from Brussels, when he took the viola instead. He was married to a Danish woman, who was the possessor of a finely developed singing voice, with which she often assisted in the concerts. She died in 1889. He had a brother and a sister; Martin Ursin (b. 1842), and Dorthea (b. 1835, d. 1893). Both have good names in Christiania as teachers of piano. I have forgotten to mention that for many years he was engaged with the orchestra of the Christiania Theater, from which institution he and his wife took their leave in 1876.

"Among the musicians who assisted in his quartet I will name Gudbrand Boehn (b. 1838), who was also a pupil of Leonard in Brussels, from which place he returned in 1862. He has not appeared in public for some years, but is still active as an organist and as a teacher of violin in Lindemann's Conservatory. For some time we have had no public string quartet here in Christiania.

"Johan Hennum (1836-1894, Christiania) was a violincellist and noted quartet player. He was conductor of the theater orchestra for many years, and enjoyed a high distinction as a musician. He began his studies in the Conservatory at Leipsic, presumably under Gruetzmacher. The same was true of Hans Neilsen (1838-1874), who had a very fine talent and developed it broadly on the 'cello. Carl Hansen was also a pupil (with a scholarship at the same institution, which for many years was almost the only outside city to which Norwegian students went for instruction.

"I have nothing further to bring you this time. As to the musical criticism of those times, for specimens of which you have expressed a wish, it stood so low in Christiania for twenty or

Digitized by Google

thirty years (it is different now) that I do not believe efforts to bring anything out of it would be rewarded. So far as is known to me, the above mentioned quartet was never heard outside the boundaries of Norway.

"Yours always to command,

(Signed) "H. Albrechtson."

In the same letter, Mr. J. A. Johnson, who first assisted me, enclosed a note, which is translated as follows:

"Esteemed Sir: I wish to add a few remarks to Mr. Albrechtson's letter. It was in 1866 that Ursin (first violin), Carl Hansen (second violin), Martin Hansen, viola), and Hans Nielsen ('cello), began to give quartet concerts in the Hotel du Nord in Christiania. They then traveled to small cities on concert tours. Nielsen died and Hennum took his place. When Hansen went to America ('72) he was succeeded by Solberg. Martin Hansen being the next to pass away, he was succeeded by Zapfe. These gentlemen and Gudbrand Boehn continued for many years to play quartets in many cities; Boehn playing first, Ursin second, Zapfe viola, and Hennum 'cello. This is all I can now report to you. I acknowledge myself very unskilled in such work. This is why you have had to wait so long for the matter, but it is not easy to find the items. Hoping here for your further progress and with the hope of seeing you again in Norway,

"I subscribe myself, respectfully yours,

(Signed) "J. A. JOHNSON,

"Representing Warmuth's Music House."

CONCLUSION.

As to the presentation of all of the foregoing, it must be stated that the utmost fidelity has been observed in drawing up the material in the order in which it came into my possession. But the changes of time have made sad inroads upon the integrity of the tale.

Let us write from here with the hand of the historian, and the truth shall seem so strange that errors found in the foregoing may be easily excused. They could have been hardly avoided. Ten days after the receipt of the letters last quoted above, I was rather unexpectedly called home to America, where for some months I again remained on the farm. Father was never accustomed to write oftener than a few times each year,

Digitized by Google

and in this case he had not written a line in reply to my letter from Frederikshald. When finally the quartet photo was shown him he said that the second violinist of the group could not be the Hansen who had been formerly with him. His Hansen had been a much older man. The matter rested here for a few weeks, until one day I visited the little village adjoining our place and met one of the original party of Skandinavians with whom Hansen came. In common with my other informant in Christiania, his name was A. J. Johnson. He said I had certainly traced the wrong man, since the gentleman with whom he came was a man of above fifty years. It will be remembered that Carl Hansen died in Christiania at the age of thirty-two. Furthermore, this friend had not been a violinist by profession. He thought that as a landscape gardener he had been employed for a time upon the grounds of a gentleman who was reputed a pupil of Ole Bull, and from this employer the man had received instruction. But this American friend Johnson was still of the impression that this friend Hansen might have been at some time a player in one of the theatre orchestras of Christiania.

A long time after the above interview, a search through an old day book belonging to my father revealed the fact that this Hansen had been employed at the farm in 1870, which was two years before Carl Hansen came to America. Then let us summarize on our yarn of errors: When I went to Norway for a few weeks' outing I was only in possession of a family tradition to the effect that a man named Hansen had been on the farm at about the early seventies. It was supposed that he had been a violinist in a theater in Christiania and had come under the influence of a pupil of Ole Bull. To my father, who did not read music, he taught several pieces of graceful and melodious dance music, two or three of which I had heard played at a time when they were almost forgotten. As to the man's mode of life, he had become so strongly addicted to drink that he was still accustomed casually to retire for a few days in order to catch up with his thirst. But while sober he was a pleasant and companionable gentleman. As previously stated, he had gone and finally became lost to us, as he remains to this day.

When it first occurred to me to look into the life of the man, it promised to be an easy matter, if he had been an orchestra member at the City Theater. Certainly his name should appear

Digitized by Google

on the city payrolls. The inquiry was begun on these lines. The reply was that such a pay roll would not be found, but there had been a player, one Carl Hansen, who had gone to America. The information was reluctantly given that he had been given to drink, and the fact was partly responsible for his departure for America. Upon meeting his brother later, I was told of some farmer in the new world whom Carl said had greatly befriended him. He had been a pupil of Frederik Ursin, who was thought to be much indebted to Ole Bull, if he had not actually received instruction from that famous violinist. In so far as violinists were never plentiful in Christiania there seemed little probability of striking a false trail.

Mistakes have also crept into the reports so kindly and laboriously prepared for me by the gentlemen quoted above. A search through the complete roll of the Conservatory at Leipsic fails to find the name of a single one of the gentlemen who were supposed pupils of that old institution. Herr Svendsen thought it improbable that Carl Hansen had been in Paris, as his brother supposed, but a time had probably been spent in Dresden, after the study with Leonard in Brussels. Mr. August Hansen acknowledged that he was not thoroughly conversant with Carl's student experience, since so much of his own time had been spent at sea.

It is hoped that the material here presented may work some permanent good by way of preserving the musical traditions of Norway. Another decade would have left them still more difficult to collect. The writer wishes to thank all those who have assisted in the work, and to say that it has been a great pleasure to know such a sincere and gentle people.

This paper may well conclude about as it began. In addition to the one unknown departed our sympathies may go out to two whose lives have warmly pervaded sections of two continents. Down in the old orchard at home the Pippins and the Bellflowers are thriving near a ditch thrown out by the landscape gardener, whose musical influence was considerable among those who were around him. The residents of some other locality who came under the spell of the artist trained in the higher school are still unknown to us. Greater pleasures may have been theirs.

And now again, may peace be with the ashes of the dead.

Digitized by Google

NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES

BERNARD STURM.

Among the younger American violinists the subject of this sketch deserves prominent mention. Mr. Sturm comes of a very musical family, several of its members being professional

MR. BERNARD STURM.

musicians of note. He was born in Cleveland, in 1873. He began the study of pianoforte at the age of six years and the violin at eight. While he has since that time made the violin

Digitized by Google

his principal instrument, he is an accomplished pianist, well grounded in the technic of the instrument and possessing a wide acquaintance with its literature and an unusually sympathetic appreciation of its importance. For this reason he is a remarkable ensemble performer and, as an instructor, is in a position to do more for his pupils than many violin teachers who are hampered in their efforts by a lack of this knowledge. He went to Berlin in 1889 to study under Wirth, of the Hochschule. He spent two years in Berlin and followed this up by a year in London. Returning to America, he accepted a position in the faculty of the Springfield (Ohio) Conservatory of Music. During the four years he remained in this position he was much sought after as a solist and won the approbation of the critics and the esteem of the public. Feeling anxious to still perfect himself in his art, he went to Europe, in 1896, and served as first violinist in the court orchestra at Sondershausen. While at Sondershausen he often appeared as solist at the famed Symphony Concerts, and served also in the string quartet, as well as in other chamber music combinations. In 1897 he put himself under the instruction of the famous Belgian violinist and teacher, Cesar Thomson. He became one of his favorite pupils at once, and was given charge of much of the preparatory work in his classes, a mark of confidence that meant much for a young—shall we say American—student.

He began to appear more and more frequently in concert in Brussels, and was made much of by musical circles in that city. One of his recitals so impressed a wealthy Belgian lady that she presented him with a superb Lupot violin. Mr. Sturm made a fine impression with the Cologne Orchestra, in 1898, in the D minor concerto of Wieniawski.

Returning to America in 1899, he was engaged by the University School of Music of Ann Arbor, Mich., where he now resides. Mr. Sturm has written a considerable number of extremely musical and scholarly compositions, several of which are published by Breitkopf and Haertel, in Leipsic. Mr. Sturm's style is refined and noble. He possesses a fine singing tone, and while his technic is sure and repsonsive in every direction, he never loses sight of the fact that technic is but a means, and not the end, of interpretation. These qualities he

Digitized by Google

never displayed to greater advantage than in his performance of the G minor concerto of Bruch, at the last May Festival of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, this year.

INTERVIEW WITH LEONORA JACKSON.

Miss Leonora Jackson is a violiniste who has already acquired a broad eminence and is still enjoying life in her early twenties. She has enjoyed many of the highest privileges that are ever

MISS LEONORA JACKSON.

accorded to musical artists. This is especially true with regard to the famous old orchestras and musical societies with which she has appeared as solist in Europe and America. Among these were the Leipsic Gewandhaus, the Colonne Orchestra in

Digitized by Google

Paris, the London Philharmonic, the Kaim Orchestra at Munich, the Lamoreux and Crystal Palace Orchestras of London, the Berlin Philharmonic, and many others abroad, while she has also played with all of the important orchestras of our own country, including a half-dozen performances entour with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Her last year abroad was marked by a complete succession of triumphs before the public and the august critics who united in common voice to praise the work of a distinguished young artiste.

Her success has been accomplished by hard work, with an imposing talent and the happy guidance of the most worthy among the violin masters as a background. When she last visited Chicago a representative of MUSIC sought to learn what had been her student life, and particularly, to know in what way there might be some variance in the methods of administering the violin literature in the French and German schools.

In order to get an idea of the condition of her hand when she first took up work under foreign instructors it was necessary to ascertain the quality of her earlier instruction. The interviewer found Miss Jackson glad to talk on the subject, since she seemed very grateful to her first teachers in Chicago.

She explained that the first instructor who had an influence upon her playing and who practically started her in the study of the violin, was Mr. Carl Becker, of Chicago. This gentleman was born in Oldenburg, Germany, some forty years ago. He was first intended for the ministry, but his love for music changed all this. He began the study of the violin and afterwards had the privilege of remaining five and a half years in Stuttgart as a pupil of the eminent violinist and teacher, Edmund Singer. Then followed a period of study under Joachim. He came to Chicago in 1879.

Miss Jackson became his pupil when she was a maid of possibly a little above six years. They started in with the first book by Hubert Ries and followed with the twenty very fine first position studies by Langhans. As her hand became stronger and better able to undergo difficulties, Mr. Becker selected casual exercises from Singer's "Daily Exercises" for the left hand. These must have proved a most useful factor in starting the hand in the right development. Then came

Digitized by Google

parts of the violin schools of David, and of the school by Singer and Seifert. The heaviest studies Miss Jackson had during the six years with this teacher were the Kreutzer, the Fiorillo, and the Rode caprices. Of course, the Schradieck studies for the left hand were used at various times as they were found needed. For solo she had a varied assortment of material of no greater difficulty than the Legende by Weniawski, the Reverie, by Vieuxtemps, a Rode Air in G major, arranged by Ferdinand David, the Seventh Air Varie, the Scene de Ballet, and the Ninth Concerto, by DeBeriot.

The next instructor who had the opportunity of guiding the studies of the little girl was the venerable S. E. Jacobsohn, the long-time concert master of the Thomas Orchestra, and latterly the director of the violin department of the Chicago Musical College. He was a pupil of Ferdinand David, and, while still a mere youth, appeared as solist in the Leipsic Gewandhaus, in 1859. It was just about forty years thereafter when his young American pupil appeared in the same city with the same orchestra. He played a Russian air and variations by David, she the great Brahms Concerto in D, the latter work fairly overtopping the former in difficulty and musical content. It is a sign of the advancement that has taken place during the four decades.

With this old man, whose offering had been so long ago accepted at the historic shrine—for the Gewandhaus had its inception in 1743—Miss Jackson remained about two years, during which time she took the concertos by Rode, Kreutzer and Viotti, in addition to numerous technical studies.

Then she went abroad. The Paris Conservatoire was the first stop, and here she studied for a year as auditeur under a Monsieur Desjardins and the famous Charles Dancla. The interviewer wished to know something of the instruction under this old violinist and composer, whose influence on French violin playing must have been important for a great many years. Miss Jackson said:

"As to Monsieur Dancla, I was only with him a short time, studying Viotti and some of his own compositions. He was very kind, precise, energetic, and eccentric, and I learned much from him about tone quality.

"My year in the Conservatoire was taken up principally with

Digitized by Google

the study of the Viotti and Rode Concertos, and smaller works of Vieuxtemps, such as the Fantasie Caprice. They also gave me works by Leonard and the Rondo Cappricioso by Saint-Saens. They did not care much for Spohr, nor did they give much attention to Bach. The Vieuxtemps and DeBeriot were used extensively. At that time I was playing with a low right wrist, but they did practically nothing with my method. In Germany a much higher wrist is used, though at present mine is about a compromise between them.

When I entered the Hoch Schule, in Berlin, I was put under Mr. Carl Markees for awhile, being under Dr. Joachim as well. Herr Markees is one of the teachers of the school and is private secretary to Joachim. He has a very fine technique, and is a fine player, though he does very little work in public. I got much help from him, for he was very kind to me and took great pains with me from the beginning. In addition to the subsequent work with Joachim I had some repertory study with Halir. While we were abroad we spent over a year in London, and enjoyed the acquaintance of Emil Sauret and August Wilhelmj. These were all valuable associations to me."

Inquiry as to the young lady's repertory found about everything, including a great deal of Bach and the Paganini Concerto in D. Asked if she had any difficulty with the Brahms Concerto, which she had used so much, she said that while it was considered very difficult, it did not lie badly for her hand, and she liked it immensely. Certainly it had been the composition which had contributed greatly to her reputation.

It would be unjust to close a statement of this young woman's studies or achievements without paying tribute to her mother, who has remained her companion through all these years, at home and abroad, and who still accompanies her on all her tours. Without her constant help and encouragement it would have been impossible to accomplish so much.

E. E. S.

Digitized by Google

FINCK'S "SONGS AND SONG-WRITERS."

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

The pleasing and useful little book of Mr. Henry T. Finck, of the New York Evening Post, upon "Songs and Song-writers," can hardly be said to "fill a long-felt want," for the great majority of music students, and particularly of singing students, are unconscious of wants of this sort. But it is distinctly true that Mr. Finck has filled a province in instructive musical literature which had never before been so neatly covered. He begins with a chapter upon Folk Songs, which he rightly regards as having existed from time immemorial. These tended to become more and more pleasing as they passed through the ministration of especially gifted minstrels, who were not content with merely transmitting what they had received, but improved it and added to it. The folks songs were not written, and this is the reason which makes it so extremely difficult to secure trustworthy copies of those which did duty in northern Europe during the first thousand years of the Christian centuries.

According to the views of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews (in his Popular History of Music) these songs assumed a more perfect character during the centuries from about 1000 A. D. to 1400 A. D. The causes chiefly operative were the more exciting nature of the song-poems (the Crusades having been a mighty mental stimulus in Europe), the then popular instruments, the lute and harp, and the growing appreciation of the dance as a sort of art-exercise, as distinguished from a merely ceremonial procession.

Of the song-writers before Schubert, Mr. Finck disposes easily. Gluck and Mozart gave the idea an impulse; concerning Beethoven, however, whose songs are highly esteemed by many singers of ability (among them Max Heinrich), Mr. Finck is very outspoken. He says:

"In view of Beethoven's declaration that he did not like to compose songs, it is surprising to find, nevertheless, that complete collections of his *lieder* contain more than sixty numbers.

Digitized by Google

At least two-thirds of these are utterly unworthy of their composer. In going over my volume, a few days ago, with pencil behind my ear, I found occasion to mark forty-five of them as 'poor,' 'childish,' 'empty,' 'mediocre:' namely, numbers 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21-25, 30, 32, 39, 40, 41, 45-49, 50-59, 60, 62, 63 in the Breitkopf & Hartel edition. Fifteen I marked 'fair' or 'not bad,' while only three have the word 'good' attached to them. Judgment and taste differ, of course; I can only speak for myself. The three I have marked 'good' are the only ones I should care to have put on a program for my own entertainment. They are Adelaide, Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur, and In questa tomba.

"The fifteen songs which I have marked as having some merit, but not enough to enable them to rank among the gems of German song, are An die Hoffnung, Gott deine Gute, Vom Tode, Gottes Macht, Mailied, Marmotte, Gretel's Warnung, L'amante impaziente, Lebens-Genuss, Wonne der Wehmuth, Sehnsucht, Das Gluck der Freundschaft, Opferlied, Der Wachtelschlag, Als die Geliebte sich trennen wollte. In several of these the excellence lies chiefly in some interesting detail of the accompaniment; and it may be said in general that Beethoven's direct contributions to the development of the Lied lie almost entirely in this direction. I have been particularly interested in finding a few songs in which the accompaniment foreshadows Schubert. One of these is Sehnsucht, especially at the words 'mocht ich hinuber, da mocht ich wohl hin." The fifth and sixth bars of Vom Tode, and more strikingly Als die Geliebte sich trennen wollte, suggests details of Schubert's The Wanderer. Beethoven's Marmotte also makes one think of Schubert's Leiermann (Hurdy-gurdy)."

Of Reichardt he says: "Reichardt also took the folk-song as his model, insisting that song-composers should return to it as the source of the Lied. He was the first who made a specialty of Goethe's lyrics, of which he set to music no fewer than one hundred and twenty-five. Goethe himself had been much influenced by the folk-poems, the charms of which had been unveiled to him by Herder's collections. Reichardt succeeded with his music in heightening the charm of the more gay and superficial poems of Goethe; but for the expression of the deeper emotions his art did not suffice. With all his merits, Reichardt

Digitized by Google

cannot be classed among the great song-writers. His intentions and principles were excellent, but his melodic faculty was weak; he was not an inspired composer. He lacked ideas; and no music, be it song or symphony, can become immortal unless it embodies original ideas."

Not the least of the merits of Mr. Finck is his willingness to afford informaion by reference to important studies of a question which it does not suit his book to go into at length. A notable case occurs in connection with the songs of Carl Maria Von Weber, whom as song-writer Mr. Finck esteems much less than the usual German estimate. Mr. Finck refers, however, to Spitta's learned and elaborate discussion of Weber's songs in Grove's dictionary, in which the student will find opinions more complimentary to the great German romanticist than those of Mr. Finck. There is in both cases a certain personal equation. Weber was a writer who took things easily, and who in a flash conceived a melody suitable to a given situation. The appearance of ease and superficiality in his music offends a certain class of students, while the mere fact of ease and suitability to the situation proposed recommend him to others even more powerfully, since it is only the writers of genius and spontaneous insight who ever quite accomplish this lightness and certainty of touch.

Mr. Finck then comes to a study of Schubert, to which he devotes no less than sixty-three pages. He gives a biographical summary of the composer's life, which might have been left for reference in any of the usual hand-books. He then proceeds to a critical estimate of Schubert's methods of treating texts, and in this part much interesting material is included. For instance:

"There are two ways of setting a poem to music. One consists in adapting to the first stanza or strophe of the poem a melody and accompaniment which are repeated unchanged in all the other stanzas, though there may be a dozen or more of them. This is called a strophic song—the typical folk-song. In the other kind, which the Germans call a durch-componirtes Lied, the music is 'composed through;' that is, while usually repeating the same music in the main, the composer makes more or less important changes in the melody or accompaniment, accordingly as the mood of the poem changes in the several stanzas.

Digitized by Google

"Among the early songs of Schubert we find good examples of both these kinds, but as the through-composed song is the more artistic, he favors that from the beginning. The first of his really great songs is of this kind. It is the well-known Margaret at the Spinning Wheel (dated October, 1814, and the thirty-first of the preserved songs). Here we already find Schubert's spontaneous flow of melody, with some of his harmonic peculiarities; while the whirling, monotonous figure of the accompaniment picturesquely suggests the motion of the wheel, dramatically interrupted by a few pensive chords at the words 'And oh, his kiss!'—one of those strokes of genius with which Schubert was destined to show—like Wagner after him—how greatly the effect even of the best poem can be enhanced by sympathetic music.

"Among the one hundred and forty-four songs of the year 1815 there are (besides other gems that I cannot stop to describe —like Rastlose Liebe, Ossian songs, etc.,) two world-famed and perfect specimens of both the strophic and the through-composed kind—the exquisite Rose on the Heather, simple as a folk-song yet with the fragrance of individual genius, and the Erlking. The excellence of these songs is the more remarkable when contrasted with other songs of this year. They were written amid the drudgery of school teaching, and it is not surprising that most of them are mediocre, or worse. And yet, when I play them over and begin to wonder how a first-rate genius could have penned such stuff, nearly always I come across a few bars which change my question to 'How could a mere boy have had such a happy thought?' The strangest thing about Schubert's genius is that even in his later years we often find the commonplace and the sublime side by side. But it must not be forgotten that the least interesting of his songs are still superior to most of the productions of his predecessors, be their names Reichardt and Zelter or Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. He set the high-water mark so high that he himself could not always reach it.

The Erlking is probably the best known of all the Schubert songs, having long been a favorite not only of vocalists but of pianists too, in the masterly arrangement of Liszt which always evokes unbounded enthusiasm. Liszt showed his devotion to 'the most poetic musician that ever was' by acts as well as in

Digitized by Google

words. He transcribed no fewer than a hundred of the Schubert songs for the piano; and by playing them at his own concerts and enabling musicians who could not sing to play them at home, he did a great deal toward making them popular. In the second volume of her biography of Liszt (Englished by Miss Cowdery), Lina Ramann has an interesting chapter on this subject, in which she justly points out that Liszt really established a new branch of art when he made these song transfers. The necessary alterations are mostly in the piano part, and they are so much in touch with the original that the composer rarely suffers, while the transcription in some cases even more beautiful than the original. In Auf dem Wasser zu Singen, for instance, the one song of Schubert's which seems to me better adapted for a piano piece than a Lied. Liszt's arrangements were received 'with shouts of delight.' He, like Schubert himself, knew how to make the piano 'sing under his fingers.' Luckily we know a good deal about this song. It was composed toward the close of the year 1815, and Spaun has told us how it happened:

"'One afternoon I went with Mayrhofer to Schubert, who was living at that time with his father in the Himmelpfortgrunde. We found Schubert all aglow reading the Erlking aloud from a book. He walked up and down the room several times, book in hand, then suddenly sat down and, as fast as his pen could travel, put the splendid ballad on paper. As he had no piano, we hurried over to the Convict, and there the Erlking was sung the same evening and received with enthusiasm. The old court-organist, Ruziczka then played it over himself without the voice in all parts carefully and appreciatively and was deeply impressed by the composition. When some of those present objected to a dissonance that occurs repeatedly, Ruziczka struck those chords and explained how inevitable they seemed in view of the text, and how fine, and how happily they were resolved.'

"The reference is, of course, to the discords which are heard when the child, held in the arms of its father as he 'rides through night and wind,' expresses its fears of the Erlking, the forest-haunting goblin. 'Inevitable,' indeed, these dashing dissonances seem in this place, but they were a new thing in music, and it took the genius of Schubert to discover their

Digitized by Google

inevitableness. To appreciate the innovation we have but to compare Schubert's Erlking with the earlier setting of Reichardt, in which one of the same commonplace melody is used for the speeches of father and son, as well as for the narrative. Schubert's whole atmosphere, on the contrary, is dramatic: the coaxing Erlking, the terrified child, the soothing father, have each a language of their own, different from the narrative. And how realistically the piano impersonates the horse with those incessant galloping triplets! But the climax lies in the dissonances first referred to. Wagner himself in his mature years could not have built up a more ingenious dramatic climax than the eighteen-year-old Schubert did in this ballad of Goethe's. Note that the dissonance—C and D with E flat—first occurs (forte) when the child asks the father if he does not see the Erlking. The second time, when the child asks the father if he sees not the Erlking's daughters in their gloomy haunts, it is an interval higher—D, E, F; and finally, when the child cries, 'My father, my father, he seizes me now!' we have a still higher and more shrill dissonance—E flat, F, G flat—sung and played fortissimo. The effect is thrilling.

"Although the Erlking is No. 178 in the list of Schubert's songs, and was written in 1815, it was not published until 1821, seven years before his death. Though he had already written four hundred songs at that date, the publishers would have nothing to do with any of them, refusing the Erlking on the ground that they 'could not expect it to succeed, because the composer was unknown and the piano-forte part too difficult.' It was then, as we have seen, brought out by subscriptions as opus 1. It had already been popular for some years in private circles, and the publication soon increased its vogue. From that time to the present all sorts of arrangements have been made of it. His own brother Ferdinand adapted it for solo voices, mixed chorus and orchestra, and Berlioz subsequently made an orchestral version. Huttenbrenner went so far as to write an Erlking Waltz, which seems to have annoyed Schubert; though he himself used to amuse his friends by singing it through a comb in the most tragi-comic way. At other times he distributed the parts of the

Digitized by Google

father, son, and Erlking; singing one himself while Vogl and some one else took the others."

Schumann as a song writer fares a little hardly with Mr. Finck, for he boldly declares that out of his nearly three hundred songs only twenty are really first-class. He denies that Schumann really was more particular than Schubert concerning the quality of the poetic texts which he set to music; and he goes further and denies also that the Schumann piano part is on the whole more satisfactory than those of Schubert, although he admits that at times the piano part with Schumann goes so far as to usurp the leading place. He sums up his verdict with the statistical fact that out of two hundred and forty-five songs by Schumann, only twenty are of the highest order of merit; yet he admits that "these twenty are so superlatively good that they will always insure him a place in the front rank of song-writers."

Comparisons of songs as to relative rank are always uncertain, since in the nature of the case they rest mainly upon a personal equation which is rarely taken into account. Most lovers of fine songs will take issue with Mr. Finck, and say that no writer has ever effected a closer union between the poem and the musical phraseology to which it is set than this great composer. Many of his songs are delightful, even from a purely vocal standpoint. What, for instance, could be better for a pure soprano than the melody of "Moonlight"? And what could be more poetic and more in keeping with the poem? The entire cycle of "Woman's Love and Life" is of exquisite texture; and the world-wide acceptance of the whole cycle of the "Poet's Love" is equally conclusive. Then, too, think of the "Spring Night"—a poem in tones of most beautiful quality. That Schumann changed the ideal of a singing melody for a song is plain enough.

For Robert Franz as a writer of songs Mr. Finck naturally cherishes a very warm appreciation, an appreciation which may prove to be even a little partial. According to Mr. Finck, the beginning of Franz's writing of songs came about from his having been disappointed in love. It seems that after Franz had received some two years' instruction from Freidrich Schneider at Dessau, and had produced there a variety of compositions, he came home and gave himself over to the

Digitized by Google

study of his musical idols, Bach, Handel and Schubert, over whose works he pored day and night. The more he studied these masterworks the poorer his own things seemed to be, and he accordingly cast the whole collection into the fire.

This was the situation early in the year 1843. A powerful impulse was needed to restore his self-confidence, to reawaken his creative energy. It came in the form of a romantic love, which has ever been the chief source of the fine arts. He fell in love with Louise G., the daughter of a well-to-do physician. She was his pupil, and it seemed at first as if music had united their hearts. But the time came when he found that she was not to be his. It was under the influence of these experiences, hope followed by what seemed an irreparable loss, that the songs embodied in his opus 1, and dedicated to this girl, were written. When he composed them he had no thought of publication. They were merely the effusions of a full heart. But his friends urged him to get them printed, and the result is charmingly related by him in a letter to his friend Weicke, dated July 18, 1843:

"Within the last six months I have become a composer; how it happened I do not know. So much is certain: nearly every day has brought forth a new song. You can imagine what a blessing that may prove. Now, my neighbors put it into my head that these songs were good. I was disinclined to believe this, and therefore sent a number of them for inspection to Schumann. He not only made me still more puffed up by his approval, but he gave them, without my knowledge or desire, to a publisher, and they have been printed. Just think of it: 'Lieder by Robert Franz,' etc. Every corner-stone must laugh loud in its enthusiasm! Were I to tell you all the flattering and gratifying experiences I have had in reference to my productions, it would smack much of vanity. One thing, however, I cannot suppress my joy: Mendelssohn has written me a long letter and told me things which surely are seldom said to any one. He is full of joy and amiability. * * * I send you a copy of my songs, and expect a detailed, sound critique; tell me the truth bluntly, it will do no harm, and I shall be more grateful than if you write me flatteries honoris causa."

Mendelssohn had written to him, "May you give us many,

Digitized by Google

many more works like this, as beautiful in conception, as refined in style, and as original and euphonious"; while Schumann wrote for his Neue Zeitschrift a review of the twelve songs first issued, wherein he once more revealed his keen instinct for discovering genius. He pointed out that these songs mirrored the new spirit in poetry, and illustrated the progress which the Lied had made since the days of Beethoven: "Genuine singers, endowed with poetic taste, are required for their interpretation," he wrote; "they are most enjoyable when sung in solitude and in the twilight." "Were I," he concludes, "to dwell on all the exquisite details, I should never come to the end; true music-lovers will discover them for themselves."

Mr. Finck gives a pathetic account of the many hardships and personal afflictions which befel the unfortunate composer. He early lost his hearing, and was obliged to converse by means of pencil and paper. This loss also necessitated his giving up all active duties connected with practical music. Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt and Wagner esteemed Franz's works at something like their true worth; but it is stated that Brahms looked down upon Franz as a "dilletante." It is pleasant to record that Franz received substantial help from America in his later days, mainly through the hard work of the late Otto Dresel and John S. Dwight. So, also, in Germany capital was raised, the whole amounting to about $25,000, sufficient for the later days of the man who had written so well.

Mr. Finck regards Franz as an exception to the general rule of the gradual awakening and perfecting of genius, and quotes Franz's own saying: "My opus 1 I consider no better and no worse than my oppus 52"—but this amounts only to his declaring that he did not possess the power of discrimination concerning the value of his own productions. It is stated that when his last collections were published, some readers fancied that they saw in them Wagnerian traits, but Franz showed that these were really among his first songs, written in the early forties and kept in the desk several decades; so that any resemblance must have been a coincidence. In 1850 Franz heard Lohengrin, and was so much impressed with it that he dedicated his opus 20 to its composer. It is strange that Franz

Digitized by Google

should have ever cared for Wagner's music, for he hated the drama, with or without music, went to the theater only once in all his life, and confessed that Mozart's operatic music unfolded its full significance to him only in the concert hall. In after years he did express his dislike of the later music-dramas of Wagner; though, as he had never heard them (the year of his total deafness coincides with that of the first Nibelung performances at Bayreuth), this dislike was little more than a protest against the great ado made over opera, while lyric song was so shamefully neglected.

Wagner, on his part, always was a great admirer of the Franz songs; and when Franz visited him at Zurich, in 1857, he showed him his musical library, which contained, besides the works of Bach and Beethoven, nothing but Franz's songs. "He sang and played a couple of my songs for me," Franz relates, "Die Widmung and Ja, du bist elend—the latter being his favorite song. And how he did sing, declaiming them with the greatest pathos, quite dramatically. 'You must write operas,' he then said to me; but any one who has penetrated deeply into my songs knows that the dramatic element in them is naught, nor is it intended to be found in them."

Wagner and Franz represent the extremes in modern music, Wagner being the greatest dramatic composer of the century, Franz the greatest lyric composer since Schubert. There are many other differences between them. Wagner was the most modern of the moderns; whereas Franz gravitated toward the times of Bach, the mediaeval choral, and folk-song. Wagner's harmonies are chromatic, his form new and irregular; while Franz's harmonies are diatonic, his form traditional and symmetrical. And yet the extremes meet. There are points of contact between the two masters which may be considered even more important than their differences. They are best summed up in the following extract from one of Franz's letters to Liszt (dated September 29, 1855), which might have been quite as well written by Wagner:

"The poet furnishes the key to the appreciation of my works; my music is unintelligible without a close appreciation of the sister-art: it merely illustrates the words, does not pretend to be much by itself. * * * As a rule, my song is of the declamatory order, and becomes cantilena [flowing

Digitized by Google

melody] only where the feeling is most concentrated. The word is steeped in the tone, or forms, as it were, the skeleton which the sound clothes as its flesh. Therefore, it is easy to sing my songs, if the vocalist saturates himself with the poem and thus endeavors to reproduce the musical content."

Many of Franz's songs are, like parts of Wagner's operas, beautiful if played on the piano alone, simply weaving in the vocal part. Liszt has translated a number of Franz's best songs into the most polished pianistic idiom. But however delightful these songs may be as simple piano pieces, to get their full beauty the vocal part must be added. Without the voice they charm, with the voice they move to tears. Read one of the poems alone, play the music alone, and then perform them both together; and you will realize that poetry and music combined are a greater emotional power than either of them alone. Bearing this in mind, we can understand the importance of the fact that modern lyric song has achieved "a fusion of poetry and music which can hardly be carried to a higher pitch of intimacy," as Franz puts it in a letter to Mr. Apthorp. And thus we see that, different as were their methods and aims, Wagner and Franz achieved the same results in their respective spheres.

Mr. Finck devotes no little space to tracing the harmonic and other technical peculiarities of the Franz songs, and this part of his work will be of interest and use to students.

In certain other respects readers will find novelties in this little book. For instance, Mr. Finck places Mendelssohn and Brahms together as "two of the most popular composers of the nineteenth century," both born at Hamburgh. The verdict should be taken with a very large grain of salt. Mendelssohn, indeed, can properly be said to have been popular from his first appearance until perhaps ten or fifteen years ago; but his popularity is now much diminished; while Brahms never has been popular, and never can be, since his music is neither popular in its form and its appeal to ordinary ears, nor in the superficiality of mood. Brahms stands for everything which is grave, noble, serious, elevated; and his musical style is as noble as his intention. He is a strong composer, a composer who has within his works often the very kernel of exquisite beauty; but a popular composer—Oh! Mr. Finck!

Digitized by Google

How can you? You, who never heard a Brahms work without reviling its "cold gray tone." In a more detailed criticism upon the songs of Brahms, Mr. Finck finally admits that, speaking honestly, he really likes personally but one single one, the Minnelied. This is unfortunate for Mr. Finck's reputation as a lover of songs, but at least it throws light upon the personal equation.

Naturally the two living best song-writers, to take Mr. Finck's estimate, Grieg and MacDowell come in for long and affectionate discussion. But this story is too long and will have to await a better opportunity.

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY MUSIC FROM THE PROFESSOR'S STANDPOINT.

(A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR STANLEY.)

Ann Arbor, January 12, 1901.

To the Editor:—Allow me to thank you for the kind references to our work in the last issue of MUSIC. It is an inspiration to renewed activity to receive such sympathetic and appreciative recognition of our attempts to uphold advanced standards.

One secret of whatever success we may have had in the past has been the unity with which our plans have been carried out. The cordial co-operation, not alone of the faculty of the University School of Music, but also of the larger circle of the university officers and members of the various faculties, as well as the citizens of Ann Arbor, can always be depended on in every attempt to advance our standards of work and performance.

You refer to the work in eastern universities as compared to those of the west. It seems to me that the environment must largely decide the character of the work undertaken. I, for one, am thankful that men like Professor Paine of Harvard, Professor Parker of Yale and Professor MacDowell of Columbia have the opportunity of impressing themselves upon the whole artistic life of the country through their compositions, and hope most sincerely that they will never be obliged to take time from their creative work in order to engage in routine instruction, excepting in the technical training of students whose abilities and special gifts entitle them to look forward to successful professional careers. In Harvard the quality of Professor Paine's work is attested by the careers of men who owe most of their training to him. The result in both Yale and Columbia will be the same, and when one attempts to sum up the results of the work in these institutions cognizance must be taken of the influence exerted by those who come under the personal inspiration of the men who represent music in these universities.

Digitized by Google

In Boston, New Haven, and especially in New York, the opportunities for hearing good music are so exceptional that one of the greatest problems confronting those of us who labor in small communities is eliminated. Greater opportunity, however, entails greater responsibility.

The ideal instruction in the university must be along both lines, technical and inspirational. The relative proportion of each must be determined by the specific needs of the institution, the character of the students, and often, most unfortunately, by financial considerations. A scheme of instruction in which the importance of technical study is ignored, or even minimized, is entirely unworthy of the university and is fundamentally opposed the university idea; on the other hand, extended opportunities for hearing the best music make possible a perfect realization of another worthy university function, that of making those who go forth from the academic life into the greater life of the world fitted to stand on the side of worthy ideals in art as well as prepared to enter upon special professional careers.

It is possible for any one possessing average musical intuitions and intelligence to learn to appreciate, up to a certain point, music written in the classical forms. That is, one can be trained to exercise in music somewhat of the discrimination displayed with reference to literature and other arts. While the appreciation of the layman must, perforce, be distinctly different from that of the initiated, who shall say that it may not be worth cultivating? Why should not the attempt be made to bring as many people as possible to a point where music means something more than mere passing pleasure? Does not the training of the mind secured through the processes of education make it receptive and alive to new impressions? The average university student can learn the general principles involved in the sonata form, for example, and can by repeated hearings of standard works come into a fuller enjoyment of all music through such training. The student who knows what he should hear and who is inspired to put himself in touch with the best, and nothing else, has progressed a long way towards becoming an intelligent and appreciative listener. A university graduate who goes out into the world with ideals in art is a no less successful member of the com-

Digitized by Google

munity than one who takes no interest in this important side of life.

The concert room is the musician's library, in a certain sense, and nothing can take its place in any scheme of musical education. But even as the general student must learn to use a library, if it is to be an aid, so audiences should be trained to get all that is possible from the great opportunities afforded in those cities where great orchestras exist and where great artists are frequently heard. The history of music, instead of a mere study of dry facts and criticisms of things of which the student knows comparatively little or nothing, becomes instinct with life when the class is made familiar with the works discussed, and can see the relation the great composers bear to the evolution of forms, and to each other.

As Professor Parker very aptly puts it: "The history of music is written in notes, not in words"; but how is the student to appreciate this fully without the frequent and adequate performance of important works the significance of which has been carefully pointed out by the instructor by means of analyses and then enforced by repeated hearings? The student who is studying music in a professional way must have these aids. Why should not all those who are interested in the art in a general way also learn to discriminate, and thereby intelligently appreciate, as listeners, all that the professional enjoys in fuller measure?

In order to do this at all in the smaller colleges and the universities in small cities it becomes necessary for the incumbent of the chair of music to devise ways and means for providing as many concerts of high grade as possible, and to prepare those who are desirous of so doing to listen with intelligence.

Professor Pratt in his article in the Atlantic has set forth certain ideals which are of universal application; to make these ideals possible requires endowments, and how few are those who have shown an appreciation of this fact by their deeds. In the University of Michigan the alumni has contributed generously in many ways, notably in assisting to secure the Columbian organ, and Mr. Frederic Stearns has donated one of the most complete collections of musical instruments in the country, and has shown his continued interest

Digitized by Google

in it by the purchase of about three hundred additional specimens of primitive and early instruments; but for the specific purpose of providing the means for this general education, which is always kept in mind in our work, we have to depend on our own resources entirely. We are still looking forward to the time when some generous patron of art will generously endow the musical department.

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of providing all that is essential to the successful prosecution of this ideal musical education is found when one attempts to establish an orchestra. It is comparatively easy to secure violinists, especially if there is a good violin department; viola players can be trained, but 'cellists are scarce, contrabass players even more difficult to find, and when it comes to the "wood wind" and "brass" sections the problem is discouraging.

For the last two seasons we have had an orchestra of from twenty-five to thirty performers in training, and we are now looking forward to the time when we shall have an organization that may be made of use to us. Mr. Bernard Sturm, an artist of sterling qualities who has enjoined splendid training, not alone as solist and teacher, but also in one of the leading European orchestras, has inspired the members of the organization with his splendid enthusiasm, and the time is not far distant when it will be a musical asset of great value. He has doubled the number of students in his department in one year, and is thoroughly deserving of anything you may say. He is a noble fellow, rejoicing in everything that comes to his colleagues, and for that reason alone deserves consideration. His orchestra really plays very well, and the members will go through fire and water for him. Such a man compels success.

One of the difficulties met with in this connection (here, at least,) is the constant change of personnel. This cannot be avoided, but it is a serious difficulty.

Excuse this rambling epistle, but I felt that your words of encouragement deserved some recognition on my part as well as on the part of my colleagues, who are making possible many of the ideals suggested by Professor Pratt in his timely article.

Very sincerely,

A. A. STANLEY.

Digitized by Google

On the 6th of December, 1900, Mr. Leopold Godowsky gave a concert in the Beethoven hall in Berlin, assisted by the Philharmonic Orchestra. He played the Brahms Concerto in D minor, the same as here last year, and closed with the Tschaikowsky Concerto in B flat minor, which he played with the Thomas Orchestra four years ago. Between these important selections he gave a group of seven of his own paraphrases of Chopin studies and the "Invitation to the Dance," his arrangement of the latter being far more elaborate than that of Tausig. The object of this concert was to show his hand and to try whether the over-experienced Berlin musical public would find anything in his playing to enjoy. At the time of the concert he had been in Berlin some months, and, according to his usual custom, had been in frequent association with all the leading pianists and many amateurs, and had played a good deal in private. Pachmann and Rosenthal had already given intimations of Mr. Godowsky's remarkable gifts, and the published studies had been examined there and given up as unplayable, but not the less admired for their cleverness and novelty no less than for the subtle difficulties which abound in them. The consequence of this was a great deal of interest in advance, and when the concert came there was a crowded house, all the Berlin pianists being present and all the critics. From all accounts this must have been one of those occasions such as few musicians see many times in their life. The greeting was very warm to begin with, and the first movement of the concerto by Brahms entirely gained the audience, saving a few critics whose idea of the work had been formed by hearing Brahms play it himself, and in his peculiarly brutal way, which for many passes for breadth. Needless to say that in M. Godowsky's interpretation there is no brutality, but in place

Digitized by Google

of it all, the poetic suggestions of Brahms are made the most of. At the end of the concerto an ovation and many, many recalls.

Then came the group of his own works. They were these:

Study in A minor, Op. 25, No. 5, for left hand alone.

Op. 10, No. 11, and Op. 25, No. 3, united in one, in 1.

Op. 25, No. 8, Sixths for left hand.

Op. 10, No. 9, in C sharp minor.

Op. 25, No. 5, in E minor, paraphrased as a mazurka in C sharp.

Op. 10, No. 5, and Op. 25, No. 6, in one ("Badinage").

Op. 10, No. 7, in G flat, for left hand in the toccata motion. "Invitation to the Dance."

Those who have examined the first of these studies (Schirmer) will remember that while Chopin in writing it for the right hand does not bring in his melody until the chords are well established; Godowsky starts the left hand out alone with the melody from the beginning, and when he arrives at the place where Chopin begins the melody he starts an eighth note motion, and this later on accelerates to a triplet motion, so that the handling of voices is far more difficult than in the original, despite the fact that the paraphrases is here working with the left hand alone. Then the next study (as yet unpublished) combines that arpeggio study in No. 11 of the opus 10 with the appoggiatura study, Op. 25, No. 3, the left hand having the melody and spread chords of the arpeggio study. This combination, while of incredible difficulty, and requiring marvelous lightness and delicacy of the left hand, is a very beautiful work. The next study has the sixths for the left hand and a new cantilena above it. (Published.)

These original works of the concert-giver made a wonderful sensation. Every one was the occasion for a new ovation, and at the end the astonishment of the hearers and their enthusiasm was of the kind which is never awakened except in the playing of the most phenomenal artists. The Tschaikowsky concerto made a brilliant ending for a fine program, but later Mr. Godowsky played the Scherzo from the Saint-Saens Concerto in G minor, and still later his first arrangement of the Chopin black key study. After the music had ceased and the artist had been called back innumerable times,

Digitized by Google

there was a grand crush to get at him in the green room. Next day he found himself famous in Berlin. The criticisms came in leisurely during the next ensuing week. Out of some twenty-six papers which commented, all but two recognized the artist as a virtuoso of most phenomenal powers and a musician and artist of the first order. Engagements were immediately made for next season in Brussels by Ysaye, who happened to be in Berlin, and by Marteau in Geneva. Mr. Godowsky was obliged to decline, a few days later, a most flattering and remunerative engagement from Warsaw, on account of his American passports not having been properly vised for travel in Russia. In the advertising pages of this issue will be found the press notices in full, so far as received at this office. The showing is truly remarkable. Dr. Schmidt, who was one of the two writing unfavorable notices, apologized in person to the artist two days later, saying that the freedom with which Mr. Godowsky had treated a standard German tone-poem, the "Invitation to the Dance," had offended him so much that he quite lost his temper, for which he was truly sorry. This is one of those things more likely to happen to Godowsky than to almost any other artist, he is so amiable and agreeable in his personality and so entirely without jealousy or ill will towards other artists, or even to critics who differ from his ideas.

The success was so pronounced that many applications were made for other recitals, and on January 16 the following program was played in the same hall:

Schumann: Etudes Symphoniques.
Godowsky: Courante.
Valse Idylle.
Moto Perpetuo.
Liszt: Eclogue.
At the Spring.
Concert Study in F minor.
Waldesrauchen.
Chopin: Sonata in B minor. Op. 58.
Chopin—Godowsky Paraphrases:
Op. 10, No. 1, in C major.
Op. 10, No. 2, Irrlichter.
Op. 10, No. 10, Tarantelle.

Digitized by Google

Op. 10, No. 5, in A major.
Op. 10, No. 8, in F major.
Op. 25, No. 4, Polonaise.
Op. 25, No. 2, Valse.
Op. 25, No. 11, in A minor.

This program is liable to be mistaken for a virtuoso work, but it will be safe to promise the hearers something quite as novel in the most familiar works upon it as in the astounding virtuosity of the first and last studies, the great one from Op. 10, in F major, and the evasive "Fire Fly" study based upon Op. 10, No. 2, the left thumb and second finger having the chromatic scale, the lower fingers dropping in the chord notes, all this in 4-4 motion of sixteenths; over this Godowsky runs a 12-8 Scherzo, a lovely and fascinating creation, the poor left hand gaining no more glory for all its pains than an orchestral second clarinet or second oboe in Richard Strauss.

Next season Mr. Godowsky will concertize in Europe entirely. He remains American at heart, but having looked forward to establishing himself in Europe among the pianists of the very first order, he naturally feels excited that it has happened so suddenly and so completely. He is also kind enough to remember that the first important criticisms he received speaking of his art as that of a world-artist in the fullest sense were printed in MUSIC. And the editor of MUSIC is proud that he had the privilege. Also thankful for four years' education in the higher art of piano playing.

There are still other developments which ought to happen to this great artist: The first is to somehow come at the routine of conducting, for if symphonies and tone-poems could be treated with orchestra as he treats them upon the pianoforte, something entirely new and beautiful would open in orchestral concerts, things vastly more epoch-marking than the symphonic readings of Buelow, for Godowsky has more innate musical insight than Buelow. The other is for his writing to go on to the production of novel creations out of entirely whole cloth, and not necessarily from a virtuoso standpoint. All this also will come.

* * *

Mr. Clarence Eddy opened a new organ in the first Methodist Church in Evanston, Ill., January 1. The organ is a large

Digitized by Google

one of three manuals and about fifty sounding stops. It follows modern notions, and many of the stops are well voiced and effective. About half the great organ and all the swell and choir are inclosed in swell boxes, which unquestionably diminishes the volume and impressiveness of the tone in full organ passages. The provision of voices of eight feet is unusually liberal. For instance, the great organ has an open, a stentorphone and double flute outside the swell, and a lovely Gamba, gemshorn, gedacht and clarabella inside the box. The swell has seven flue stops of eight feet and three reeds, the "vox humana" having been imported from England. The least satisfactory part of the organ is the pedale, which lacks volume and supporting power. For fugue playing these eight pedal stops do not begin to afford resonance enough to make the voices satisfactory. The lighter stops are very well voiced.

The instrument is constructed upon what is called the "universal wind-chest system," in which, in place of a bellows receptacle, there is a room, about eighteen feet by eight. The bellows feeders and the electric motor are inside this room, which can be entered by several persons at once, even while the organ is in use. The room makes a very pretty effect, one of the most interesting I have ever seen in an organ. Every pipe stands directly over this room and has its own valve, which can be adjusted from inside while the instrument is in use. There is a large concussion bellows and a very elaborate apparatus of couplers and piston movements, numbering about fifty-seven. The action is tubular pneumatic. The advantage proposed to be gained by this universal wind-chest is the convenient accessibility of every valve and coupling and the greater stability of the air supply, owing to the unusual capacity of this room as compared with almost any practicable bellows. The stability of the wind supply seemed sufficient at the concert, and so far it is well. I do not see, however, that the supply is enough better than in other first-class organs to justify the greatly increased cost of the system. I am told that the firm occupied about three months in setting up this organ in the church. Three months is rather a long time. The instrument cost about twelve thousand dollars, and is said to be the third church organ in size in the state.

The organ was opened by Professor Lutkin, with the Bach

Digitized by Google

Toccata and fugue in D minor, played solidly. Mr. Eddy played a variety of pleasing numbers, the most difficult being the Toccata and Allegro Cantabile from Widor's fifth organ symphony. The Toccata is a very showy production, but either the pedal was ineffective on this occasion or else the manuals have most of the work. The most charming of Mr. Eddy's selections was Saint-Saen's "Le Cygne" arranged by Guilmant. Throughout the evening Mr. Eddy was in good mood, and it is to be regretted that he did not choose to give something a little more solid and representative of strict organ playing, of which he was once so great a master. The poorest thing he did was an arrangement of the Tannhaueser March, one of the least suitable pieces for organ that can be found. It is wholly impracticable, and made no good effect.

The opportunity of hearing Mr. Eddy, and no little interest in the organ itself, brought out to Evanston quite a representation of leading musicians from the city. Among them were Messrs. Wilhelm Middleschulte, Harrison Wild, Frederick Grant Gleason, Philo A. Otis, and others almost as well known.

* * *

In a previous issue of MUSIC is an interview with the conductor of the Chicago Apollo Club, Mr. Harrison M. Wild, in which he says things concerning the difficulty of bringing out new works. He complains, and very justly, that the newspaper critics hear such a work but once and then pass a snap judgment upon it, as a rule condemning it off hand. This, he says, tends to discourage conductors, and, which is more to the point, casts a pall over the box office. Wherefore nothing can be done, since in the box office lie the sinews of war.

The complaint is a just one, and personally I am willing to take my share. I readily admit that I have a number of times spoken of new works on one hearing in terms which, if I had known the work better, would have been more favorable.

Mr. Wild, and he is only a representative, speaks as if when a conductor had selected a new work of some reputable master, and had brought it to a creditable performance, the plain duty of the critic is to recognize the difficulty of doing this and treat the work with the respect due a celebrated acquaintance whose personal qualities you do not as yet quite under-

Digitized by Google

stand. But is this all? Has not the conductor a more serious responsibility than this? Does his duty complete itself in the selecting a merely new work by some prominent composer? Supposing there chance to be twenty important works by ten good composers from which to choose, what, then, is the duty of the conductor?

Plainly the first duty of the conductor is to his singers. Which work will afford the greatest amount of educational stimulus and aesthetic delight? This is the one to take. But the musical public cannot stand far away from the singers of the chorus in the choice of a work from which they will get the most delight. Whatever music has in it more education for study and more pleasure for minute personal acquaintance, that music must have in it more for the sincere hearer, even at first hearing. And in the long run these two factors will also be in harmony with the conductor's own tastes. His musical tastes will broaden through the work of analyzing and teaching the beauties of a new masterwork, and so taking the text and the music together, all parties would be found to have benefited or failed to benefit in about equal degrees.

To come back to Massenet's "Mary Magdalene." I have already sufficiently discussed this curiously degenerate text. One of the most sacred incidents in the story of the Son of Man is taken and travestied by French libretto poetry, vulgarized, gross sensuality lugged into the story—sensuality which appears in no slightest degree in the gospel narrative, and so what was originally full of pathos and beauty and true humanity, not to say divinity, is turned into a new chapter of a French "Faust." The text ought to have condemned this work upon first examination.

That a secular relief from endless repetitions of "The Messiah," "Elijah," "St. Paul," etc., and the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini might be desirable is reasonable enough.

* * *

The third concert of the Spiering Quartet, December 18, presented two entire quartets, one by Gradener, the other by Dvorak. Between the quartets are some songs by Mr. Max Heinrich and his daughter. The audience was large and warmly appreciative of the singing as well as of the playing.

The new quartet by Gradener is by one of the younger com-

Digitized by Google

posers, the son of a well-esteemed composer. It is highly modern, full of force and musical quality. One would like to hear it again. Mr. Spiering is entitled to the credit of having brought the playing of this quartet up to a very high grade. This was the best concert of the combination so far. All the players show the influence of hearty practice, both together and as individual virtuosi. Mr. Spiering in particular has improved much, and is now a violinist of very great distinction and authority.

* * *

The Chicago Musical College gave a dramatic matinee in Studebaker Theater, November 22, which was of more than ordinary interest. First, naturally, as an exponent of the deservedly celebrated methods of Mr. Hart Conway, the head of this department. In this point of view the work was more than creditable. Two plays were presented, both by Mr. Sidney Grundy: "A Fool's Paradise" and "A Little Change." In the former some most excellent work was done by Mr. Clifton L. Payden in the role of Philip Selwyn, and Miss Ethel Dovey as Mildred Selwyn. Other parts were also well done, and the whole went off very smoothly and enjoyably—being for one thing well staged. The second play was short and less important.

The other point of interest, and the one immediately now under concern, was the participation of the college orchestra, an amateur organization under the direction of Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn. The players were all amateurs, mostly pupils, except five or six professionals engaged for the rarer instruments. The playing was very good indeed. At the head of the violins was the pupil who carried off the honors of the violin department in the annual concert last June. There were several ladies among the players, among them one at the cornet—a good exercise for embouchure. The audience was large, attentive and appreciative.

* * *

Mr. Dohnanyi gave two piano recitals in the university hall, January 10 and 12. In the first he excelled in playing Beethoven's light but pleasing Sonata in E flat, opus 31, and in parts of the Bach Chromatic fugue; the fantasia was not so well done, the coda being particularly wanting in poetry and

Digitized by Google

fine insight. The Brahms-Handel variations he played with very good technique, but immaturely, monotonously, and like one who as yet had not fully escaped from the leading strings of his master. Many of his points were the same as those of Mark Hambourg, who had them from the same source—Leschetitzky. In his second recital he began with, on the whole, a very good performance of Schumann's wonderful Sonata in F sharp minor—a work which, according to Carl Wolfsohn, contains the whole Schumann cult. Mr. Dohnanyi showed good knowledge of the work, but he failed to do more than reach a conventional success in it. His Chopin numbers were also disappointing—the F sharp impromptu and some variations upon an air of Herold, opus 12. The piece has much of Chopin in it, but the shallow air of Herold was too hampering. There appeared no good reason for exhuming this long buried indiscretion of Chopin's youth. Next we know the silly variations upon Mozart's "La Ci Darem la Man o" will be brought out by some one, in deference to Schumann's effervescing notice of the work when it first came out. Mr. Dohnanyi played three pieces by Liszt, the poorest being the insufferable legend of St. Francis walking upon chromatic scales (low in the bass).

It is but fair to say that Mr. Dohnanyi is the most promising of the young players heard here, having already excellent technique enough for all the standard repertory; he has charming qualities and a great deal of temperament. His tone-production is still immature and he lacks repose. But he lacks fine insight still more. Nevertheless, he played two pieces by Brahms admirably in his last recital, the Intermezzo in E flat minor, Op. 118, No. 6, and the Rhapsody in B minor, the latter in particular.

* * *

Professor Edward Alexander MacDowell, of Columbia University (professor of music), has just published his third sonata for piano-forte. It is fortunate to be able to praise this work as an epoch-marking production in several particulars. Among these I do not include its length, since it runs to only twenty-eight pages—but as these pages are mostly in slow time, from 46 to 138, the former for halves and eighths, the latter for quarters, it occupies towards a half hour in performance at

Digitized by Google

proper tempo. The sonata tells a story, or relates a story, namely, the following, most likely from the pen of the composer himself, for he has a very pretty talent in verse, his feeling for verbal felicity being even more sensitive than that for tonal organization:

"Night had fallen on a day of deeds.
The great rafters in the red-ribbed hall
Flashed crimson in the fitful flame
Of smouldering logs.
And from the stealthy shadows
That crept 'round Herald's throne
Rang out a Skald's strong voice,
With tales of battles won;
Of Gudrun's love
And Sigurd, Siegmund's son."

The first movement represents the hall, the red-ribbed rafters, etc. The second subject is that of the Skald. Gudrun's love is that of the second movement; and the third takes in all the remaining part of the poem. The work is dedicated to Grieg, whence, perhaps, the Norwegian coloring.

It is idle to condemn this work as signifying nothing. There is a rather decided mood awakened by every part of it—vague, it is true, but still a mood, unlike that of any other sonata known to me. Moreover, I find it easy to congratulate Mr. MacDowell upon having succeeded in arriving at his greatest quest of all, namely, originality. And this in the following points: First of all, the tonality is excessively vague from first to last. There are not four consecutive measures which a good player can play without memorizing and be sure that he has remembered all the accidentals. The tonality is so vague that even in the same measure one cannot remember the accidentals of the first part of the measure, since while there may not have been a modulation, the tonality all the time has been so vague as to leave all accidentals alike probable or improbable, according to the wierd fancy of the player.

The second element of originality is the total absence of rhythm. By this I do not mean that the notes in any one measure do not count up and "justify," as printers call it, i. e., come out even according to the measure. But by rhythm we

Digitized by Google

mean a manner of going, a proportionate manner of going, a pulsation, a flowing of the melody in symmetrical manner, both within the measures and in the measure groups. Of this there is none in this sonata. Scarcely a single metrical thought can be found in it from first to last. Add to these elements of strangeness the unusual and forced order of fundamental harmonies, the almost universal dissonances, and we have reasons in plenty why such a work should awaken moods entirely unlike those of any accepted composer, ancient or modern.

Whether originality of this sort is likely to commend the work to the playing and hearing public will depend upon the existence or non-existence of genuine musical appetite—appetite for musical effects as such. Where this appetite has become extirpated, or blase, a novelty of the sort of this third MacDowell sonata may stand a chance. Otherwise it can have none. That any person still retaining a ghost of a love for the music of Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, Liszt, Wagner, Schuman (to mention only the most original of all composers), can still have a love for this sonata, and an enjoyment in playing it, is in the last degree unlikely.

It seems to me a pity that a composer in some ways so gifted as MacDowell, who is able and clever enough to write very respectable music for salon, if only he would give over the quest for the profound and the intensely new and deep (qualities which are foreign to him) and write such music as his talent would enable him to do without straining, much pleasure might be had from his work.

It is open to Professor MacDowell and his admirers to charge me with incompetence in not being able to appreciate the high poetry and deep significance of his work; but in reply to this I can only say that there are certain qualities which appertain to music, qualities which all music has to contain, no matter how original. Tonality, rhythm, symmetry, melody—in other words, the capacity of being appreciated as rational discourse. Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," the most extravagant improvisation as yet, has all of these qualities, although symmetry can be less prominent in works to be sung than in those for instruments, since in an opera the story and the text explains many things which rambling upon an instrument leaves untold. In these pretentious sonatas, Mr. MacDowell

Digitized by Google

chooses to ignore all these fundamentals of music and dishes up all sorts of strained combinations. Or is this one of those "strains" which Shakespeare speaks of as having a "dying fall"?

* * *

The English opera under the management of Messrs. Savage and Grau gave a two weeks' season in Chicago, beginning December 24, thus covering the holiday season, which is generally regarded as unfavorable to large attendance upon an entertainment of this kind. During the season some ten or more operas were given, including one downright novelty, the late Goring Thomas' "Esmerelda." I did not have the pleasure of hearing any of the representations except the last two, which were Verdi's "Il Trovatore" (what became of the English here?) and the double bill of the closing night, Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" of Leoncavallo. The afternoon performance showed that the merit of the company was greater than I had supposed. While there was no one great singer in the cast, Miss Phoebe Strakosch, in the role of Leonore, showed herself to be an artist of unusual talent. She has a large dramatic soprano voice, and while somewhat conventional in action, is a singer distinctly above the grade we find in European companies, except where the star play predominates. The other impersonations were respectable, of the precise grade which the experienced critic notices pleasantly but does not care particularly to hear them again. Deserving is the word. In his class were Mr. Sheehan, Winfred Goff, and so on. All deserving. The chorus was large, young and capable. The orchestra large enough, but not well enough kept down. The conductor was Mr. Richard Eckhold, most likely the repetiteur of the company.

The evening bill was led by Mr. Seppilli, who was here two years ago with Grau. He is a capable man, but does not know how to keep the orchestra under; or perhaps he is not used to dealing with voices of the smaller caliber, which filled the solo roles on this occasion. Here, as before, the chorus was very good indeed, as also the scenic display. Of the solo roles it is also possible to say many pleasing and pleasant truths. The Santuzza of Miss Grace Golden was deserving, but her voice is too small for the Auditorium. Miss Fanchon Thomp-

Digitized by Google

son was Lola, in which role there was not much chance to estimate her singing. She is a pretty woman, but on this occasion she had one of the most atrocious make-ups on record, the black lines under her eyes being mightily overdone. Evidently she had taken the size of the house into consideration too much and had made her lines large enough to tell a half block away, which is the precise distance of much of the audience in the Auditorium. Mr. D'Aubigne as Turiddo was another of those meritorious cases; but of Mr. Homer Lind's Alfio something more positive might be said. It was very good. The result was a very fair presentation of this luridly degenerate modern Italian melodic pleasantry. One could participate and feel that he had heard the opera, if one had ever heard it before under any more favorable auspices.

The strongest performance was that of Leoncovallo's "I Pagliacci." This was due to the presence of two really strong artists in the cast—a small fact which makes a world of difference in the memory which a representation of grand opera leaves with one. The chief man was Mr. Philip Brozel, as Canio, and his singing and acting were both several grades above what we usually see. It was a strong presentation of the most trying role in the opera. Mr. Winfred Goff as Tonio was deserving, really deserving, but not up to the grade of the two best. The walking gentleman of Mr. William Paull was pleasing and fairly well sung. Then for the woman in the case we had that experienced artist, Miss Zelie De Lussan, who both looked and acted the part, even if somewhat conventionally upon the dramatic side. Her voice was in fine trim and she sang better than I have heard her for several seasons. Her facial resemblance to Patti is as striking as ever, and she is a prima donna who narrowly missed being one of the best. She is a most estimable artist. She had already made a fine impression previously by her Carmen, which is a strong impersonation.

The performance, as a whole, was very strong, and had Mr. Seppilli known how to keep the rich orchestration down to the demands of these not too large voices, it would have left very little to be desired. The audience was large and enthusiastic, and the enthusiasm was well deserved. If the previous repre-

Digitized by Google

sentations had been upon so good a key, the newspaper notices must have been too sweeping in their fault finding.

It was announced during this season that the company would be disbanded January 26 in Washington, a fact which no one seems quite to understand; but upon inquiry it appears that the representations at the Metropolitan Opera House lost considerable money, as might have been expected.

Two questions of interest remain to be answered concerning this curious enterprise: First, what relation it bears to the acknowledged disideratum of standard opera in the English language? and, second, why the company could not be made to pay? Both are easy. Let it be impressed upon the mind of Mr. Savage once for all (for it seems that Mr. Grau was in this affair to "hit if it was a bear but to miss if it proved to be a calf,") that while the chorus was better than any grand opera ever brought here, perhaps, or at least was good enough and at least a generation younger than the regular thing in this line, and the orchestra good enough, if only it had been a little better directed, the ensemble was but little better than several we have had before, and, in some respects, not so good. Of course, no company singing six operas a week does finished work; it is not possible. Even if the singers were ready, they are too tired, and think mostly of getting through as easily as possible. But the orchestra is the part where faults lie. However good the disposition of the players may be, the fact remains that they are not able to take up the music of an opera they have not seen for weeks and play the parts smoothly and at the same time follow the nuances of the conductor. It is not a question altogether of following, but of being in a mood and of being ready to play Wagner one night with sympathy and turn to Verdi the next with equal sympathy. This they cannot do. They would have to have at least two full rehearsals in order to do it. And this is impossible. A good band of Italian players, under a good Italian conductor, could do this with Italian works; but it is matter of experience that they do very poorly in Wagner and other German operas. As for such venerable chestnut works as Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," which is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, nobody blames them if they cannot quite make out what it is about.

The main lack in the performances was that of leading per-

Digitized by Google

sonalities. After the other soprani of this body, always excepting Miss Strakosch, the voice of Miss De Lussan sounded princely. She was a veritable Brunhilde, fresh from Walhalla. I did not hear any other impersonations of Mr. Brozel who did so magnificently as Canio, but if he has other roles as good, he ought to make an impression wherever he is heard. Moreover, and this also might have been foreseen, the Auditorium is not the place for opera on this scale. The hearers are too far away. It is quite true that the Auditorium is a wonderful house for sound; I sat in the rear of the main balcony for one act of "Il Trovatore," the farthest hearing point from the stage, at least two hundred feet away, as the crow flies, and every note could be heard, every syllable (when they had any, which was not invariably,), and the blending of the orchestra and the nuances of color were more enjoyable than down within five rows of the front. Still there is something lacking. It is the same as between reading of a heroine of to-day and one of a thousand years ago. History puts things too far away and you do not consider it personal. Mr. Thomas holds that the same difference exists between the effect of the oboe, for instance, heard twenty feet away and a hundred feet. He says one loses all the personality of the oboe, while yet one hears its color all right and recognizes its handiness with the other instruments. You are too far away. Put this company into a small house.

* * *

The concert of the Chicago Orchestra, January 18 and 19, was of a rarely beautiful character. The whole program was this:

Schubert, unfinished symphony (B Minor).

Tschaikowsky, concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, B flat (Mr. Gabrilovitsch.)

Symphonic prologue to Sophocles' "King Oedipus."

Schillings, symphonic prologue to "Oedipus." (New.)

Liszt, Mephisto Waltz.

Wagner, Selections from Act III., "The Mastersingers."

I do not believe that any artist anywhere plays Schubert's unfinished symphony so beautifully as Mr. Thomas. Every time he comes back to it he gives it a fresh finishing down, and for smoothness and refinement I doubt whether it can be sur-

Digitized by Google

passed. Possibly the slow movement was a little too slow. Mr. Thomas is apt to exaggerate at this point, but if so the refined and sustained tone afforded merely a longer pleasure.

The Tschaikowsky concerto was played splendidly by Mr. Gabrilovitsch, and it would be folly to undertake to find fault with it. He has all the qualities necessary for doing with rare authority—such as his Russian nationality, his friendship for the composer, his impetuous youth (he is scarcely twenty-three) fine technique, and much experience in playing this particular work in all the chief musical centers of the world. Four years of this sort of thing ought to have qualified Mr. Gabrilovitsch for appearing creditably in Chicago. He made a great impression upon the audience, and he well deserved to do so. Besides his peculiarly musical qualities he has an attractive personality and a commanding appearance. He was recalled over and over again, and at length played the Schumann Nachtsstueck in F, beautifully and in a way which held the audience spellbound. I do not remember ever to have heard a small piece played for a large audience with more effect and absorption on the part of the listeners; later, after several more recalls, he played the Chopin Waltz in A flat, opus 34—but in this insignificant work he did nothing more than the conventional.

The second part of the concert opened with a symphonic prologue by Max Schillings, a composer just now past thirty-two years of age, a musical product of Munich, having in his work the technique to be expected from a young man thoroughly familiar with all the latest orchestral work. The piece is in a somber mood and one part seemed at first hearing too long; but it has talent and further works from the same source will be expected with pleasure. The selections from the "Mastersingers" embraced the most striking parts of the music of the third act, including the magnificent close. It is well condensed and makes an important and valuable addition to the repertory of the orchestra. I fancy that Mr. Thomas is bringing together a number of these "extracts of opera" for educational purposes, in order to familiarize the public with more of the music of an opera than the mere overture and the few separable instrumental pieces. The playing upon this occasion was as good as possible.

Digitized by Google

THINGS HERE AND THERE

LONDON LETTER.

BY HORACE ELLIS.

Still another death to chronicle—that of Henry Russell, the veteran composer of popular songs, who expired the morning of December 7, 1900, at his residence in Howley place, W.

Henry Russell was born December 24, 1813, at Shurness, and at an early age evinced great aptitude for the piano. After considerable study in England he went to the Conservatoire at Bologna, when he was fifteen or sixteen years old, and from there to Milan, where he played the piccolo in the orchestra when "La Somnambula" was first produced. Here he received lessons in musical theory from Bellini. On his return to this country he became chorus master at His Majesty's Theater in London, and shortly afterward went to America, where he remained for many years. Russell himself has stated that hearing an oration delivered by Henry Clay incited him to the composition of songs, although one can hardly see the connection.

Altogether, Russell wrote about eight hundred songs, including "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Ivy Green," "Woodman, Spare That Tree," "There's a Good Time Coming," "The Maniac," "The Gambler's Wife," "The Slave Ship," "The Ship on Fire," etc. (all well known many years ago), and spent a great portion of his life singing them. A short time since I came across an old volume of bound sheet music containing a number of early editions of his songs, and it was like a dip into the dim past. Today, with our changed ideas, it is difficult to understand the great popularity which these effusions once enjoyed, for there is nothing remarkable in the musicianship displayed. The choice of words may have had much to do with their vogue and the fact that Russell continually sang them at his entertainments.

With a courage that few artists could, or would, emulate, Edward Lloyd has retired from public life, while his voice is still the finest lyric tenor in this country and, probably, in any other. I never heard Lloyd in his very prime, but I can well imagine from what I have heard him do during the last ten years or so that his must have been as sweet a voice as any ever possessed by man. His is not an heroic tenor, and it lacks dramatic force, but the purity of it is such, even today, that, though admiring his determination to withdraw from professional work while his powers are only slightly on the wane, one

Digitized by Google

cannot but lament the loss we sustain by his retirement. Lloyd has always shunned the operatic stage, and the story goes that the reason has been his wife's objection to that form of musical art, but I think it must be quite as much owing to his knowledge of his limitations. In his own sphere Lloyd has been, and is, almost unapproachable, and he has had the wisdom not to be led away by the desire to conquer fresh fields.

The farewell concert took place at the Albert Hall, the afternoon of December 12, and was attended by quite five thousand people. The assisting artists were Madames Albani, Evangeline Florence, Clara Butt, Sarah Berry and Gertrude Peppercorn, and Messrs. Ben Davies, Santley, Kennerly Rumford, H. Lane Wilson, Plunket Greene, Percy Starnes, Johannes Wolff, Wilhelm Ganz, F. A. Sewell and Henry Bird. Last, but not least, Richter and his orchestra appeared. The songs set down for Lloyd on the program were "The Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger"; Gounod's "Lend Me Your Aid," from "La Reine de Saba," and "The Holy City," by Stephen Adams (the latter by request.) In addition to these, among his encores he gave "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," and, as the last number of all, "Then You'll Remember Me." He was in splendid voice and certainly in close touch with the audience, for, although the concert began at 2:30 o'clock and lasted until after 6:30, few left before the end. The end, after all, was what we had come to see, for then the audience had a chance to show its admiration for the singer, who has given so much pleasure to many hearers in past years.

When Lloyd had been recalled many times and had refused to sing again, Madame Albani caught him by one hand and Clara Butt by the other and led him to the platform, striking up "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," in which song nearly everybody in the great hall joined. Then "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, Albani again acting as fugelwoman (if I may coin a word) and thus ended a memorable occasion.

I intended, in my last letter, to have called attention to a set of symphonic variations, entitled "Istar," by V. d'Indy, which were played at the first Ysaye orchestral concert in November. This work deserves notice for one thing, and that is a daring experiment on the part of the composer in his search for originality. The story which the music is intended to illustrate is as follows: The lover of "Istar" is dead and, therefore, the lady determines to proceed to Hades and plead with the powers there that he may be restored to life. During her progress through the infernal regions she passes through seven doors, at each of which a portion of her apparel is removed, until, at last, she is completely nude. To represent this the composer begins with his variations and finally closes with the plain unadorned theme, thus, of course, reversing the usual order of things. The result is hardly satisfactory, but the idea is novel.

New Year's night "The Messiah" was given at Albert Hall, under the same conditions that prevailed at the performance a year ago.

Digitized by Google

That is, the Mozart accompaniments were cut out and the oratorio was presented more in the shape in which Handel conceived it. The large audience seemed well satisfied with the result, but there is no denying that while the contrapuntal devices could be more easily followed, there was an air of barreness to which we are now unaccustomed. The effect, altogether, would have been better had the chorus been smaller and the performance taken place in a hall of less dimensions. As it was there should have been a larger number of oboes and bassoons to balance the other instrumental and vocal forces. Madames Albani and Belle Cole and Messrs. William Green and Watkins Mills were the solists, while Sir Frederick Bridge conducted.

This year's meeting of the Incorporated Society of Musicians is being held at Llanduduo, in Wales. I am pleased to learn that that doughty debater, Dr. Ebenezer Prout, who presided over the first day's proceedings (January 1), in his paper on "The Proper Balance of Chorus and Orchestra," has run a tilt at the Handel Festival, at the Crystal Palace. Some six or seven years ago I had occasion to write a few words on this subject, and I am glad to hear Dr. Prout speak so forcibly. And not only the Handel Festival "catches it," but the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society as well, for he tersely says that they are both past praying for. The truth of the matter is, that to many people the mustering of a great crowd of singers and instrumentalists has a fascination simply because it is something "big" and, doubtless, the said people also think that they get more for their money. As Prout remarks, "the public is attracted by the size, just as it is by Barnum's show, or the great wheel at Earl's Court."

Even the quality of mere noise is often lost on account of the large spaces in which such performances are given, while tone-shading and accuracy of attack are next to impossible and the effect of solo voices is generally absurd.

In contradistinction to Edward Lloyd's mode of procedure, Marie Roze, once so well known, is returning to the concert stage. She will begin a provincial tour at Glasgow, January 28, and will visit the most important towns of Scotland and the North of England.

London, January 4, 1901.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris is in the height of her musical season just now. I have lately enjoyed a great treat in hearing a program devoted to the works of Max Gus, a French composer who is very much in vogue at present. The program was as follows:

Piano—Neige (Scherzo).....Madame de Levenoff
Voice—Lilas, Reveilheureux, Crois-tu? Je t'aime toujours.....
.....M. Georges Manguiere
Voice—Le couvert de la Rose, Le Truite, Psyche....Mlle. Mary Gariner
'Cello—Consolation, Viens avec moi.....M. J. J. Gurt

Digitized by Google

Vocal Duo—Chant Nocturne.....Mlle. Gariner, M. Manguiere
Voice—L'heure du Repos.....Mme. Levenoff
Voice—Vaines Resolutions, Pourquoi parler? Brunette...M. Manguiere

There were also three charming songs for children, sung by Mlle. Gariner, of the Opera Comique. She has a soprano voice of rare beauty, and she is an artist in whose singing one takes great enjoyment. A pleasing effect was brought about in the Chant Nocturne. While M. Manguiere sang the serenade on the stage, an obligato was effectively arranged for his supposed lady love, Mlle. Gariner, singing this behind the scenes. The duet was by all means the gem of the afternoon, and was applauded vigorously.

All of the songs were full of musical feeling and showed a direct style that is very charming. I find the French singing admirable. Instead of the voices being nasal, they seem to be quite the contrary, though as a rule much more "forward" than our American voices. Certainly the French singers leave little to be desired from an artistic standpoint.

The selections for 'cello and piano did not interest me so much as the songs, but the opening number for piano was fine, and was very well played by Mme. Levenoff. The works of this charming composer certainly deserve to be as well known in America as in France

At the Opera Comique I heard Massenet's "Manon," which, by the way, is one of the favorites at the opera this year. The cast included M. Marechal in the role of the Chevalier des Grieux, Bourdouresque as the Count, Delvoye as Lescant, Mme. Brejeau-Silver as Manon, and Mlles. Eyrains, Vilma and DeCrapoune as Poussette, Jevotte and Rosette respectively. It was my first glimpse of opera in Paris, and I am full of enthusiasm for opera as it is given here. Perhaps the singers were not as good as they might have been, and it is true that one could almost laugh at the inefficiency of the chorus, but the orchestra was fine and the stage settings charming. Then the principals averaged very well. Marechal, as the Chevalier des Grieux was far above the average, and in the church scene was really great. His acting fully meets the demands of the tragic parts, and his voice is of pleasing quality. Mme. Brejeau-Silver was at great physical disadvantage in playing the role of Manon. She is a large, matronly-looking woman, and when one thinks that in the story she is supposed to be about sixteen, it is not quite in keeping. Vocally, she was very capable of singing the difficult music allotted to her. Certainly it is that I spent one of the pleasantest evenings of my life.

The opera house is entirely new and not too large for agreeable hearing of light grand opera, though it would be too small for the heavier works. The mural decorations are not all finished as yet. They are being executed by different French artists. In the center of the audience room ceiling is a beautiful mural painting by Benjamin Constant. Apropos of Massenet, I recently attended a matinee musicale given in his honor at the home of Mme. Mathilde Marchesi. The

Digitized by Google

program was made up entirely of his works, and consisted chiefly of vocal compositions. The singers were nearly all pupils of Mme. Marchesi. Prominent among her list of American pupils were our Ellen Beach Yaw, Miss Parkinson and Miss Ormsby. Mme. Emma Nevada, who has a charming home here, was to sing, but was prevented by a cold. M. Lafitte, of the opera, and M. Allard, also of the opera, lent assistance, and at the piano there was no less a personage than M. Massenet himself.

Charming in appearance, kind in his praise of the young singers, he quite won my heart. Unaffected, and simple as his music, is Massenet. Mme. Danner, a French lady who is only an amateur, sang magnificently. We heard, too, Mrs. Sterling, of Australia, who sang an air from Le Cid. Mrs. Sterling is a concert singer very well known in her own country and in England. The program was varied by violin numbers performed by Miss Fee, a young lady whose playing is very popular here. The musicale ended in a charming social way.

There was another charming musical treat on the afternoon of December 20, when Mrs. Clarence Eddy was "at home" to her friends. There were harp numbers beautifully played by Mlle. May L'Herie, a young lady of only seventeen, who has taken a conservatory prize for sight reading at her instrument, and whose allotted practice hours are eight per day. She may feel well repaid for her hard work, as she is already in great demand as a concert harpist, and she has played several times with the Colonne Orchestra. Her musical talent was inherited from her mother, who was a public singer for some years. Her brother is now successfully filling a season's concert engagements in Germany, his instrument being the piano. We shall doubtless have an opportunity of hearing him soon in America, when we shall hope that he will be accompanied by his talented sister. An American young lady, Miss Marie MacFarland, who has been studying for two years with M. Bouhy here, sung Les Regrets de Manon, Chaminade's Ete, and Nevin's T'iras April. I was told that it was Miss MacFarland's first singing in public, but no one would have suspected it. Her voice was lovely and her singing is fast reaching artistic perfection. We also heard Chopin's E flat Nocturne and a Godard Berceuse arranged for violin and played by Miss Fee. This and a recitation by Mrs. Elizabeth M. Vogel, daughter of Mrs. Eddy, closed delightfully an afternoon's enjoyment.

I have lately spent an evening with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanna, of Chicago. In America Mrs. Hanna was Jennie Osborne, and there she was very successful as a concert and oratorio singer. She is having a like success here, where she has very fine engagements for soirees, notwithstanding she is still studying. She has a M. Arditi for a master, and she thinks him splendid. At a recent soiree she sang so beautifully in the French that persons in the audience thought she was a native of France. I found her very charming and was glad of the opportunity to meet her and her husband. F. D.

January 1, 1901.

Digitized by Google

FROM ANOTHER PARIS LETTER.

Through the courtesy of the distinguished teacher and composer, Mr. A. D. Duvivier, we are privileged to reproduce a part of a letter from Mr. Howard Wilson, his former pupil.

"With regard to the exposition, I must mention the scarcity of fine music. The directors of the exposition failed to supply music in anything like a scale adequate to the proportions of the exposition itself. There were some concerts in the Trocadero at various times and several bands played out of doors. One little concert which was immensely pleasing was that in which was used ancient instruments like the clavecin, viol da gamba and viole d'amour. Mr. Diemer, the pianist, played some of Bach's inventions on a clavecin. It gave one a good idea of what piano playing was like in the days of the great Bach. Weekly concerts were given in the United States building. Some of these were quite good, while others were very poor indeed. Many of the artists (?) were not American at all, and many who were gave the foreigners a very bad idea of the development of the musical art in America. Some excellent American artists appeared, Mr. Charles W. Clarke and Miss Nellis, but the general character of those concerts was poor enough to cause great chagrin on account of the false impression produced.

"What a place Paris is for music! Every Sunday and Thursday the concerts Lamoureux and those of Colonne, excellent in every way; the Opera, Opera Comique, to say nothing of countless concerts of minor order; then the churches! Notre Dame, St Gervais, Trinite, St. Sulpice. I live under the very eaves of St. Sulpice where Ch. Marie Widor is the organist. Who has not heard some of his organ symphonies? You will remember that song of Widor, "Invocation," which you taught me. A friend of his has promised to introduce me; perhaps he will let me sing his song to him; who knows? Notre Dame! Only to-day I heard Vierne play the great Bach fugue in E flat major on that great organ. I am told that he is to go to America next year concertizing. I heard one of his organ symphonies a few days ago played by my friend, Clarence Dickinson, the Chicago organist, who is here studying with Guilmant. And there is that great master of the organ, Guilmant; one can hear him play almost any Sunday in Trinite. A week ago he played at the Bach concert of the Scola Cantroum. This is the school directed by that ultra modernist, Vincent d'Indy. It is in the rue St. Jacques, not far from my lodging. They teach the old sacred music of Bach and Palestrina. At this particular concert they had the singers from St. Gervais, and they are the best choir in Paris, to sing a Bach cantata. Last night, at the Odeon, they gave some new music of Massenet, he whose face is so familiar to me from the fine picture you have in your studio. The play was Racine's tragedy, "Phedre." The overture is quite well known, having been written many years. I think Thomas has played it. But the entr' act music, especially that of the last act, is very beautiful. This contains a trio

Digitized by Google

for viola, English horn and clarinet, which is delightful. This music, aside from the overture, is all recently from the pen of the composer, and was given for the first time last night, under the direction of M. Colonne, that great, but extremely modest, conductor of one of the best orchestras in Europe. The music produced a very fine impression. Massenet is very popular. I am told that Mr. Young, the enterprising manager, will take Colonne and his orchestra to America for a series of concerts this winter. I hope Chicago may hear him; he is great indeed.

"I must tell you of the fine success of that great artist, Godowsky, in the Colonne concerts two weeks ago to-day. He played the Tschaikowsky concerto with great success. He is a marvelous player.

"One of the greatest treats I have had in Paris was to hear the great barytone, Faure. He is seventy-two years of age, and sings with that incomparably full, rich, round voice of his. There is a method that preserves the voice! Never did I witness such enthusiasm as when he had finished. The Trocadero was crowded, and he sang the barytone solo in his own "Crucifixion." To hear him sing and to witness his triumph was a great thing indeed. The occasion was a benefit for the Artistic Dramatic Association, of which the elder Coquelin is president. It was a fine thing to see those great artists from the opera, who were there on the stage, stand in rapt admiration while he sang, and burst into wild applause when he finished, embracing him and kissing him. They all point to Faure as the master of them all.

"That you may not imagine I have forgotten how to work, I will mention that I have two lessons a week from M. Bouhy in singing, and other lessons twice a week in French diction; for four hours a week in the opera class of Professor Valdejo, of the opera. Besides this are four hours a week with a professor of French language. Yes, I manage to keep busy, but I did not come over here to play. My plans are to continue here with Mr. Bouhy as long as he thinks necessary. After that I expect to spend several months in both Germany, for "lieder," and in England, for oratorio.

"Care Credit Lyonnaise, Paris."

LETTER FROM GENEVA.

HENRI MARTEAU AS A TEACHER.

This eminent young French violinist has established himself in a conservatory at Geneva, Switzerland. A letter has lately reached this office from a Marteau pupil, Miss Lotte Demuth, of Oberlin, Ohio, one of the best talented of all the American violinists now studying in Europe. Her letter has so much of general interest that we take the liberty of reproducing it in part:

"I feel that I owe a thousand apologies for letting so many months

Digitized by Google

slip by without even letting you know where I am. You will really have to blame M. Marteau partly, for he certainly believes in making his pupils work hard. I always had an idea that I worked pretty hard in Germany, but I now think that I was a lady of leisure there. I came in the first week of September, and after some pretty hard thinking decided to go into the conservatoire. Marteau advised it, and indeed I am very glad that I did. I am more than pleased with Marteau as a teacher, and feel that I am getting just what I needed. I am in what is called the class of virtuosity—the others in the class being a Miss Harter, from Canton, Ohio, a Russian named Sassalowsky (whom we call Sassy for short—it suits him, too,), and little Florizel Reuter, a pupil of Max Bendix. I presume you have heard of him. He is the most wonderful child in the worl', I'm sure. He is only nine years old, and can play anything and everything. On the 22d of last month we both played in the first pupils' concert of the year. He played five Paganini Caprices, if you please. Of course he took the audience by storm. The concert was held in the big Reformation hall, which holds between two and three thousand. And it was crowded, too, people even standing on the platform. I played the Weniawski D minor Concerto, and had an attack of stage fright before, but it soon wore off, and we both got very good treatment from the papers.

"Marteau is a strict master. He nearly kills us all with work and is often impatient and irritable in the lessons, but only when we deserve it. On Tuesdays we play concertos, and on Fridays, Bach and studies. He is very particular about Bach, especially the style. I have played the DeBeriot and some Weniawski etudes since coming here; also a couple of the Bach sonatas.

"Marteau often plays for us, and you can imagine what a treat it is. I feel like advising everyone to study with him, though Geneva is not an ideal place for study. I have had a hard time making myself like the place. Until two weeks ago I was in a horrible pension where I was always hungry, homesick and lonely, and I shall always remember those few months as a very miserable part of my life. I am now in the same pension with Miss Harter and her friend, also a Canton girl. I am beginning to enjoy life again, and I really love Geneva when it is not raining. To-day has been perfectly beautiful. All the snow mountains were to be seen, and the lake looked as blue and lovely as the ocean. Our pension is right on the Quai (?) among the fine hotels, and I have to cross the Rhone to get to the conservatoire. We girls have been out doing some Christmas shopping, something we love to do. We planned to have lots of fun Christmas—that is, as much fun as three homesick girls could have. But M. Marteau informed us the other day that we would have to pass an examination on the 28th, so that spoils our Christmas. I am curious to know what the examination will be like. I have to play two movements of the Vieuxtemps D minor Concerto, the Adagio and Fugue from the first Bach Sonata, and five etudes, all from memory, of course.

Digitized by Google

I have four orchestral rehearsals per week and a concert every other Saturday evening. I play in the symphony orchestra, and thereby earn half of my conservatory tuition. There are only two ladies in the orchestra—a Mme. Malignon and myself. Willy Rehberg directs, and the concerts are given in the theater. So far the solists have been Thibauld, the Parisian violinist, Sapellnikoff and Frangcon Davies. Felix Berber will play later. Marteau is away on a concert trip in Germany just now. We take lessons of a M. Panke in the meantime. He is a Thompson pupil and he gives very good lessons.

"Marteau was married a few weeks ago to a very beautiful German girl, Frauelein von Ernst. She is perfectly charming, but not a bit musical. I mean that she does not play. But she loves music, and especially Henri's playing, which is, after all, the most natural thing in the world. They have a pretty little etage, and are as happy as two people can be in this world. Marteau and Risler gave a concert together some time in October. They played three Beethoven sonatas, the Kreutzer among them. It was a wonderful performance I thought. Marteau has the most marvelous tone, and such warmth and soul. Every lesson with him is an inspiration.

"I have not heard from any of my American friends for ages it seems to me, for the natural reason that I have not written. I am going to try to write them all Christmas letters, however. Yours is the first. It is very likely that I will go home next summer, since Marteau seems to think that I will be ready."

MUSICAL LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

The so-called Russian Symphony Concerts form a very peculiar concert enterprise in their way, and even outside of Russia they probably have no parallel. They have been in existence for more than a decade, have been given year in and year out in grand style and in the finest hall, the Adelsaale, they have been given with the best orchestra, the Imperial Opera Orchestra, and they shine continually through the absence of the public. This circumstance, which would have long ago discouraged the average concert manager, does not seem to have bothered in the least the managers of the Russian Symphony Concerts. The small but enthusiastic audience of about two hundred of the faithful satisfies them, so they continue to bring the concerts out and put their money in.

There are many reasons for the unpopularity of these concerts, notwithstanding the many important compositions which they have brought for the first time to the public. In the first place, the managements spurns one of the most useful features of ordinary symphony concerts—the solists. Most of their programs are made up of orchestral works entirely, though in such cases as it becomes desirable to bring out a new piano or vocal work they do not secure celebrated solists, but very ordinary mortals among the pianists and singers.

Digitized by Google

This abuse of a common right of the public may finally come to be tolerated when the orchestral performances are brought to a considerable degree of excellency. That they are not what they should be is another reason for the chronic failure of the concerts.

As conductors for the concerts, Messieurs Rimsky-Korsakow, Glazounow and Liadoff have alternated in the past few years. They are all eminent composers, distinguished theorists, splendid colleagues, who give the works of their brother artists with zeal and devotion, but there is not even one of them who would consider himself an orchestral conductor.

It is remarkable, as well, that in the case of the first two composers above named, those who are particularly eminent in the field of instrumentation and who conceive such astonishing tonal effects, that as soon as they exchange the pen for the baton they are at a loss to know what to do, and even fail to bring out the proper effects in their own compositions. But the third and, perhaps, the greatest mistake in connection with the concerts is the onesidedness of the programs. They are termed Russian concerts, but are in reality the organ of only a fractional contingent of Russian composers, the "musical links," or, as they are oftener called, the young Russian school. One never hears Rubinstein on these programs, Tschaikowsky seldom, and a whole list of modern Russians seldom or never. It is true that at the top of the heap are such young men as Rimsky-Korsakow, Glazounow. Liapunow, Liadow, Cui and others whose works receive their first performance here and arouse great general interest.. But the great public wishes, once for all, that there should be no politics in music. Consequently it waits quietly until a time may come when the above mentioned works may go out into other concert halls, leaving an opportunity for other favorite composers to be heard here. Finally, every one has a right to decide in what wav he wishes to become blessed. And one may or may not agree with the policy of the directors of the Russian Symphony Concerts. One may consider it lamentable that such superb material is not brought to serve the musical cause in general but is made to serve a certain art party; nevertheless the efforts of these gentlemen, who are fully conscious of the future, this unselfish patronage deserves all recognition and respect, and may defy a parallel at the present day.

In the three concerts that have been given thus far in the season we have had a plentitude of new works to hear. Among these were a Festival Overture by A. Glazounow, a symphony by A. Scriabine, a Dramatic Overture by A. Winkler, a Scherzo Fantasie by Theodor Akimenko, and a Vorspiel to the ballet "Wild Swans," by R. Ssokolow. The most finished and most interesting of the above was naturally the overture by Glazounow, which, as its name implies, is of a stately and solemn character. On account of the breadth of its themes and the blending of the instrumentation it is as delightful as a summer day. The Ssokolow Vorspiel also made a favorable impression. We shall

Digitized by Google

not be able to say that it is hampered by any undue originality in the ideas, but the form is elegant, and the whole sounds well and shows talent. Herr Winkler, whose Dramatic Overture was performed, has given previous demonstrations of his ability. He is the author of a string quartet that was awarded a prize by the local chamber music society about three years ago. His newest work shows the practiced and cultivated musician who knows how to handle his material and to arrange the instrumental drapery, but the overture would not have suffered if the motives had been clearer and more concise.

The most comprehensive of all these novelties was relatively the weakest, the Symphony in E flat major by Scriabine. It was a mistake for this young composer to attempt the symphonic form at all. He has a very decided talent for composition, but it is just as decidedly adapted to the smaller forms, especially to piano pieces. He "Chopinizes" exquisitely in the Russian, and many of his etudes, impromptus, mazurkas, written wholesale in the Chopin style, are valuable enough to deserve the attention of all pianists. But for the huge symphonic form, he is, for the present, very incapable. Instead of this symphony he should have written a suite in five short compact movements, each of which should have been almost entirely independent in subject matter, and which, but for a few minor characteristics in harmonic and contrapuntal detail, should have not taxed the attention of the audience to any great degree. We may still consider the first of the above movements a very successful one. It is marked Lento, and is a sort of pastorale.

The Russian Symphony Concert on December 8 brought out no novelties, but a surprise nevertheless. It was a demonstration in honor of Rimsky-Korsakow, whose thirty-fifth anniversary as a composer was soon to be celebrated by a few speeches, laurel wreaths and flourishes by the instruments in the orchestra.

Since then the second concert of the Imperial Russian Musical Society has taken place under the direction of Edouard Napravnik. For its principal number there was the C major Symphony by Mili Balakirew, a work on which the esteemed composer is said to have worked for fifteen years and to the first production of which the public had looked forward with the greatest expectancy. If it did not meet all of the expectations fully, it is and will continue to be a highly interesting work. It received a masterly production and gave great satisfaction, especially the two middle movements.

Glinka's music to the drama "Prince Cholinski," consisting of an overture, two entr'actes and three songs, also enjoyed a fine performance. Frau Bakmanson, who sang the songs in excellent taste, also achieved a fine success in Liszt's orchestral transcription of the Erl King. Herr Werschbilowitsch was heartily received, as usual in two new, fine-sounding 'cello pieces by Napravnik, an Elegie and an Allegro giocoso. The "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens concluded the program.

Digitized by Google

Up to this time the gentlemen and ladies who give private recitals are showing a most praiseworthy reserve, so that the critic is enjoying the fact that he has hardly anything to report. Exceptions are Erik Meyer-Helmund, the well-known song writer, who is reported to have taken up permanent residence here. He gave a successful evening of his songs with a Herr Gorski as the singer. The pianist, Josef Slivinski, gave two interesting piano recitals, which showed up his elegant style and brilliant technique.

The great novelty at the Imperial Opera is the premiere of the Walkyrie. The work itself has been known here for many years. Angelo Neumann brought it first with the Niebelungen trilogy, and three years ago he was followed by Carl Loewe. But this was the first time that it had been done in the Russian language and by Russian singers.

The management did well to select the Walkyrie for addition to its repertory, for it was always the most loved of all the trilogy, as the anti-Wagnerites were accustomed to say. And the work was warmly received by the Russian public on this occasion. We must also say that the performance was simply superb and left nothing to be desired. The scenic equipment was brilliant, as it is accustomed to be here in the court opera, and Napravnik's direction of the orchestra was superb. In the assignment of the roles there was no reserve exercised in selecting the best voices, those that were yesterday in the main roles as Marguerite in Faust, or Delilah, in Samson and Delilah, were given the modest parts of the Walkyries. This assignment of roles gave a splendid ensemble, which is always the uppermost consideration for a Wagner opera. Especial praise is due the ladies Bolska (Sieglinde), Fiegner (Brunhilde), and Sclavina (Fricka), and the gentlemen Erschoff (Siegmund), and Scharanoff (Wotan). Herr Buchtojaroff as Hunding was much weaker, and neither in his play nor song could he cause us to forget the German Hunding, Elmblad. With the next performance there will be some changes in the personnel. It is hoped that the success will always be the same as at this first performance and that the Walkyrie will be permanent in our repertory.—A. G., in the Leipziger Signale; translated for MUSIC.

MUSIC IN SCOTLAND.

In the London Musical Record for January, Mr. Franklin Peterson has written comprehensively of the musical state of affairs in Scotland. We draw the following excerpts:

"Twenty years ago Edinburgh, which may be taken as typical of musical centers in Scotland, rejoiced in the operations of some local societies, the occasional visit of wandering stars, some planets of the musical universe, and a comfortable conviction that, while these foreigners were wonderful fellows, the Scottish people, especially those of Edinburgh, were essentially musical. To-day the situation is materially changed, and decidedly for the better. The few societies

Digitized by Google

have multiplied considerably in numbers and a hundredfold in intelligent activity. The planets, and in greater number, still include the northern capital in their circuits, while some have turned out to be fixed stars in our firmament. And the well grounded conviction that the Scottish people are a musical nation has translated itself into the necessary and invaluable conclusion that nothing may be left undone to cultivate the fertile soil. For a nation's musical life consisteth not in the Volkslieder it possesseth, nor in the traveling artists who visit it.

"Twenty years ago, then, the chief musical societies in Edinburgh were the Choral Union and the Amateur Orchestral Society. Rubinstein and Von Bulow had given the last of the few opportunities we had of hearing these great artists, and the only annual fixtures were the Halle and Neruda recitals (two per annum) and the Halle Orchestra at the Reid Festival. The musical units in Edinburgh society were struggling most unsuccessfully with that most dangerous thing, a little knowledge, and the members of the musical profession looked at and talked of each other quite in the spirit which taught the friend of our youth, Dr. Isaac Watts, to go to the 'birds in their little nests' for lessons in harmony. The Edinburgh Classical Chamber Concerts scheme had died for want of support, and almost the only chance of hearing chamber music was given at the annual concerts of the Philosophical Institution, to which Joachim and Patti drew crowds.

"Much has happened since then. The Choral Union fell upon evil days and was forced to entirely give up its scheme of orchestral concerts. The Reid festivals ended with Sir Herbert Oakeley's tenure of the Reid chair of music in the university. But these and other changes have proved only disguised blessings. The scheme of a regular annual series of orchestral concerts was taken up with enterprise and enthusiasm by a well-known music firm in conjunction with the Scottish Orchestra Company, and under the very able direction of one of the most capable concert managers in the kingdom. Thus, in spite of mistakes, to which attention will shortly be drawn, one of the most important musical agencies in the musical life in Edinburgh and in Glasgow (where practically the same thing occurred) was taken out of the hands of those who, if they knew even less about and cared a great deal less about the necessary conditions of real musical education, were much more amenable to the influence of public opinion."

The writer then proceeds to point out that the present managers are committing great sins by giving the people what they want. Tschaikowsky, Sinding, Saint-Saens and other modern writers for orchestra obtain a fair hearing, Beethoven symphonies are heard at the rate of two pear year, while poor Mozart and Haydn are practically overlooked. He calls this ruining the public ear, and explains that it happens partly because there is an orchestra of eighty men, and the last twenty would have no chance to earn their salaries if the organi-

Digitized by Google

zation brought out works scored for but sixty pieces. The result is, as he says, that "we know our Mozart or our Haydn no whit better than we did seven years ago." Continuing he says:

"The Reid chair of music in Edinburgh University, under the new conditions which have been in force since Professor Niecks' appointment in 1891, is gradually making its beneficial influence felt. It is sorely hampered by having no means of practical instruction at its command, and the obligation to attend the classes laid upon candidates for degrees in music keeps the number of these candidates very, very small. The annual series of university concerts, which each year present some new feature of historical and educational importance, begins to attract more notice among musicians and amateurs, many of whom for some time did not seem to know what precious opportunities they were throwing away by neglecting the concerts.

"The only agency in Scotland which approximates to the ideal of a conservatorium or school of music is the Athenæum in Glasgow, where the staff of teachers is complete and efficient. Here the pupils are compelled to pay due attention to all the important subjects of theory and harmony.

"In Edinburgh and in Glasgow there is no lack of musicians as well equipped as any in the kingdom out of London, but as long as they remain individual teachers, as they do in Edinburgh, for example, the same drawback to general musical education will operate. It seems a pity that in a city which boasts that education is its leading industry, which rejoices in the best endowed music chair in the kingdom, with a complete faculty and course of study and a handsome scholarship of a hundred pounds for three years at its disposal, and which possesses so many first-class music teachers, no movement is made to found a regular school of music.

"Chamber music has never greatly flourished in Scotland. Several schemes have been started, and some have commanded considerable support for a few years, but all alike have failed to attain any permanence of public favor. Such a club as the St. George Quartet Club in Edinburgh, a society of long and honorable existence, keeps alive in its own select circle a love for this delightful form of composition.

"There is no end to the number and the variety of concerts in Scotland. Indeed, most tours in England include an incursion into the chief cities in the north. Some succeed or fail most deservedly; others fail or succeed equally undeservedly. But it is not the concert life which is the evidence of a nation's musical life, and Scottish parents and students must not lose sight of the fact that music must be brought from the concert room, the school, the choral society, to the home, if Scotland is to become a home of music. Great strides in this direction have been made in the last few years, and with the abundance of good material we have in the young now growing up, the hopes of Scottish friends of music are high.

Digitized by Google

"Little more than a generation ago the first church organ was erected in Greyfriars Church in the face of strenuous opposition. It was followed by the instrument in St. Augustine Church. Our forefathers were as ready to die for the purity of worship threatened by 'human hymns' and the 'kist o' whustles' as they formerly were to testify against Liturgies, Collects, and other outworks of what they considered the prelatical church. And if dragoons had been sent over the Pentland hills in pursuit of Dr. Begg and the faithful, intent on applying the gentle pressure of the boot and the thumbscrew, I am sure we still would have been droning psalms just as they did. Fortunately, milder measures were taken, and a few years ago even the free church—the last stronghold of the anti-organ party—capitulated. The erection of excellent instruments in the various churches within a comparatively short period, and the very reasonable, and in some instances handsome salary paid to the organist, has attracted a number of young men admirably equipped in metropolitan schools for the important mission of spreading a knowledge and love of music."

AMERICAN COMPOSITION IN 1877.

EDITOR MUSIC:

I was pleased to see in your December issue a notice of the publisher, Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt, with a deserved recognition of what he has done for the cause of music in our country. Mr. Schmidt has really established the American composer—there seems no other way to name him—and, as you say, gave his helping hand when the products of his industry were of less commercial worth than they are to-day.

One of the most fascinating books of this holiday season is "Songs and Song Writers," by Henry T. Finck. Referring to the portrait catalogue of Mr. Schmidt, as well as paying tribute to other well-known publishing firms that have also brought the composers of this country to the front, Mr. Finck says: "It is related that when Mme. Esipoff wanted to make up a program of American compositions, she experienced difficulty in finding the requisite number of pieces coming up to the required standard. She would have no trouble now." Fortunately, I have that program in an old scrapbook, and I am very sure it will interest your readers. The date was May 15, 1877, and it was given in Steinway Hall, New York, during her tournee in this country. This concert was the last of a series of eight given in the metropolis. All who were fortunate enough to hear her recall her piano playing as very artistic. Artists of her equipment were not so plentiful those days, and she was the inspiration of students and musicians throughout the country. Here is the result of her quest:

PROGRAM.

Fantasia, Op. 41.....Fr. Brandeis
Melodie, Op. 32.....Fr. Brandeis
Gigue (de la suite en Re pour orchestre).....Bach-Parsons

Digitized by Google

Theme et Variations (for organ).....Henry Carter
Romance, Op. 60.....Maylath
Novellette, Op. 6, No. 3.....Wm. H. Sherwood
Prelude, Op. 6, No. 1.....Wm. H. Sherwood
Menuet from Schubert's string quartet, Op. 29.....E. Perabo
Sketches for the Piano, Op. 26.....John K. Payne
a. Wayside Flowers.
b. Under the Lindens.
c. Village Dance.
Etude Caprice Fairy Fingers, Op. 24.....S. B. Mills
Silver Spring, Op. 6.....Wm. Mason
Caprice Pastorella e Cavagliere, Op. 32.....L. M. Gottschalk
Transcription, Home Sweet Home.....L. M. Gottschalk
Fantasia Grotesque,The Banjo.....L. M. Gottschalk
Tarentelle, Op. 91.....R. Hoffman

Chicago. MRS. CROSBY ADAMS.

APOLLO CLUB IN THE MESSIAH.

The Chicago Apollo Musical Club gave an excellent all-around performance of The Messiah on December 20, under the direction of Mr. Harrison M. Wild. The solo roles were taken by Mrs. Minnie Fish-Griffin, Mrs. Annie Rommeiss Thacker, Mr. Charles Humphrey (tenor), and Mr. Wm. Ludwig (basso). All pleased. Mrs. Griffin displayed a good school and a pure and penetrating voice. Mrs. Thacker was a little lighter in volume than would have been preferable, but she sang with excellent taste. The tenor was very good indeed; and it was a pleasure to hear again the celebrated Irish basso cantante, Mr. William Ludwig, whose splendid work upon many former occasions and in the American opera will be well remembered. Mr. Ludwig is no longer a young man, being probably well along towards seventy. In the running work his voice showed this, but in the slower singing he displayed the sincerity, musical quality of tone, and admirable delivery of text which formerly characterized his work. The chorus numbered about four hundred voices, and sang with all the usual qualities of well-trained chorus singing.

Among the notable changes made by Mr. Wild, a general quickening of tempi was noticeable. In "Oh Thou that Tellest," the solo itself was taken quite a bit faster than usual (to the improvement of the musical effect); and in the chorus the speed was still farther quickened, and here, it seemed to one hearer, at least, that the conductor went too far, depriving the chorus of a certain dignity it might have retained without dragging the tempo, as many conductors do. So, also, in the "For unto us" there is room for better interpretation. I cannot resist the notion that a different treatment of the motive, "And the government shall be upon his shoulders" would give rise to a more impressive effect. I would make it a trifle more slow and more dignified—broader. The traditional rendering rests upon the inadmissible postulate that

Digitized by Google

everything is to be sacrificed in the first part of the chorus in order to save all the seriousness and weight for the great bursts, "Wonderful, Councellor," etc. The orchestration and the vocal lay of these passages are such that the effect with them can be avoided only by peculiarly stupid conducting; but the second subject of the first part, "And the government," contains a very weighty idea of which, at present, conductors make little or nothing.

The audience was very large, and distributed its applause generously. The chorus singing still fell short of those highly impassioned moments of concentration which Mr. Tomlins used to save for two or three places in the work; but in the absence of giving the hearer this kind of a thrill, the general singing was remarkably even and competent in all the parts. In this respect it is doubtful whether the club has ever given the work better.

CONCERT OF THE BALATKA MUSICAL COLLEGE.

The Balatka Musical College, of Chicago, gave a very pretentious program in Central Music Hall, Friday evening, January 18. The Metropolitan Orchestra, of about forty-five men, under Conductor Carl Bunge, assisted with the accompaniments, and played the Raymond overture by Thomas, Tannhauser Overture by Richard Wagner, a prelude from Herodiade by Massenet, and the Coronation March from the Folkunger by Kretzschmar. Earl R. Drake had the honor to present for a first Chicago performance the new violin concerto by P. A. Tirindelli, of Cincinnati. In so far as the college brought out the rest of their fine teachers and had them appear in each instance with orchestral accompaniment, it was as if the institution had finally decided to appear as a musical "Weltmacht" and to go through all of the details practiced in a broadly equipped school.

One may judge of the school's seriousness by the following numbers, all with orchestral accompaniment, and in addition to the orchestral selections above mentioned:

Soprano Solo—Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre.....Handel
M. Marie Johnson.

Violin Concerto (first time in Chicago).....Tirindelli
Earl R. Drake.

Bass Solo—Aria from Queen of Sheba.....Gounod
John W. Lince.

Piano Concerto in G minor (two movements).....Saint-Saens
Anna H. Balatka.

Soprano Solo—Aria from Traviata.....Verdi
Frances Rousseau.

Piano Concerto in G minor (two movements).....Saint Saens
Chr. F. Balatka.

The pianists on this program are the director of the college, Mr. Christian F. Balatka, and his sister and pupil, Miss Anna, who played with orchestra for the first time on this occasion. In the meantime

Digitized by Google

she is very busily engaged as a teacher in the institution, so she deserves a great deal of credit for this performance. Mr. Balatka's time is even more engaged, nevertheless he went through the first and last movement of the Saint-Saens G minor Concerto with much of the spirit of a virtuoso.

I believe that the Tirindelli Concerto is an important work. Its composer, Mr. P. A. Tirindelli, is a violin virtuoso who came to the Cincinnati College of Music some years ago as the successor to the eminent Mr. Henry Schradieck. After some years of service there, he took up a position at the head of the violin department of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music under the directorship of Miss Bauer. This position is still his. The above mentioned concerto was written early last year and played by the composer with great success with the Cincinnati Orchestra under Van der Stucken. The composer is said to have repeated this success with the work in London some time later. Its three movements are marked Allegro ma non troppo, Andante Idilliaco, and Vivace Scherzoso.

It is not decidedly lyric, as one would have expected from an Italian composer, but a strong work showing a great deal of invention, especially in the last movement, where the men in the orchestra have a great deal to do to figure it all out. While the work is fairly well balanced in the three movements, I find most of the real music-making in the first, with perhaps the least warmth of expression in the second.

On the whole, it is very enjoyable as we come to know it through Mr. Drake, who is a violinist legitimately equipped, and a player of much sincerity.

A very large audience was present to hear what was offered.

OBERLIN CONSERVATORY.

The Oberlin Conservatory of Music has recently closed a very successful term with a large attendance and brilliant public events. The artists' course of concerts included performances by the Pittsburg Orchestra, Victor Herbert, conductor; Miss Mary Louise Clary, contralto, and Mme. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler and Miss Emmy Emery, pianists. The Pittsburg Orchestra's cheval de bataille was Tschaikowsky's Pathetique Symphony, but their performance of this noble work was quite inadequate.

Oberlin remains orthodox in one respect at least—it gives the Messiah at the close of every fall term. The tradition is that this is a religious function, but chorus and audience wear evening dress, and the pathetic arias are vigorously applauded in spite of the fact that the performance is given in a church. The singing of the Musical Union is always of a high grade, never more so, perhaps, than this year. Professor Andrews, the new conductor, strenuously maintained the standard set for many years by Professor Rice. The solists were

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Lilian French-Reed, of Chicago, soprano; Miss Grace Preston, of New York, contralto; Mr. William H. Rieger, of New York, tenor, and Mr. Frank King Clark, of Chicago, bass. E. D.

YSAYE AS CONDUCTOR.

Ysaye as a violinist, and crowds flocked to hear him, but Ysaye as a conductor, and alas! the concert hall is not half full. It was quite expected that the musical public would be a little skeptical of Ysaye's powers as a conductor, but the concerts given at Queen's Hall on November 14 and 19 prove beyond doubt that, artistically, Ysaye achieved a great success, and that they were the musical events of the month, if not of the year. Of course, the critics, as usual, were at variance, for whilst some objected to the "rubato" in the slow movement of the Beethoven C minor Symphony, others (including many members of the orchestra) said that it would be impossible to obtain a more artistic "reading" of the same. There are two points, though, on which all are agreed, and they are, that it is distinctly a great compliment for resident musicians that Ysaye should come over at his own suggestion to conduct one of our orchestras, and that his gentlemanly and pleasant manner made it a real pleasure to play under his baton.—Orchestral Association Gazette.

INTELLECTUAL SINGING LESSONS BY MAX HEINRICH.

Max Heinrich has been giving some recitals in University Hall on alternate Wednesdays at 11 o'clock. The series began in December, when Mr. Heinrich took up the well-known remark of Rossini's to the effect that there were three great requirements for a singer: First, voice; second, voice; third, voice. The lecturer was not inclined to take Rossini's remarks seriously, but contended that the three greatest attributes for an artistic vocalist were intellect, interpretative power, and personality.

The second lecture treated of the voice and artistic breathing. In the third he spoke of execution, phrasing, and tempo. The gist of this was that poetical and musical phrase in song should go together, and as a notable instance of a song that, to his way of thinking, was almost invariably misinterpreted, he gave the "Two Grenadiers" by Schumann. He claimed that the funereal character of the song as plainly expressed by both words and music was hardly ever grasped by the concert singer, but was generally pounded out with all possible vigor, and without regard for the text.

The fourth "lesson," as Mr. Heinrich terms the programs, was given on January 23, and had Franz Schubert and Robert Schumann scheduled for treatment, but when the preliminary historical notes on Schubert were done, and Mr. Heinrich and Mrs. A. F. Callahan had sung the Schubert examples in song, it was found that the hour was gone. They sang The Wayside Inn, The Organ Grinder, The Carrier

Digitized by Google

Pigeon, The Erl King, Hark, Hark, the Lark! Night and Dreams, and a Slumber Song, all by Schubert, and all done in the most exquisite taste.

Mr. Heinrich then said that he would consider Schumann on a subsequent occasion, when he could also include Robert Franz, who, with Schubert and Schumann, constituted the greatest trio of song writers of all time. He also announced his intention of repeating the same series of lectures, in the same place, at an early opportunity.

LECTURE RECITALS BY ALLEN SPENCER.

In October, the pianist, Allen H. Spencer, of the American Conservatory, began some monthly recitals by a talk on the development of the piano as an instrument. He spoke of John Bull of England, 1563-1628; Francesco Durante, of Italy, 1684-1755; Johann Mattheson, of Germany, 1681-1764; Claude Daquin, of France, 1694-1772, and Jean Philippe Rameau, of France, 1683-1764. The November recital was devoted to Bach, Handel and Scarlatti. The December program took up Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, 1714-1788; Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1756-1791; Muzio Clementi, 1752-1832; John Cramer, 1771-1858; John Field, 1782-1837, and Johann Hummel, 1778-1837. Mr. Spencer played selections from each of the composers included in the above programs. Selections accompanying the first talk were the King's Hunting Jig, by John Bull; two sonatas by Durante; a Gigue in D minor by Mattheson; "Le Coucou," by Daquin, and a Gavotte and Variations in A minor, by Rameau.

RECITAL BY JEAN GERARDY.

After an absence of some five years this fine young 'cellist returned to Chicago for a recital. He played in University Hall on January 8, when he had the very capable assistance of Mr. Aime Lachaume, the pianist. The Gerardy numbers were two movements from the Haydn Concerto in D major, the Saint-Saens Concerto in A minor, Abendlied by Schumann, Bach Air from the Suite in D, Papillon by Popper, and the Boccherini Sonati in A major. Mr. Lachaume played the Ballade in A flat, and the Scherzo in B flat minor by Chopin.

For this occasion the press agent had thrown off the modesty which hampers so many of his tribe, and simply announced Mr. Gerardy as the world's greatest 'cellist, or something to that effect. It would have been very fair if he had simply added a time limit, for it is probable that no one of Mr. Gerardy's age can approach his accomplishments with the 'cello. This young man of twenty-one years is a most delightful artist in about every respect. He has a great deal of technique at his command, but I still admire his artistic head the more. It requires something like a physical giant to do anything very heroic on this large instrument, and Mr. Gerardy is of only medium build. Hence his impressions must be made chiefly by the spiritual

Digitized by Google

qualities with which he is very gifted. He showed the pensive style with the giving of the first theme in the Haydn Adagio, and all of his subsequent works showed the thoughtful artist. The Concerto by Saint-Saens was given with a great deal of vigor, and various encores were necessary before the evening was concluded.

A LOST LECTURE ON MUSIC.

The following pertaining to a suit begun by Professor Horatio Parker comes from New Haven, Conn:

Professor Horatio W. Parker, Battell professor of music in Yale University, the author of "Hora Novissima" and other musical works, has sued a local newspaper for $6,000 damages for failure to return a manuscript of his lecture on "Church Music." Professor Parker sets forth in his complaint that on April 10. 1900, he loaned the use of the manuscript to the defendant, through one of its representatives, with the understanding that it should be returned. It was not returned, according to his complaint, and he is unable to reproduce it. He values the manuscript intrinsically at $1,000, and his loss by failure to fill engagements to lecture on the subject at $5,000.

ON MUSIC REVIEWS.

The name, Music Review, seems to be a popular one to conjure with in musical journalism. Beginning with the largest of the tribe known to the present writer, there is the Music Trade Review, published by Mr. Edward Lyman Bill, in New York. It is a folio, about the size of the Musical Courier, and, like that redoubtable sheet, takes cognizance of musical affairs as well as those of the music trade—the latter at so much a cognize. It is a portly periodical with sixty large pages in each weekly number. Needless to say that, having so much space to fill, it has a variety of matter suited for varied tastes.

Second on the list in point of size comes the Music Review and Record, of the Ditson Co. This is an enlargement of the former Music Review, published by that house for advertising purposes. It is a pocket affair, having about ninety pages per number, once a month, each page being about four inches by six. If the paper were a little thicker and the binding in sections, it would in fact be a true magazine. This periodical, which is sold at 50 cents a year, has a variety of interesting matter, consisting of short articles by various writers, at least two complete pieces of sheet music (photographically reduced from the sheet music—very neat they look) and notices of a variety of the Ditson publications. While it is frankly published for the general health of the Ditson Co., it is still a repository into which not a little interesting matter finds it way.

The latest comer in this tautological field is the Music Review of the Clayton F. Summy Co., which, acording to its prospectus, is published for the good of mankind in general and of music teachers and

Digitized by Google

students in particular. It contains sixteen pages of matter in each monthly number, pages about six inches by nine, and nearly all is filled with brief annotations (three lines to ten) on such pieces of music as the editor and publisher think that mankind would be better for buying. All publishers are represented in its pages and it is stated that nothing is noticed except its merit is such as to give it this precedence. The reviews are edited by Mr. Walter Spry, an excellent Chicago musician, and many of the notices are the work of anonymous experts belonging to the staff of the paper. This review, like that of Ditson Co., costs 50 cents a year. The reviews are unquestionably impartial, since the editor distinctly says so; but they would be more serviceable to the reader if the Boston fashion were followed of printing the themes of the pieces in musical notation. A line in this form tells a buyer more at a glance than a half-page of comment without a musical clue.

Digitized by Google

MINOR MENTION.

Iwan Knorr is a German who has just prepared a biography of Peter Tschaikowsky. This is said to be the first effort by a German to prepare a complete work on the life of the great Russian composer. The introduction occupies nine chapters bearing upon the history and development of Russian music, together with the youth the education and the musical activity of Tschaikowsky. The remainder of the book is devoted to "Tschaikowsky as musical litterateur and critic." It is spoken of as a book entitled to recognition.

* * *

The eminent 'cello virtuoso and composer, Julius Klengel, has written a fourth concerto for his instrument. It is in the key of B minor, and is said to have "something to say." The composer played it for the first time with the Leipsic Gewandhaus Orchestra on December 13.

* * *

Here is another specimen program of the Paris Conservatoire: Jupiter Symphony by Mozart, "A la Musique" for chorus and solo, by Chabrier; Impressions d'Italie by Charpentier, LeChant des Oiseaux for chorus, a capella by Clement Jannequin, and the overture to the Flying Dutchman, by Wagner.

* * *

An Ysaye orchestral program at Brussels: Schumann Symphony in C major, Beethoven Leonora Overture No. 3, funeral march from Wagner's Siegfried, Aria from Beethoven's Fidelio, and the closing scene from Wagner's Goetterdaemmerung.

* * *

The Bellini Theater in Naples is now closed since the manager is out of breath. A revival of Mercadante's opera "Virginia" failed to bring the proper financial returns.

* * *

The pianist and composer Eugen d'Albert lately appeared in the Royal Opera House of Berlin to direct his two operas, "Cain" and "The Departure." He was accorded a very flattering reception.

* * *

A dramatic fantasia for orchestra, by Philip Scharwenka, was first brought out this year at Bremen, and it has been taken up by many important orchestras thus far. It was lately played by Nikisch and the Berlin Philharmonic. It is in three movements.

* * *

The Wagner interest has grown so great in England that the Moody-Manners Opera Company is to give a solid week of Wagner in

Digitized by Google

Manchester some time the coming spring. This is the first time that it has ever been considered possible for such a program to prove successful in England.

* * *

The eminent English tenor, Edward Lloyd, has retired from the concert stage. The retirement was celebrated by a concert in which the tenor sang the Prize Song from Wagner's Meistersinger, "Lend Me Your Aid," "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," and "Holy City." Other distinguished vocalists were also there to sing: Mme. Emma Albani, Evangeline Florence, Clara Butt, Messrs. Ben Davies, Santley, Kennerly Rumford, H. Lane Wilson, and Plunkett Greene. After a long period of enthusiastic music making the friends of Mr. Lloyd joined in singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne." He was born in London, March 7, 1845.

* * *

Denver is enjoying a fine season of musical activity. A symphony orchestra of thirty-five men has been organized there to play six concerts on the subscription plan. The College of Music has about three times as many pupils this year as last.

* * *

The five hundredth performance of Moniuszko's national opera, "Halka," has been celebrated in Warsaw. The receipts of this performance were for the heirs of the composer. The opera was given for the first time in Warsaw in 1858.

* * *

Carl Prohaska, of Vienna, has been chosen conductor of the newly organized Philharmonic Orchestra in Warsaw.

* * *

A very popular Parisian pianist and teacher, Clotilde Kleeberg, was married in December to the sculptor Charles Samuel, of Brussels. Kleeberg was one of the few pianistes who could get an audience each year for a Berlin recital.

* * *

In Strassburg, Germany, the Academic Church Choir gave a memorial program to the late Heinrich von Herzogenberg, and produced only compositions by the dead master. Among the works produced were the "Burial Song" for tenor solo and male chorus, with accompaniment by wind instruments. The composer had written this for the funeral of his friend, the eminent Philipp Spitta, best known for his great biography of Sebastian Bach. They also gave the Cantata in two parts, "Todtenfeier," for solos, choir, orchestra and organ, this having been written as a memorial to Herzogenberg's wife, Elizabeth, nee Stockhausen, of whom Brahms casually remarked that, next to Clara Schumann, she was the most musical woman he had ever known.

* * *

At the Imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg Wagner's opera, "The Valkyries," was given for the first time in the Russian language December 7. It scored an extraordinary success.

Digitized by Google

From Milan it is reported that some years ago an opera was given there purporting to be written by a relative of the famous Donizetti, this new composer assuming the name Alfred Donizetti. The opera was unimportant, but was treated with great respect in deference to the name of Donizetti. But the real relatives of the great composer did not know Alfred, consequently sued him for bearing a false name, and it was ascertained that he was really a person named Ciummei. The incident should furnish the young man an inspiration for a new opera, which might prove to be much more vigorous than the first. Finally he might be able to "boycott" the Donizetti name altogether.

* * *

At a Philharmonic Concert in Leipsic, on December 3, the young Russian composer Anton Arensky personally conducted the orchestra in the first Leipsic performance of his symphony in B minor, opus 4. This being an early work by this composer, the critic on the Signale says it lacks something of the symphonic breadth in the themes, but there is much of fresh and joyous life pulsating through them; also much harmonic fineness and rhythmic sparkle in the last two movements, so that the composer was compelled to respond repeatedly to the applause that greeted him.

* * *

It has been a half century since Wagner's Lohengrin was first brought out in the Court Theater at Weimar. The anniversary was celebrated there December 6 by a performance of the opera, with new scenery, new equipment, and without curtailment from the original score. Among those present were Frau Rosa von Milde, who first sang the part of Elsa, and the Grand Duke of Weimar.

* * *

The Conservatory of Music in Hanover was established in 1897 under the protection of the city and placed under the direction of Carl Leimer. The institution is now attended by 450 pupils, of which 323 have instruction in piano playing. Thirty-eight teachers are employed.

* * *

The Conservatory in Buenos Ayres is also reported in splendid condition. Fifteen regular instructors and numerous assistants administer the work there.

* * *

In a brief summary prepared by a writer in the London Orchestral Times there are mentioned fifteen first-class professional and amateur symphony orchestras in London and vicinity. Then follows a further list of twenty orchestras, mostly amateur, in London alone, while twenty-one more are catalogued from outside towns in the kingdom. All of the above total of fifty-six play symphony. Forty-nine more of various standing in the different cities bring the total up to one hundred and five. It is a fine showing for England.

Digitized by Google

The Pittsburg Orchestra brought Victor Herbert's new symphonic poem, "Hero and Leander," before the public for the first time on January 18. The composition is represented to be a work which is decidedly modern in all its treatment. It is suggested by a story of Hero, a fair maiden living at Sestos, by the Hellespont. Leander was her lover, who lived at Abydos, on the other side. He swam the Hellespont nightly that he might see her. Four themes and a motive are the ground work of the composition by Mr. Herbert, two themes being devoted to Hero, one to Leander and one to Love, while the motive is a "Motive of Fate."

* * *

The Spinet Club, of Auburn, Me., gave a reception to the Musical Union there, in December. Mrs. Henrietta Givens, of Lewiston, read a paper on J. C. Bartlett, the Maine composer and vocalist. He was born on a farm near Harmony, Me., 1850. He sang and played the violin at an early age, and while still young he made an extensive American tour as a vocalist with the violinist, Camilla Urso. In later years he has been chiefly known as a song writer, an oratorio singer and teacher, and has been for some years a resident of Boston.

* * *

The Temple Choir of Brooklyn, N. Y., enjoyed a fine meeting on the evening of December 31. Mr. John W. Black, musical editor of the Brooklyn Times, gave an address on the work and influence of this choir, and said that it had always maintained high ideals. The choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus from Haendel.

* * *

The musical people of Gaffney, S. C., are busy this season. In September the musical faculty at Limestone College gave a recital and played works by Rubinstein, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Gottschalk, Liszt, Godard, Tosti and Nevin. The Limestone Musical Club gave an evening to music in France, and gave examples of the work of Lully, Rameau, Herold, Delibes, Gounod, Massenet, Godard, Chaminade and Saint-Saens. The department of music in Doane College, at the same place, gave a lecture on the "Life, Works and Influence of Haendel," December 19. Various illustrations were given under the director, Mr. William Irving Andruss.

* * *

On December 3, the Musical Union of Galesburg, Ill., gave a fine production of Haendel's "Messiah," when the people of the neighboring towns sent large delegations to help make the affair a financial and artistic success. The union, under the direction of W. F. Bentley, was assisted by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under Adolph Rosenbecker, and by Mrs. Eleanora Meredith, soprano; Mrs. Frances Carey-Libbey, contralto; Mr. E. C. Towne, tenor, and Mr. A. W. Porter, bass. It was the first Messiah performance for Galesburg, and is spoken of as an epoch-marking event in that educational city.

Digitized by Google

Des Moines, Iowa, also had a Messiah performance, under the president of the National Music Teachers' Association and president of Des Moines Musical College, Dr. M. L. Bartlett. One hundred and seventy-five voices and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, together with the above named solists, produced the work with great success. Mr. Rosenbecker gave a matinee and played the Freischuetz Overture, by Weber; the Merry Wives Overture, by Nicolai, and the Scotch Symphony, by Mendelssohn, and is reported to have had a great popular success.

* * *

The Woman's Club, of Evanston, Ill., under the musical direction of Mrs. George A. Coe, gave a program of American Composers, January 8. William Mason, John Knowles Paine, Dudley Buck and George Whitfield Chadwick were given representation principally by songs. William Mason was only represented by the piano pieces, Amitie pour Amitie, and an Improvisation.

* * *

Mr. Howard Wells, of the American Conservatory, gave a piano recital in Kimball Hall, January 9, when he had the vocal assistance of Miss Louise E. Blish. He played the Schumann Carnival, the Chopin Nocturne, opus 17, No. 1, Preludes, Nos. 20, 3, 6, 1 and 23, Scherzo, opus 31, MacDowell's "Poem from Heine," a nocturnette by Schuett, and the E major Polonaise, by Liszt.

* * *

Mr. E. R. Kroeger is giving five morning lecture recitals at the Odeon Hall, St. Louis. The course treats of the five great composers for the pianoforte—Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. One composer is considered at a time, and representative selections are played.

* * *

At Alma, Mich., the professor of Greek in Alma College, Mr. J. S. Ewing, gave a lecture on Greek Music, November 1. An interesting feature was the singing of the "Hymn to Apollo," a hymn found on marble slabs in the treasury of the Athenians, at Delphi, May, 1893. It seems to have been written to celebrate the victory of the Phocians over Brennus, the Gaul, in 279 or 278 B. C. The School of Music connected with the Alma College gave a recital shortly after the above lecture, when the Schubert Sonata for piano and violin, opus 137, and the Grieg Peer Gynt Suite, also arranged for violin and piano, were given in addition to numerous smaller works.

* * *

Mr. Perley Dunn Aldrich gave a course of ten musical lectures for the Woman's Industrial and Educational Union of Rochester, N. Y. In tracing the development of song literature, he spoke of the "Early Italian School," "Early German Song (Bach and Haendel)," "Mozart and Beethoven," "Franz Schubert," "Robert Schumann," "Folk Songs," "Franz, Mendelssohn and Liszt," "Hungarian and Russian Music," "Anton Dvorak" and "Johannes Brahms."

Digitized by Google

Miss Lillian Roemheld is a Chicago violiniste who is coming to be well spoken of. On December 18 she appeared before the study class of Miss Anne Shaw Faulkner in the parlor of the Auditorium Recital Hall.

* * *

A very enjoyable musicale was given in Kimball Hall, December 21, by the pupils of Signorina Elena Varesi Boccabadati. Mme. Amelia Caien sang the Frauen Liebe und Leben and Sie ist Dein, by Schumann.

* * *

Hutchinson, Kan., will have a musical four days' jubilee in May, when prizes will be offered for competing choruses, vocal solists and instrumentalists. Even the man with the cornet solo will have his innings. Mr. E. R. Kroeger, of St. Louis, will preside over the destinies of the contestants and will probably prove a most upright judge.

* * *

On account of an injury to one of his hands, Theodore Spiering was compelled to postpone the third violin recital indefinitely, though he has recovered sufficiently to fill various other engagements.

* * *

"Jupyra" is the name of a new opera lately produced for the first time at Rio de Janeiro. It is by a young composer named Francisco Braga.

* * *

A half dozen members of Mr. Victor Garwood's Salon Class played a fine program of Bach, Brahms, Moszkowski, Chopin, Liszt and Rubinstein, in Kimball Hall, January 15. They were assisted by Miss Germaine Ames in a collection of songs, and by Mrs. Karleton Hackett, who accompanied. Miss Julia Wilkins played the first movement of the Rubinstein Concerto in D minor.

* * *

At Orange, Mass., Miss Carrie Delle Hosmer has been exercising a wholesome musical influence for many years, and two December programs received indicate that the good work continues. They cover a wide range of teaching literature for the piano.

Digitized by Google

VOICE CULTURE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

It has been the belief of some theorists that voice culture should not be a part of a child's education; that not until childhood is past should the cultivation of the voice begin. But of those who begin the study of voice, how many are there, even at the age of fifteen, whose voices show entire freedom from misuse? It would then seem obvious that a child's voice should be no more neglected than its mental, moral or physical welfare.

Because of their freedom from self-consciousness and lack of muscular strain, little children naturally sing correctly. The child voice is more nearly like that of a high soprano, for the latter has but few chest tones, and none at all, perhaps, if the voice is undeveloped.

Like the high soprano, little children are capable of taking their head tones as low as they can sing, and naturally their lower tones are weak, the sonorous roundness of the chest tones being developed only in maturer years. But if children are urged, or permitted, under some excitement, to force their voices or to imitate the incorrect singing of an adult, the lower tones become harsh and strident and are forced upward until nature can no longer endure the strain and there occurs an abrupt, unlovely break or change into the head register. But, if children are taught to sing lightly, easily, and always to sing the scale softly, this difficulty will be overcome or avoided, and it will be as easy for them to sing correctly from low to high tones as it is for them to sing from high to low tones.

Children are imitators and in their powers of imitation, under the guidance of an enlightened teacher lies their hope of salvation from forced, throaty singing. They should be enabled to hear the quality of tone they are expected to sing and should not be required to sing under the direction of one who does not understand the child voice and is not quick to perceive the difference between good and faulty tone production. Herein, the teacher of music in the smaller towns who is enabled to visit each room often, perhaps daily, has the advantage of keeping vigilant watch over this important part of a music teacher's work.

More important than teaching the child the rudiments of music should be the consideration given to the training of its voice, and

Digitized by Google

may the time be not far distant when all teachers of music in our public schools shall have had a course in voice culture.

Not alone in the primary, but in all the grades, should soft or light singing be the basis of pure tone production. Children taught in this way are not so apt to flat, and in the upper grades, sopranos who must take high notes in the choruses, can avoid the unlovely straining of the voice upward by being taught to think high and to let their voices descend lightly upon the tones.

If children are correctly taught their voices will become properly placed and will grow in strength without losing sweetenss. Children will then respond understandingly when told to sing with full, round tones, but they should never be urged to "sing loud."

SUSAN M. DAVIDSON.

Digitized by Google

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

(From Clayton F. Summy Co.)

THE RETURN OF SPRING. An Easter Part-Song for Mixed Voices. By Philo A. Otis.

This lovely part-song is dedicated to the Apollo Musical Club of Chicago. It has been written by one of the oldest members of the club, a Chicago business man, formerly a pupil of Mr. Clarence Eddy in composition, and for many years director of the choir in the First Presbyterian Church, and trustee of the Chicago Orchestra. The song is a setting of a hymn of the Rev. John Newton:

"At length the wish'd-for spring has come;
How altered is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dressed in bloom,
Spring has come, the earth arrayed in green."

The music begins rather quiet and goes on with lovely part writing and most delightfully evasive cadences until the second stanza, at the words: "I See My Savior from on High" when a new subject is taken up by the basses, and later, by the tenors. But why describe what cannot be described. Suffice it to say that all the good points of an effective part song are here brought out, and the result is a very elegant and charming illustration of the work of a composer wholly educated in Chicago, a business man to whom music is simply a diversion. The elegance of the work and the unusual attractiveness of the song in every way entitles this piece and its author to more than common attention.

* * *

(From Summy.)

THE BABBLING BROOK. Part-Song for Mixed Voices. By P. C. Lutkin.

A very agreeable and singable glee for mixed voices upon verses by Miss Zitella Cocke. Very well done by the professor of music at the Northwestern University. A composer writing as well as this should write more.

* * *

CATHOLIC CHURCH MUSIC.

Ave Maria. B. Hamma.

Ave Verum Corpus. B. Hamma.

Of moderate difficulty. Well written and churchlike in tone.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PETER ILIJITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKY.

Digitized by Google

MUSIC.

MARCH, 1901.

PRODUCTIVE FIELDS FOR PUBLIC MUSICAL ENDOWMENTS.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Among the subjects which deserve to be very much discussed from a variety of standpoints, that of musical endowments, or educational endowments for musical culture, is one which requires attention.

It is notorious that within the last ten or twelve years extremely large sums have been given by wealthy citizens for educational purposes of one sort or another, for scholarships, for libraries and the like. Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given first and last somewhere about ten millions of dollars to the University of Chicago. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given away very large sums, probably aggregating a like total, but for the most part in smaller amounts, and under conditions necessitating the raising of similar amounts by the communities benefited. The Carnegie specialty is the public library, Mr. Carnegie having a lively impression of the loss it was to him as a boy not to have the run of suitable books. Other ends for public endowments are those for technical training, such as the late Mr. Philip D. Armour's Armour Institute, the Lewis Institute, and other similar endowments intended to benefit the common people.

In one way and another the large universities of this country are now in possession of a very large amount of endowment. Harvard has somewhere about twenty millions dollars, Yale ten or fifteen millions, Columbia twenty millions, Chicago twelve or thirteen millions, Princeton is richly endowed, and so on. Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Chicago, as well as Michigan, have professional schools of great value and influence. In this

Digitized by Google

way medicine, law, theology, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, bridge building and various other forms of applied arts have well endowed and strongly manned schools, treating their different subjects with fullness and many-sided completeness.

When we turn to music we have an opportunity also to admire the beginnings made. At Harvard, for instance, they have a professor of music; also at Yale, Columbia and Chicago. At Harvard, Yale and Columbia the professors of music conduct certain courses and classes designed to qualify professional musicians, especially composers. All higher cultivations of music, intended to influence the undergraduate body and to lead them to an appreciation of the value of music as an art and its qualities for beautifying life, are ignored. In some of the schools, notably in Michigan University, a school of music exists affiliated wth the university to some extent, which is in point of fact a conservatory of music, designed for the training of practical musicians, amateur and professional. At Michigan, as I have already pointed out, strong influences of a general character are brought to bear on the undergraduate to increase his appreciation of music as an art and his understanding of its claims upon his attention. So far as I know, nothing of this sort is being done as yet at Harvard or at Yale. At Harvard, however, they have the advantage of proximity to Boston, and a few symphony concerts are given every year in the Sanders Theater by the Boston Orchestra. This amounts to a very limited opportunity of hearing musical master-works adequately performed. The seriousness of the limitation involved will be realized as soon as the small number of the concerts is taken into consideration and the capacity of the theater with reference to the total number of the undergraduate body and the further fact that the townspeople constitute by far the larger proportion of the audiences. As a matter of fact an ordinary college freshman or sophomore, hearing a first-class symphony concert for once or twice, stands very little chance of getting anything out of the novel experience, for want of all preliminary experience and training as to what he should find and where. A few vague impressions of pleasure or of pain are the most that will remain to him.

At Yale college, as I understand, there is an orchestra.

Digitized by Google

The precise amount of work done by it I have not learned, but at least the young men in this experience will learn things about music which they would not learn in any other way. The same is true of Ann Arbor, where there is a college orchestra doing a good deal of extremely meritorious work, as I have learned since my former assertion that there was none.

At Chicago University practically nothing has been done, and the musical standard is as near nothing at all as it would be possible to define. A few lectures upon musical subjects are given in Chicago by the acting professor of music, Mr. Wardner Williams, and the musical selections at chapel exercises are carefully aranged with reference to correspondence in metre between the hymns and tunes in which they are sung. There is also a choral society, which occasionally takes a shy at the "Messiah" or "Elijah." Further than this a few chamber concerts are given in the Kent Theater, and this is the whole of it. There is no school of music connected with the Chicago University, nor are there any facilities there for the study of music, excepting, perhaps, a few lessons in singing, or in composition by the acting professor.

In some of the smaller colleges, such as Beloit and the Nebraska University, very useful work is being done.

* * *

Before there can be any important accessions to the musical endowments in the country there are a few questions which will have to be cleared up. First, as to what can be done by means of endowment properly administered, and second as to what on the whole are the best things to try to do by this means.

An endowment is such a limited thing! The following are some of the musical ends which endowments might assist. First of all, to furnish, in connection with the college course, a certain amount of general musical training designed to increase the intelligence of the undergraduate body as a whole, with reference to music. This is the work so ably described by Prof. Waldo S. Pratt, in the paper recently referred to, and so practically illustrated by Prof. Stanley at Ann Arbor. There is no doubt at all that this work of Prof. Stanley at Ann Arbor is extremely cheap to the undergraduate body at his salary as a university professor. But then Prof. Stanley does considerably

Digitized by Google

more than this. He has special courses in composition and in musical aesthetics and in history, the performance of which by the undergraduate counts in his work for a degree, and in this part of his work also the professor probably earns his salary. Besides this the university choral society gives several strong concerts every year, of oratorios and important works, and these concerts, occurring in a small town where the attention is not so divided as in the large city, are a great advantage. A college boy at Columbia or Harvard might pursue an entire college course without ever encountering an oratorio or a first class serious concert, and yet in no way have neglected anything which the college faculty expected him to do.

Another end which an endowment might serve would be the provision of a few fellowships carrying with them an income sufficient for the support of the winner, to be awarded to such students as were unable to defray their college expenses and showed phenomenal talent either for musical composition or performance. A fellowship of this sort ought to be worked out in the college itself, that is to say, it would be of most value provided an adequate music school existed in connection with the university, in which the successful competitor could pursue his education to an artistic finish.

I would think less favorably of such an endowed fellowship carrying with it the privilege of studying abroad, because, while a certain amount of foreign travel and experience is an advantage to a young man, foreign education, except as an addition to a complete and thorough American education, is a disadvantage to him, since it puts him in bondage to ideas and prejudices unfavorable to the best professional success in America. I have adverted in other places to the extremely depressing influence exerted upon the young American composer by the German eyes and ears which will hear and perform his work. Unless he writes German music he will receive no commendation whatever, and if he does train himself down to the point of writing quasi-German music he thereby becomes un-American, and less likely to arrive at a truly American mastership. This restriction is to be read, of course, in the light of the discussion of the American school in a former number of this magazine (February, 1901).

Another object which endowment might secure would be the

Digitized by Google

regular performance of music of a high class before a selected public, the terms of the selection to be dictated by the donor of the endowment. There is a large field here which might be covered and it is by no means easy to say which, in the present state of things in this country, would be most advantageous and in the long run productive of the best results. For example, suppose that in a small city, of say forty or fifty thousand people, a wealthy man should choose to leave a musical endowment of from three thousand to five thousand dollars a year, and should designate that this endowment be spent in the performance of music of some particular class, such as orchestral, choral, pianoforte, or otherwise, for the enjoyment of the public as such—the idea being to give concerts in the town hall or other conveniently large audience room, either gratuitously or at a merely nominal rate of admission. Obviously a small endowment like this mentioned would not go very far in orchestral concerts, but it would be found that in any such small town from twenty-five to forty orchestral players could be brought together and all instruments of the orchestra represented. Should any one instrument be missing, a professional could be imported from the nearest city for the concert occasion. It would be possible as a rule to give with such an orchestra from eight to ten concerts in a season and pay the men at least the union price for their concert work and the conductor a small fee, such as perhaps fifty dollars a concert, enough to cover the actual cost of the rehearsal time and the other strain upon his energy.

Nothing of this sort has ever been tried that I am aware of, but concerts upon this scale have been and are being given in many small cities through the co-operation of two or three energetic musicians and lovers of art. That the influence of such a series of concerts would be very great in a series of years goes without saying. While all the performances, very likely, would be more or less rough and hardly one single thing be done to anything like the perfection of a first class orchestra, there would still be a great deal of good music, and real enjoyment could be got out of them, and a great deal of musical stimulation; and it would be a great mistake for the newspaper press to adopt the tone they usually do when anything short of the Angel Gabriel himself is at the helm, of deploring this, that or

Digitized by Google

the other imperfection and totally ignoring all the elements of enjoyment.

Of course if choral music were to be designated as the class to be promoted by means of such an endowment, the money would go a great deal farther. It would produce in some respects better results and in others not nearly so good. A productive fund amounting to two thousand or three thousand dollars a year would enable a choral society in a small town to do a great deal of very valuable work, from which the singers themselves would derive a great deal of benefit and the public a certain amount of pleasure. I do not think, however, that in the long run the musical results from this use of the endowment would be at all commensurate with those from the production of orchestral music proper.

It is obvious that a small endowment of this kind, added to the university funds and especially dedicated to the promotion of an orchestra, would be of extraordinary productiveness. It would enable the musical authorities to offer special inducements to talented students in the way of reduced tuition, in consideration of their participating in work of this kind. It would influence a talented pupil to come there in preference to going elsewhere, for the sake of this help in getting through his studies; and the practical result would be in a short time the collection of a body of energetic young players, thoroughly amenable to the wishes of the director and full of the ambition and spirit of the young musician, to whom all the world is open; and something very radically different from the ordinary might be had at this absurdly small expense, provided it was administered by a judicious authority through a term of years.

Another end which might be served by small musical endowments would be the provision of an annual series of first class piano recitals in the community, at a nominal rate of admission or before an audience elected according to some definite principle. As piano recitals now go it would not be necessary for the fund to defray the entire expense. Enough money would be secured at the door at least in part to defray the costs and the force of the endowment would be experienced in the ability to secure a first class artist in place of one of a lower grade.

I am not one of those who believe that piano recitals are

Digitized by Google

ever going to revolutionize the world. In fact there are some curious things about piano recitals nowadays. A great many are given without any particular motive and a great deal of thoroughly conventional work is done in public playing of this class. In the city of Chicago at the present time a most curious indifference prevails towards this class of entertainments, at the very moment when more people are studying the piano and studying it more seriously than was ever before the case. One of the most extreme illustrations of this indifference was reached in the recent recital of Mr. Dohnanyi, when, I am informed, the sum of twelve dollars was received at the box office. Now, I am free to say that so far as I am personally concerned, while admiring Mr. Dohnanyi as an extremely talented young fellow who has progressed to the place where he is playing the lighter works of Beethoven extremely well, I see no particular reason for his giving piano recitals. His readings are not authoritative or in any way original and it will be several years yet before he will have acquired a modern technic and a modern repertory of such a degree as to make his work of commanding attractiveness. Still he is an extremely talented young person and one would suppose that after the success he made with the orchestra that more than twelve dollars worth of enthusiasm would have bubbled up on a recital evening.

Another case of like kind happened when Mme. Carreno was last here. On this occasion Mme. Carreno did some very beautiful playing. Her last program was a very masterly one indeed, and it showed special ability. She played with an evenness, a musical intelligence and refinement and an up-to-date technic which formerly she did not possess. It was playing for every good judge of the instrument to admire, and admire the more, coming from an artist who has been before the public so many years as she, when her once raven locks are beginning to be silvered and the exuberant vitality of her early years has, to some extent, subsided. For the credit of Chicago I am proud to say that the box office on this occasion was not at the low rate of the first Dohnanyi recital, but it was still far below what an artist of such distinction and so great a personal favorite in Chicago should have drawn.

Things of this sort I do not pretend to account for. To brag of our musical cultivation, as we are apt to do when we count

Digitized by Google

the number of schools and run up the yearly record of symphony concerts, is one thing; and to say that the public hears so much music gratuitously in connection with the schools that they do not care to patronize artists, is another thing. What is the value of a schooling, I would ask, which does not result in an increased appetite for art and in a lively appreciation of the world wide difference between the playing of any amateur and a rather ordinary professional? And between any ordinary professional and a first class artist? It is simply incredible that our alleged musical education should have such an outcome as this, and there must be some explanation possible for the phenomenon in question. But in the small towns it is quite sure that there are many students pursuing music seriously and themselves attempting work by the greatest masters, to whom it would be an incalculable service if they were able to hear in the course of every year eight or ten recitals by good artists playing seriously composed programs in the love of art. Thousands of things are learned from this kind of hearing which can never be learned from instruction or from private study, and any benevolently disposed lady with a fortune to leave behind her might do worse than to institute something of this sort in her own native town, in place of giving it to a hospital or sending it to the foreign missionary society to be burned up by the Boxers.

* * *

Thus there are many ends which musical endowments might serve. In connection with all of them there are disadvantages. The professional jealousies among musicians are notorious, especially among bad musicians. Among good musicians and fine artists a spirit of friendliness prevails very different from that commonly supposed to exist.

When it is proposed to endow a musical school in connection with a university the first question arises whether the tuition to be given at such a music school should be free to the student or not. Of course the practical answer to this question is that the tuition should not be free, except in those cases especially warranting such variation, but there are other considerations in regard to an endowed music school in connection with a university which I do not remember ever to have seen unfolded.

An endowed music school in connection with a university

Digitized by Google

should be a college of music and not a school of elementary or intermediate instruction. This is the first condition. Nobody to come into it except those already graduates of conservatories in good standing or those having made similar attainments under private teachers. The first step is to secure a talented clientele. The second point is that no student should be received for anything less than the full course, to extend over three or four years and to comprise a complete professional training for a first class composer or performing artist. Nothing short of this is worth considering for a moment. Mr. Thomas had this idea, and a very excellent one it was, as far back as 1878, when he went to Cincinnati to take charge of the college of music there; and his inability to secure this limitation, to the evident advantage of musical students of this exceptional grade and qualification as to seriousness and persistence (for these two elements have in them a possibility of final results) led to his resignation from the position. More recently Mr. Van der Stuecken has undertaken to carry out the same policy and I hope he will succeed. Of course the Cincinnati Musical School is not an endowed music school in the sense in which I am here speaking. The endowment there is only sufficient, as I understand it, to provide free quarters for the school and a small assistance for the teaching force. The main source of income there, as in all other musical schools in this country, is the tuition fees of the students.

Supposing that our music school begins as a college of music. What force will be necessary to carry it on? Certainly not less than from six to ten professors, thoroughly qualified after their kind. It would probably be possible in most cases to secure really competent masters for composition, orchestration, the violin, piano, organ, voice and vocal interpretation for the usual salary of professors in the university. The work required of these men would not be so absorbing as that of the professional practice of similar men in large cities; they would have a certain amount of leisure and easy hours, and they could afford to work for the salary that other educated men find sufficient. Such a school would, of course, have its orchestra and its stage, and give choral and operatic performances as a part of the training of the departments to which they belonged. All sorts of new compositions could be produced, especially by the third

Digitized by Google

and fourth year students, and would be played as a regular thing by the school orchestra, and well played, at that. If something of this sort were in existence at Harvard, at Yale, in Columbia, Chicago, Ann Arbor and perhaps at Princeton, and in the university of Pennsylvania, ten years would see a very different state of things in American music.

A class of young composers would have arisen, accustomed to the sound of the orchestra and practical players themselves, already experienced in the production of music of different forms and practiced in hearing their own works and criticising them from the standpoint of the ear. The usual scholasticism of school work would disappear and in a few years from the time of graduation the more talented of these young men would begin to produce works which the country would hear with pleasure. This is the way our American school of music might arise, and by this I mean not alone the production of overtures and symphonies, not forgetting dances and small movements for orchestra, but also the production of operas, oratorios etc., all kinds of musical fancy conceived within practical bounds.

As it is now our young composers start out with the armor of Goliath and with the leading motive apparatus which the Chevalier Gluck so cleverly discussed in these columns a few issues ago. They write their long and laborious productions upon a scale demanding unusual resources for any presentation of them at all. Accordingly, no presentation of them takes place, because when a conductor is in possession of a first class orchestra, the practical question necessarily is the first one presenting itself to him, namely, as to why he should waste his time in experiments with new and untried works. Under a system of training such as I have spoken of these young men would find out that the common chord had a good deal of music in it still; that the diatonic scale has by no means been exhausted, and that it is not necessary for ninety-seven instruments to groan and travail together for a full hour in order to express an idea orchestrally. Fifty instruments or less in fifteen minutes or twenty, as the case may be, will come nearer the economic demand for music in the twentieth century. Life is too short to give up an entire season to hearing eight or ten works.

Digitized by Google

The expense of an endowed music school of this kind would not be great. I should say that in any such place as Ann Arbor, or even in Chicago, Oberlin, Cincinnati (I mention the places now where such a thing is more likely to happen) a sufficiently competent faculty and facilities of every kind could be commanded on the scale I have mentioned, at an expense of somewhere in the vicinity of $25,000 to $50,000 a year. This would include the expense of halls, teaching rooms, and the like. Considering the enormous productive force of an endowed school of this kind, limited to the class of students which I have here mentioned, I can only account for its not having been realized before this upon the ground of the demand not being fully understood.

With reference to the primary and elementary schools of music, equivalent to the grammar and high schools in public education, in other words, the ground usually covered by our conservatories, I do not think it is necessary for endowment to do anything at all. The existing conservatories seem to be getting along very well. Most of them are making money and the private teachers also have their share of the work. I do not see but what the public is sufficiently well served since there is in all these departments quite a liberal provision of free or partial scholarships available to talented pupils lacking means.

Such are a few of the objects to which musical endowments might profitably be devoted.

Digitized by Google

TSCHAIKOWSKY AS A MUSICAL CRITIC.

TRANSLATED BY E. E. SIMPSON.

[Every great creative artist becomes such by reason of special insight and genius. For this reason his manner of regarding the music of other composers is interesting, and the things he finds, being such as genius seeks for, and not what the musical amateur is accustomed to seek, are instructive and of permanent interest. For this reason the following examples from the biography of Tschaikowsky are in point.—ED. MUSIC.]

MOZART'S DON JUAN (1871).

Every example of art, however much it may surpass the artistic level of its time, must invariably have some of the art characteristics of that time. However distinguished and individual may be the gifts of an artist, it is impossible to free himself entirely from the purely exterior features of form, which, being later followed in routine by artists of less talent, finally come to have an antiquarian or historical importance. On this account it is not a cause for wonder that the most permanent creations of genius become in a sense superannuated.

These purely exterior features are found, notwithstanding all possible breadth of conception, in the works of a Raphael, a Shakespeare, and a Mozart. They are gauged to the emergencies of their times and cannot meet all of the modern requirements. But it is by no means asserted that the ravages of time have made inroads upon the inner value of such works, therefore, Don Juan, in spite of its eighty years, thanks to the unflagging and unconquerable genius of Mozart, shows age only in its technical form. We hear this opera with the same enthusiasm that it aroused in the hearts of our great-grandfathers. Mozart's instrumentation, as compared to that of Berlioz, for example, is naturally very thin, his arias are rather drawn out and occasionally cater to the virtuoso moods of the singers of his time. His entire style suggests the affected and haughty spirit in the court circles of his time, but his operas, especially Don Juan, contain such a wealth of absorbing dramatic mo-

Digitized by Google

ments, his melodies are so warming, and his harmonies are so rich and interesting, that no generation can leave such a work out of its repertory without injury to its best interests. As a reparation for the long concert arias of his operas, he furnishes, in the ensembles and in the scenes full of dramatic movement, a few examples of an unparalleled quality. How absorbing, for instance, are the scenes in which Donna Anna appears! Her heart-rending wailing and her grief at the corpse of her murdered father, her horror and the desire for vengeance in the scene where she meets the one responsible for her misfortune, all of this has been portrayed by Mozart with such stirring reality that such scenes, judged by the depth of the impressions they produce, are to be ranked side by side with the best scenes in the tragedies of Shakespeare. The finale of the first act and the sextet in the second act (where there is a comical contrast between the disguised Leporello and the other persons who believe him to be Don Juan), also belong among the best selections of the opera, and finally, Don Juan's last appearance before the Statue of the Commandatore. What seemingly simple and apparently mild means Mozart uses in this scene to express the horror of the unready penitents in face of this apparition, and with what might this scene works upon the auditor! A contemporary composer would have turned loose a multitude of thunder-like noises from the trombones, trumpets, cymbals and kettledrums, while Mozart achieved a much greater effect through the simple means of his genius.

* * *

BEETHOVEN'S EROICA.

In this third of his great symphonies Beethoven first disclosed the immeasurable strength of his creative spirit, while in the two preceding he was not much more than a good successor to his predecessors, Haydn and Mozart. In the first movement of the Eroica, Beethoven excited the astonishment of his contemporaries by the newness of the form and the laconic strength of the musical ground idea, upon which, by superb polyphonic art and a completeness of orchestral technic then unknown, he built this colossal work. In fact the main theme of the first Allegro consists of a short flourish of but four measures, which, in a kaleidoscopic and ever changing recurrence, forms this

Digitized by Google

main part of the symphony. Hereupon follows the Andante with its mournful character of a funeral march, out of which there comes the despairing cry over the downfall of the hero whom Beethoven mentioned in his dedication of the symphony. "Sinfonia composta per festiggiare la memoria d'un grand uomo." (Symphony composed to celebrate the memory of a grand man.)

The fiery Scherzo, so full of fantastic episodes, has been explained in various ways, and the innocent but unexplainable desire to clothe the Beethoven fancy in definite garb has gone so far in one case as to say that the composer wished to convey the impression of an attack of cavalry upon an opposing column of infantry.

However this may be, the Scherzo, with its unexpected entrance of the string orchestra and the alarming flourishes in the middle, creates a most imposing effect. The symphony closes with a brilliant finale filled with jubilant life.

* * *

BEETHOVEN'S FIDELIO.

As is generally known, Beethoven wrote but a single opera, and it was founded on rather slender and sentimental folk material. The music is beautiful, but cannot be compared with his symphonies. It stands much below the operas of Mozart. How could the mighty fantasy of a Beethoven enthuse over the sentimental effusion of Leonora, the half comical demeanor of the prison keeper, Rocco, and the villiany of the Governor?

With the exception of the introduction to the third act, the following aria of the afflicted Florestan, and the duet between Fidelio and Rocco who dig the grave, the music never reaches the height attained by the symphonies and quartets. But in the Overtures to Fidelio, Beethoven is the same great star of first magnitude that the entire world recognized him to be after the writing of his symphonies and the chamber music. Beethoven wrote four overtures to Fidelio. One of these, which is generally used as the overture to the opera, is in E major, while the other three, of which the third is greatest, are in C major. I imagine that from Beethoven's memory the images of Leonora and Florestan were dispelled as he wrote this last overture, for after the grand style of the main theme, the

Digitized by Google

tragic pathos of the mood and the breadth of the form, this great symphonic work has nothing in common with the affecting though ever anticivilian story of a faithful wife. Neither do the introduction to the work, with its gloomy and mysterious character, the passion and stormy allegro, the sad wail which is given out by the wind instruments, nor the brilliant and fiery stretto that forms the conclusion of the overture, agree with the context of the opera. The conclusion of this piece is so great that even the uncultivated auditor may experience a half conscious artistic pleasure as the performing artists, inspired by the beauty of the music, play with unusual verve.

* * *

SCHUMANN AS SYMPHONIST.

Schumann's E flat major Symphony belongs to the third period of creative activity of this composer who, after Beethoven, is the most noteworthy symphonist of the German school.

German criticism terms this period of Schumann's activity a time of creative decline which is easily accounted for by the mental unrest that finally ended in complete darkness, bringing him first to the asylum and then to the grave. They also say that in this same period Schumann composed some distinguished works among which was the music to Byron's Manfred, a mighty and deeply conceived composition, whose overture belongs with the greatest after Beethoven. On the whole there is no doubt about the failure of his talent during this time. Schumann's greatness lay in the wealth of his inventive ability on the one hand, in the depth of his spiritual moods on the other, and in the sharply drawn individuality which he brought to bear.

As to the outward impressions which these moods created, there was always something still to be desired. It is probable that only in Schumann's best moments did he ever succeed in attaining plastic clearness. Schumann's decline in the latter period of his activity is noticeable, in that even with compositions of undeniably strong content the weaknesses of the forms were more noticeable.

In fact the best works of Schumann, those which contain the most of the pathetic effusion of his mighty creative genius,

Digitized by Google

lose decidedly through the incomprehensible disagreement between the superb material and the density of the orchestral and vocal technique, this being especially noticeable in the compositions of his last period, and to which this symphony belongs. Already conscious of the impending mental affliction, it seemed that the artist could not find moments of quiet reflection which could have furnished opportunity to give proper consideration to esthetic beauty, without attention to which no art work may reach completion. The annoying abundance of moods required an outlet, and the artist not having completed the inevitable technical formalities that belong to a work, hastened on to begin another, without having taken time to express what had already crowded upon him for utterance.

In the last years of his life Schumann worked untiringly, as if he feared that the approaching catastrophe might leave something half said that he desired to express in tone.

Schumann failed particularly in the instrumentation. He did not understand how to bring out with the orchestra those contrasts of light and shade, to call out those successive groupings, which when properly distributed constitute the art of instrumentation.

The colorless and massive density of his instrumentation weakens, in many cases, not only the impression of great beauty in his symphonic works, but deprives those who have not had careful preparatory study a possibility of appreciating them. I call attention in particular, to the first part of the above mentioned symphony in which the pathos of the inspiration and the incomparable beauty of the melodic and harmonic phases of the composition remain misunderstood by the public, and this by reason of the uncontrasted compactness of orchestration which obtrudes upon the nerves of the hearers. The second part of the symphony with its minuet rhythm, with its simple and easily understandable melodies in a clear form, has more than all of the other movements the properties which appeal to the public. So it was with the performance of the symphony in the last concert; at least the movement was not accompanied by that sepulchral quiet that prevailed at the conclusion of the others.

The Andante of the symphony, which has a great deal of the genuine somewhat sentimental German character, does not stand out prominently with the other Schumann works of this char-

Digitized by Google

acter, or at least it does not stand so high as the Andante of the Second Symphony by the same composer.

Hereupon follows the fourth part of the symphony. It is one of episodes that leaves the ordinary form, and in which, according to tradition, Schumann desired to express the sublime impression made upon him by a view of the cathedral at Cologne. Nothing greater has ever come from the artistic fancy of man. In the same way that through whole centuries various generations of men labored to complete this grand architectural project, a single faculty of the great musician, fanned to flame by the majestic beauty of the cathedral, has provided for future generations a monument to the greatness of human intellect, even as the building itself. The short and beautiful theme of this part of the symphony which musically answers to the Gothic lines, pervades the entire piece here as a leading motive, there as a small detail, which goes in many different ways to make up the whole with its peculiarly Gothic outline. The witchery of this fine music is further strengthened by the peculiar charm of the key, E flat, which corresponds with the hazy mood Schumann expresses, and to which the massive instrumentation is this time very appropriate. Here, more than anywhere else, one may observe the striking relation between the arts of music and architecture, notwithstanding the wide divergence of esthetic material and the form in which they appear. In fact the superb merging of the lines, the beauty of the pencilling, bear no possible relation to the material reproductions in nature, but as to the homogeneity of the main theme appearing in detail and throughout the whole, and the fine balance in the episodes—is it not all peculiar to the two arts so contrary in the material means of presenting beauty and so harmoniously related in the field of esthetic creation?

As was to be expected the public received this part of the symphony coldly, but we shall not dare squabble about it. Even the professional musician is not in position to master such profound musical conception at a first hearing. The finale of the symphony is the most disappointing part of it. It would seem that after the moody character of the fourth movement Schumann wished to bring a contrast with a piece in a festive and jubilant style. But this kind of music was not for Schumann, the chosen minstrel of human sorrow. Only at the end of

Digitized by Google

the finale does there occur a splendid harmonic passage over a sustained note in the bass, wherein Schumann was an inimitable master. The other parts of the finale with their forcedly joyful rhythm and their ponderous jocosity offer nothing of especial interest.

The symphony was played satisfactorily but not brilliantly. It is difficult to obtain a complete ensemble in such a compact and difficult score which is written without regard for the gratitude that should be accorded its production. Musicians do not fear difficulties if they are only "dankbar," that is, if they seem adapted to the capabilities of the instrument. But in this thing Schumann failed. He gave much industry to it and got something massive, clumsy and gloomy as a result.

* * *

MENDELSSOHN, SCHUMANN AND BRAHMS.

Mendelssohn's E minor Quintet is distinguished, as are all of his compositions, by the unusual grace of form and fine instrumentation. But these were technical excellencies which Mendelssohn possessed in the highest degree, perhaps above any other German composer. The fact is that in the rounding out of the form and in the flowing succession of the measures, Mendelssohn has brought this work to such an ideal purity that this particular style seems almost faded or leaked out, if we dare use such an expression. In every day life we meet people who are shrewd, cultivated, and agreeable in intercourse, gifted with gently flowing speech, never overstepping the finest limits of culture, always quiet, finely dressed, finely groomed and perfumed. Such people delight us at first, but if we come to associate with them daily and hourly, we are liable to become bored by this unending and unchanging elegance. Mendelssohn seems to be such a personality, musically. In so far as he bewitched the entire musical world with his undeniably charming qualifications, especially in the beautiful finish of his forms which were ever at his command (he took twenty years in writing his best work, the Midsummer Night's Dream), he became the head of an entire school of followers, who tried not only to acquire all of his peculiarities, but sought to attain the sweetness of his melody. For about twenty years Mendelssohn was the saint of the musical public of two hemispheres and the greatest authority

Digitized by Google

in the province of art, so that a contemporary of much greater depth and strength of talent, Robert Schumann, had to surrender completely. But as the entire Mendelssohn cult was nothing more than fashion, and fashions change rapidly, Mendelssohn's fame and authority began to decline as fast as it had risen. There was also a strong reaction, and now in German, as in Russian musical circles, the opposite extreme is practiced and Mendelssohn is hardly credited with a gift for composition at all. Nevertheless, the quiet thinking and incorruptible critic will grant him the due homage of his time. Mendelssohn will always remain a model in purity of style and well drawn musical individuality, who, if paling somewhat before the radiant genius of a Beethoven, still stands towering above the many musical handworkers of his time. In the above mentioned quartet by Mendelssohn the second part of the Allegretto is particularly well written and remarkable for its very original and rhythmic form. The Finale is interesting in the superior polyphonic technique. Worthy of notice is the manner in which the pretty melody in minor from the first Allegro is twice unexpectedly woven through the theme of the closing movement, a most successful and effective departure from the generally accepted form.

In the same quartet matinee a Sextet by Brahms was performed. In his youth this composer attracted to himself the gaze of entire Germany. Of him it was expected that he would turn his entire art into different channels, and was ready not only to equal his great predecessors but to overshadow them with his creative gifts. This attention to Brahms at about the beginning of the fifties, on the occasion of bringing out his first compositions, was aroused by no other than Robert Schumann. It is well known that great artists seldom possess the unfailing gift of critical instinct to make almost incredible predictions regarding their art contemporaries. As a noted example of such critical good fellowship we have Schumann, who during his whole life bowed before Mendelssohn, Chopin, Berlioz, and even such nonentities in the tone realm as Henselt and Hiller. He went into genuine ecstasy whenever he believed he had found an unknown talent, and failed only to estimate his own value. Toward the close of his life, Schumann, in his Neue Zeitschrift, began to proclaim the coming arrival of a musical Messiah

Digitized by Google

that would light up the musical world with his genius and take up the deserted post of Beethoven. When the first sonatas by Brahms appeared, Schumann notified his readers with the laconic phrase, "He has appeared," and in this way proclaimed the young Brahms heir to the throne. Time has proved that this procedure was a mistake of the noble and goodhearted Schumann who had allowed himself to be carried away by his enthusiasm. Brahms has not fulfilled the hopes that Schumann and all musical Germany had set upon him. Brahms has remained one of those composers in which the German school is so rich. He writes fluently, skillfully, and cleanly, without a trace of independent individuality and loses himself in unending variations on classic thematics.

* * *

VERDI.

So it goes in our fleeting world. When, after one has spent many years of labor, has had many bitter experiences and disappointments, has overcome difficulties and finally got into the right way, his strength begins to fail him. This thought came to me during the performance of Verdi's "La Traviata." This son of the sunny south has sinned much against his art in that he has flooded the whole world with his organ grinding melodies, but much must be forgiven him on account of his undoubted talent and the sincerity of his feeling, which is peculiar to every Verdi composition. At the decline of his artistic career as the source of inspiration began to be effective, Verdi reconsidered and finally turned abruptly into a new course, a way widely diverging from the line of march generally taken by Italian music, and where do you suppose it led him?—to Richard Wagner.

This trend, which was partly anticipated by the performance of Don Carlos in Paris, 1867, came to complete expression in the opera, "Aida," which was written by commission from the Egyptian Khedive for the theater at Cairo. I was agreeably surprised as I lately took up the splendid piano edition of "Aida," to find that even in the first measures of the introduction, which was written strongly under the influence of the Wagner muse, there was an unusual charm in the harmonic connections and an almost elaborate originality in the melody. With the greatest care I then examined the entire score and

Digitized by Google

thought what an unfortunate influence the Italian public, so unpromising in esthetic returns and for which Verdi's works were primarily written, had exercised on the master.

What would Verdi have been, if in his younger years, when the creative spring still bubbled copiously, he had attained the ripeness which he now shows? How many happy moments he might have created for humanity? Ah, but in Aida I noticed by the side of the great progress in technic and the influence of Wagner, an apprehensive falling off in the gift of melodic invention.

Digitized by Google

LYRIC DRAMA AND MUSICAL DRAMA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS.

We live in a strange epoch. Unquiet spirits occupy themselves without ceasing to put everything in question, for pleasure, because such is the taste of the day. In art it is a fury, even while the public, without showing any great resistance to the movement, does not on the other hand manifest any particular desire to change, all change being repugnant to its routine humor; and one might even inquire whether this taste of the public for routine may not be one of the inevitable factors of civilization, considering with what an even step it marches, despite the lashings of the demoniacs who try to push it, without the rein of moderation which we so often condemn.

To speak only of music, they have gone very far, and this is not a pleasantry. After having wished to break the shackles of the lyric drama, concerning which all the clairvoyant spirits have so much anxiety, they have gone on to declare that all other music than that of the modern lyric drama is unworthy the attention of serious people; later they have dislocated music, suppressing completely the singing for the sake of pure declamation, leaving nothing really musical except the instrumental part, developed to excess; then they have gone on to forget all weighing of values, all equilibrium; they have little by little destroyed form and reduced it to a fluid and unseizable boiling, destined solely to produce sensations and impressions upon the nervous system; finally they even claim that this is all that is necessary.

"Of all musical forms the opera is most transitory, because the modern reader constantly asks himself in what manner the ancient scores comported themselves in the presence of the action. What remains today of the repertory of Lulli, Handel, Gluck? What will remain tomorrow of Rossini, of Meyerbeer? Solely Mozart still holds on; it is he alone who can hold his position upon the boards—but his school? Where are Spontini, Paer, Mehul? There is one answer to all: An overture, a finale occasionally played in concerts, and after this nothing

Digitized by Google

more but a few names which survive for the purposes of discussion; nothing more than certain aesthetic conceptions. It is otherwise with music purely instrumental or purely vocal. Bach and Palestrina defy centuries, but the operas of Handel and Scarlatti, no one attempts to go to see them."

The foregoing is translated from a Mr. Richi, in a book issued some years ago at Stuttgart.

And Rene de Recy, the regretted critic of the Revue Blanc, where he wrote with so much solidity and brilliancy, having translated this fragment added:

"Logic in the opera! Begin by conceding that its very nature refuses logic, for the sake of artistic illusion. In tragedy or drama by the side of the conventional part I see also the real part; but opera is a perpetual defiance to my reason. When I have before me upon the stage human beings who work and speak, to make them sing in addition is to take the surest way to prevent my taking them seriously. It does not console me that for a hero of a tragedy to sing or to speak in verse is equally strange; because verse is a winged form of language; it is made up of words of the current language, while to sing words is not, according to my experience, a natural method of expressing thought."

Then opera is a transitory form destined to appear and to disappear, and it will be therefore useless to write them; but this is also true of all manifestations of dramatic art. The libraries are full of tragedies, comedies, dramas, which have lived dramatically, but now exist only for the reader. Where do they play Corneille, Moliere? Outside the Theatre Francais and the Odeon, where are the forces to play them? What theater would dare to play Shakespeare entire, just as it is written? It is difficult to imagine how the ancient musical scores worked upon the actual scene; it is equally difficult, more difficult still, to imagine how the "Prometheus" of Aeschylus worked.

Yes, the dramatic form glows for a moment, only to enter immediately into everlasting shade, in the shade of libraries to which are condemned from their birth many other literary forms, and when music enters into this form it necessarily enters into the same lot.

But even if it glows but for an instant, what a glorious instant! What other form of art is able to vaunt itself upon

Digitized by Google

such a power, to impassion a crowd to this point? It passes; but so passes all the world. The young girl vanishes in the flower of her beauty; she marries, maternity enlarges her figure and blights her complexion; from that moment all life is that of the mother of a family. Would one say that it was wrong for her to have been beautiful? The butterfly one day acquires wings and envelops itself in the rays of the sun; this intoxication lasts only a few hours. Would you say that it is wrong for the butterfly to have wings?

Moreover, it is a good pleasantry to say that Palestrina and Bach defy the centuries; it is "a good thing to tell the people," to quote the word of Lucretia Borgia to the Duke of Ferrara. The truth for Palestrina is that no one knows quite how to execute his music and is not able to say quite what it signifies; no indication of movement or expression is given to guide the singers, and all traditions have been lost this long time. His works, of the highest interest, admirable subjects for study, are fossils, which one "restores" as one believes, to give them an appearance of life. It has been the fashion for a long time to sing the music of Palestrina and his school as slowly and as piano as possible; and as a chorus sufficiently numerous and well trained, sustaining murmuring sounds upon harmonious chords, is one of the most enjoyable things to hear, the good public is transported with joy: "Palestrina, what genius!" Yes, but very likely if Palestrina had been there, he would have asked naively what was this pretty movement which they were performing. Later, after reflecting that it is little likely that during the whole of the sixteenth century they held in their respiration, they have gone on to put expression marks into this music and to vary the movements. Richard Wagner has in this way restored the "Stabat Mater" of Palestrina, with what intelligence it can be imagined. But it is pure imagination.

Sebastian Bach is nearer our times. We understand him better; it is a civilization which touches our own. Of the one hundred and fifty church cantatas which he wrote, how many are performed even in Germany? Most of them have become practically unperformable, at least without adaptation, the author having employed instruments which no longer exist. The voices are admirably treated, but in a way which is far away from our modern habits; some of these cantatas offer enigmas

Digitized by Google

practically impossible to solve, and we cannot even imagine how they could have been solved in a time when the instruments were badly made; how this music could have equality of sounds, justness—this music which bristles with difficulties which appear insupportable. A very small part of the work of Sebastian Bach, this colossus of music, is accessible to the public; the remainder subsists only for the reader.

And still we are not speaking of works for the theater!

All that I mean to say is that the restoration of the works of Palestrina and of Sebastian Bach do not offer the same difficulties as the operas of the same period, still even these difficulties appear at times insurmountable.

We now come to the special reproach made to the lyric drama of its being a defiance of reason, which, while possible to be crowded to admit verse, refuses to carry complaisance so far as to practice with singing. We might reply to this with a preliminary postulate: No art can possibly exist under the exactions of pure reason; no more singing than painting, which represents mobility by immobility. Refutation taken so would be too easy. All art exists by virtue of a convention which exists only for it. What do I say? Even language itself. What signify, for the great majority of our readers, the sounds of the Chinese language, or the Hindu? Nothing, absolutely nothing. To obey the demands of pure reason it is necessary to suppress all language and all literature and come back to gesture and onomatopea.

We will not go so far; let us not push a thing to absurdity; it is not necessary. Verse is the winged form of language; so be it. Verse is better still; it is the pure form, the crystallized form of language, of which prose is the amorphous. Theodore de Banville has demonstrated how verse is contained in prose, how the poet makes only the thing which he disengages.

Singing is exactly in the same case; it is impossible, mark well, *impossible,* to speak without singing, not alone in verse, but in prose. The moment you raise the voice, in a sentiment a little more lively and excited, you improvise a recitative, mingled with fragments of melody. So, then, in prose one encounters at each instant units of unconscious verse, and in all speech an ear, sufficiently delicate and practiced, discovers

Digitized by Google

at every moment series of musical sounds which might be noted. Professors of declamation authorize their pupils to sing verse; I defy them to do the verse properly otherwise, at least to say all syllables upon the same note, as one recites the gospel at the altar; still this is a manner of singing.

This rudimentary singing is the origin of a part of the lyric drama. As to the orchestra, it is around us, within us, in the thousand disturbances which surround us, in the beatings of our hearts.

"Music is in everything, a sort of hymn of the world!"

This vague music, vocal and instrumental, the musician develops to the customary musical forms, as the poet extracts verse from prose. The union of music and poetry, when it is complete, constitutes the perfect lyric form, and Richard Wagner was quite right to say that the lyric drama is the supreme expression of the drama.

This is so true that the lyric drama, even incomplete, misdirected from its proper end, full of false manners, has always been, ever since it existed, the most attractive of all forms of art.

Rene de Recy was too clairvoyant and too sincere not to recognize this. "This false art," he wrote, "is a necessary art; we may slander it, but we cannot get along without it. Nothing is more legitimate, and even I myself take an extreme pleasure in it." These are golden words; and a necessary art, indispensable, in which serious souls take an extreme pleasure, cannot be more false than another, so possibly all arts are equally false.

Wherefore, then, this assault?

Because, as we said in beginning, it is desired to put everything in question; and also because mysticism, a violent, unforeseen and novel mysticism, has introduced itself into the place.

This requires an entirely distinct study.

Those who do not comprehend art, those who under pretense that the beautiful is necessarily sometimes accessible with difficulty, deceiving themselves with the idea that the inaccessible is necessarily the beautiful, are accustomed to restrict their artistic faith—this faith in which an artist worthy of the name cannot go too far. Serious artists speak rarely, for the same

Digitized by Google

reason that prevents princes speaking of their nobility and millionaires of their fortune; but they speak very much in certain circles where the proper view of art and aesthetics is discussed. It sometimes happens that, as a result of such discussions, they have finished by being dupes of words and proceed to assimilate artistic faith with religious faith, which is something very different.

Religious faith knows nothing but an affirmative; if it consents to discuss, it is only to pulverize its adversary, and it cannot proceed in any other way. Brilliant writers, for whom I have as much respect as admiration, have labored to introduce a tolerant faith, a spirit at once scientific and religious. When I read their admirable articles, their sparkling variations upon the subject, I cannot, in spite of my respect, put away from my imagination irreverent images of a rabbit stew without the rabbit, or of a marriage of a carp with a hare. These great souls only wish to see the surface of the question and voluntarily neglect the foundation, which they know better than anyone else; one is absolutely obliged some day to come from the one to the other. A religion is not a religion on any other ground than of its pretending to teach the absolute truth, which has been deposited with it by a supernatural revelation. It is not possible to compromise with the absolute truth. Thus faith logically generates intolerance, fanaticism, and as a last resort, mysticism, which is the renouncing of everything which is not in absolute revealed truth. One finds it difficult to see why it should be so and one sometimes resorts to logic. "Nothing is more false," as one has said this fifty years, "Nothing is more despicable than a fact." There are fashions as there are hats.

If we analyze artistic faith we find ourselves in presence of ideas of an entirely different sort. Artistic faith does not lay claim to any sort of supernatural revelation; it does not pretend to affirm eternal verities, absolute truth. It is merely a conviction, founded in part upon the studies of the artist, and in part upon an instinctive fashion of comprehending art, which constitutes its personality and causes it to be respected. It has the right to persuade and conquer hearts, but not to violate them.

Now what we see is precisely contrary to this. Artistic faith

Digitized by Google

has made itself dogmatic and authoritative; it throws out anathemas, it condemns older beliefs as errors, or admits them as a preparation for the future, like an Old Testament anterior to the universal law; and as logic, whether one wishes it or not, never loses its rights, intolerance, fanaticism and mysticism are developed in a very little time. Our time, curiously, has not rebelled against mysticism in art, by a phenomenon which is not without example. Under the reign of terror they took delight in theatrical representations of bucolic innocence, so likewise in our own epoch of the scientific and the utilitarian we see growing up in literature and art, under all its forms, a taste for the mysterious and incomprehensible. Nothing illustrates this more than the enormous success of the Annamite theater of the exposition of 1889, which made, they say, more than three hundred thousand francs of receipts. One could hear there the cries of beasts gorged with their food, mewings wholly like those of cats, so that one asked with uneasiness, after hearing them, if the cats had not a language; as to the instrumental, take a pulley badly greased, your kitchen utensils, a poisoned dog, and beat a carpet over all, and you will have a faint idea of the effect.

But it was impossible to comprehend anything. Workmen, intelligent women, and the like, you assist by distributing a few programs having no relation to what is going on upon the stage, and then what pleasure!

Does it occur to you that this success throws a singular light upon that of Bayreuth? We know that the majority of the public there is composed of folks come from the remotest parts of the globe, ignorant of the German language and not knowing a note of music. They do not even try to comprehend it, and merely come there to be hypnotized. Is this, perhaps, what the great author dreamed?

Let us pass by these simple folks and occupy ourselves with the adepts, the pure. These are true fanatics. The work of the master cannot be discussed; one must hear it in silence, like the word of God, falling from the height of the throne. If the interminable lengths generate a terrible weariness, one may cease to pay attention, as to the monotonous chanting of the Psalms at vespers; if one fails to comprehend certain passages of an obscurity truly impenetrable, one humbles his

Digitized by Google

reason before the divine word, and commentators exercise themselves upon the mysteries, as they have done upon those of the Bible; if certain musical barbarisms offend the ear, one endures patiently these cruel beauties, one receives with joy the suffering which the Master inflicts upon us for the good of our soul. One submits with a recollection of the fatigues of a long pilgrimage.

Renunciation, humility, abandonment of will, love of suffering, this is all mysticism. Christian mystics hope for a compensation in another life; do our new mystics hope to revive again in an aesthetic Paradise where they may adore the Very-Holy-Musical-Drama in spirit and in truth? This is not impossible. Nothing is impossible.

But mysticism, the source of ineffable pleasures, in so great honor during the middle ages, has been judged; we know where it leads—to etiolation, nihilism, nothingness. Logic has had its work. They have made for us the name, "musical drama" (the name, "lyric drama," does not answer to the present idea), as it ought to be in order to realize its perfection. A subject essentially symbolic; no action; the personages must be musical ideas personified, not living and striving beings. And from deduction to deduction it is at last concluded that the ideal drama is an unrealizable chimera, and that it is wrong to write for the theater!

With exaggerations of this kind one might end by regretting the old Italian opera. It was very poor and very flat, but at least it was a body, carved and decked with more or less taste, in which, from time to time, appeared marvellous singers, formed in an admirable school. That amounts in any case to a great deal more than nothing. In default of ambrosia it is much better to eat plain dry bread than to famish with hunger.

Digitized by Google

CLIMATE VERSUS MUSIC.

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

It may be of interest, and possibly some consolation to organists at home, who consider themselves ill used and badly treated unless provided with a first class instrument, to read the following, and to picture to themselves a few of the disadvantages under which the unlucky organist of a church in the Northwestern Provinces of India labors.

We have a congregation of some five hundred souls, a mixed choir of thirty boys and men, supplemented by eight young ladies in uniform, who sit four on a side, in seats just below the choir stalls. We are rich in the possession of an organ—a luxury by no means so common out here as at home. It is of this instrument and of my performance thereon that I would tell you. Perhaps I ought rather to have said, *it's performances on me.* But before doing so, I must mention the very hot, dry winds, which, like time and tide, consider no man—not even an energetic and much worried organist.

During the months of March, April and May rain is an almost unknown occurrence, and intensely hot, dry winds blow daily; these cause the woodwork of the organ to warp, the leather of the bellows to dry and crack, and the ivory on the keys to curl up, after the fashion of the original tusk of which they were once a portion; and, not content with curling only, they occasionally fly up into the face of the player with a triumphant click!

Our instrument has two manuals, great and swell; also a pedal organ, about fourteen stops, two couplers and three composition pedals. When it first arrived in this country, it was, no doubt, a fairly nice organ. A tuner from Calcutta attends to it once a year.

To give some idea of the sudden manner in which accidents occur to the organ, I will briefly relate an experience of which I have even now an unpleasantly vivid recollection. I drove down to the church one Thursday to enjoy a practice, and upon entering the sacred building, I was met by the cheerful coun-

Digitized by Google

tenance of Mr. Helper, a member of the choir and amateur local doctor to the organ in question, who greeted me with: "I think I have at last patched up the organ satisfactorily for Sunday, but you must please be sparing of your practice; indeed, I should advise your leaving it alone this evening, or most likely all the parts just glued will come undone. I think by the day after tomorrow it will be quite fit for use."

I retire, disappointed, to return on Saturday—alas! only to find that the last state of that organ was worse than the first, owing to the fact that during those two days the annual cleaning had taken place, and this had naturally necessitated the throwing open of every door and window. The marble floor of the church was delightfully cool, and apparently the hot winds thought so, too, as they had rushed in everywhere and their glee was unbounded when they reached the organ. Surely it was made for them! Up one pipe and down another, creeping into the sides of the bellows, and sneaking out of the cracks —didn't they have a good old time? Well, you can imagine my state of mind on discovering the havoc caused by this revelry.

I hurry off for that good Samaritan, Mr. Helper; find him at home, luckily, and we return to the church and do our best to "patch it up" once more for the next day's services.

Easter Sunday, Evensong—I have in front of me as an opening voluntary, a favorite Andante, the first few bars of which are played on soft stops of the great organ, uncoupled. I play on happily till the time comes for drawing out the swell couples, when, lo! instead of the anticipated effect, a hoarse and fearful growling sound greets my bewildered ears, as if all the swell manual were combining in chorus to protest against the extra labor imposed on them.

In horror and much disgust I hastily replace the offending stop and do the best I can without it, for the remainder of the service. All goes fairly well until the sentences before the Psalms, when a terrible gasping sound awakes me to the fact that some part of the bellows is giving way, and that it will be quite impossible for the blower to keep enough wind in them for the long Psalms. The only thing I can do is to attract the attention of one of the choir and hastily whisper: "Organ won't hold out; ask Mr. —— to *read* the Psalms."

Digitized by Google

By this means I manage to gain time to write a few notices to the members of the choir, arranging for the cutting out of parts of the musical portion of the service, and we eventually contrive to struggle through without an entire collapse. This is only one of many such trying mishaps, and indeed we congratulate ourselves with much satisfaction when nothing happens to either the organ or the blower.

Apropos of this latter item, a good deal might be said, but I will content myself with stating a few facts and giving you a single illustration of them. To begin with, the article in question is a native coolie, who understands nothing of the service and rather less of the English language; therefore as often as you require wind put in the bellows, you must remind him of the fact. Imagine the perpetual nuisance of this in the Litany service, for instance; where, when the voices are accompanied throughout, the organ is required fifty-two separate times, not including the Amens after the concluding prayers! In my case the reminder consists of a piece of string passing obliquely through a hole in the side of the organ case; it has a cork attached, to serve as a handle, the other end being fastened to a bit of wood which raps against the wall when jerked.

An awkward incident in connection with this very primitive arrangement occurred a few Sundays later than the previous one I have written of. A hymn being given out, I grasped the cork aforementioned, when, to my alarm, the string broke and the cork came off in my hand. The members of the choir, after vainly waiting for the organ to start them, came valiantly to the rescue, with the best intentions, but owing to a slight difference of opinion as regards the pitch of the first note, with indifferent success. One of them, seeing my helpless condition, moved his seat to where he could see the coolie, and kindly undertook to nod at him when I wanted the bellows filled.

This plan answered admirably when the blower happened to be looking at him, but as he occasionally had his head turned in the opposite direction, the result was that no less than three times no sound at all came forth from the organ when it was expected, and the loud whispers of "cel'ao, cel'ao," or "go on," from the choir boy, were only heeded after the singers had started on their own responsibility. The last occasion

Digitized by Google

being for an Amen, the idiotic native, anxious, when too late, to do his duty, went on blowing long into the following prayer! —the noise of pumping the air into the bellows, owing to their leaky condition, being distinctly audible to the amused congregation and to the wrathful (though praying) parson.

Unfortunately there seems small possibility of keeping an European in the post of blower, even when you can get one to start with. They consider such labor quite beneath them out in India, and will even allow their wives and families to starve sooner than "do the work of a dirty nigger," as they politely express it. Well, everything has its advantages, and, if these trials have no other, they certainly teach promptness of action to both organist and choir in emergencies, and, on the whole we manage, owing to being perpetually on the alert for accidents, to pull through our choral services better than might be expected, during these three trying months in the year.

"ORGAN GRINDER."

Digitized by Google

THE PROPER BALANCE OF CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

BY PROFESSOR EBENEEZER PROUT.

Few of those among us who were present at our conference in Scarborough last year will have forgotten the great, I may say surprising, effect of the performance of Handel's oratorio, "Alexander Balus," given, as nearly as possible, under Handelian conditions. As I believe I was the first to suggest the idea of the revival, and as I was one of those who took the most active part in its preparation, I felt a very special interest in the success of the experiment; and though the part I took in the performance, and my position in the middle of the orchestra, prevented my judging of the full effect of the music in the body of the hall, I was very glad to hear from the members of the audience the unanimous opinion that the result far surpassed any expectations that had been raised.

For the sake of those who were not present on that occasion, it should be said that the performance was modeled, as far as possible, as regards the composition of chorus and orchestra, on a performance of the "Messiah" given at the Foundling Hospital on May 3rd, 1759, and which would have been conducted by the composer himself, had not his death, a few weeks previously, rendered it impossible. It is at least certain that the balance of chorus and orchestra was one of which Handel did not disapprove, as shown by the records of several performances conducted by him, with chorus and orchestra, almost identical in composition to the one cited. The orchestra employed at Scarborough consisted of ten violins, three violas, three violoncellos, two double-basses, two flutes, four oboes, four bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, a pair of kettle-drums, a mandolin, a harp, a harpsichord, and an organ, making a total of thirty-seven instrumentalists. Against this force was a chorus of twenty-four voices, six to each part. It is hardly needful to add that these were all picked singers; to use a common expression, there were "no passengers in the boat."

Digitized by Google

It is not at all surprising that when the relative proportion of chorus and orchestra became known, a general opinion should have been expressed that the voices would be altogether overpowered by the instruments. You will remember how completely that prediction was falsified. Even in the choruses in which the full orchestra was employed, the voices held their own without the slightest difficulty; and I will venture to affirm that a far more adequate and satisfying rendering of Handel's music was heard from that small body of performers than is obtainable from our large festival societies, with their overgrown choruses and utterly inadeqate orchestras.

The subject on which I am going to address you this morning is one which I have had on my mind for many years, and to which I have often thought of calling attention in one of our musical papers. Our Scarborough performance offers me a good text for my remarks, and I could desire no more suitable audience, nor one more fitted to discuss the matter impartially and intelligently, than that which is assembled here this morning. I do not for a moment expect that the views I am going to enunciate will meet with universal approval; on the contrary, I anticipate a good deal of opposition; but the subject is, from an artistic point of view, of so great importance, that I am sure that the ventilation of the question can do nothing but good.

It will be well to commence this investigation by ascertaining what was the usual balance of chorus and orchestra in the latter half of the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth centuries. Unfortunately, we have no documentary evidence as to the exact strength of the chorus and orchestra with which Handel produced his oratorios; but the Foundling Hospital performance, already referred to, shows that there, at all events, the orchestra outnumbered the chorus. With regard to Handel's great contemporary, Sebastian Bach, we are able to give, in his own words, the constitution of the choir and orchestra for which he wrote at Leipzig. In Spitta's great work on Bach (Vol. II., p. 247 of the English translation) will be found a memorial which Bach wrote on Aug. 23rd, 1730, and presented to the Leipzig Town Council. He heads it "A short, but indispensable,

Digitized by Google

sketch of what constitutes well appointed church music, with a few impartial reflections on its present state of decay." In this very important and interesting document Bach gives an account of the various choirs which had to be provided by the scholars of the Thomasschule—a large music school of which he was the head—criticizes the individual pupils, etc. A good deal of the report does not bear at all upon the subject of my paper; but one part of the document throws much light on what Bach considered the proper proportion between vocal and instrumental performers. After pointing out that there were four churches, the choirs of which were furnished by the foundation scholars, and that at three of these there was full musical service, with *obligato* instrumental accompaniments, he proceeds:

"To each of these musical choirs there must belong, at least, three trebles, three alti, three tenors, and as many basses, so that if one is unable to sing—which often happens, and particularly at this time of year, * * * a motet may be sung with at least two voices to each part."

Then follows a parenthesis, to which I wish to call your special attention:

"(N. B.—How much better it would be if the *Coetus* (i. e., the company of singers) were so constituted that four were available for each part, and each choir thus consisted of sixteen persons.)"

You will see from this that Bach appears to have considered a choir of four voices to a part sufficient for all ordinary services with orchestral accompaniment. He then proceeds to enumerate the orchestra needed to accompany such a choir. Here are his words:

"The instrumental music consists of the following parts: two, or even three, first violins, two or three second violins, two first violas, two second violas, two violoncellos, one double-bass, two (or if needful, three) oboes, one or two bassoons, three trumpets, and one kettle-drum. Added to this, church music is often composed for flutes, of which, at least, two are required."

It will be seen that this gives a total of twenty instrumentalists, taking the smaller of the alternative numbers (and of twenty-four, taking the larger), including three trum-

Digitized by Google

pets, as against sixteen singers. Besides this, there is the organ, of which Bach makes no mention, most probably because he played it himself. As a matter of fact, in Bach's own choir he seems to have had only twelve singers against the twenty instrumentalists; and the scores of many of the church cantatas written for Leipzig show that he had no hesitation in employing the whole of his orchestral force to accompany a choir of three voices to a part. It is a fair inference, from the words I have quoted, that four voices to a part would have satisfied all his requirements.

It is worth noticing that the balance of chorus and orchestra indicated by Bach, in the document just referred to, is approximately the same as that in the Foundling performance of the "Messiah," referred to at the beginning of this paper, in which there were twenty-three in the chorus and thirty-three in the band, besides the organ.

It may be argued, not unreasonably, that the cases just adduced are exceptional, and that the smallness of the chorus in both instances probably arose from the fact that either there was no room for more, or that, as with Bach, no more were obtainable. But to this argument there is a cogent reply. I have, unfortunately, been unable to procure any statistics as to the exact composition of the chorus and orchestra employed by Handel for the production of his oratorios. There is a tradition that he had twelve first and twelve second violins in his orchestra, and his contemporary, Quantz, the celebrated flute player, wrote, in 1734, in his "Memoirs," "Handel's band is uncommonly powerful."

But although further reliable details on this point seem unattainable, very important evidence as to what was at that time considered to be the correct proportion of voices and instruments is furnished by Dr. Burney's account of the Handel commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784—just twenty-five years after the composer's death. At that time, be it remembered, the tradition as to the correct manner of performing Handel's music was perfectly fresh; the conductor of the music, Mr. Joah Bates, had heard the performance of Handel's works under the direction of the composer himself. The festival at the Abbey was on the grandest scale,

Digitized by Google

and we cannot doubt that every effort was made to do the fullest justice to the music. What was the relative strength of chorus and orchestra on that occasion? The band numbered 250 and the chorus 275. It cannot be maintained that this proportion was the result of the inability to obtain more singers, because a few years later (in 1791) we find a chorus of 563 voices employed at another Handel festival in the Abbey, the number of the band being then raised to 504. Can any possible reason be assigned for the great strength of the orchestra than that this was the usual proportion, and that it was in accordance with the composer's intentions?

But there exists abundant evidence to prove that these were not exceptional cases. Mr. W. H. Husk, in his "Account of the Musical Celebrations on St. Cecilia's Day," quotes a notice from the *Salisbury Journal* of Sept. 30th, 1752, of the musical festival held in that city on the 27th and 28th of the same month. In this notice we read: "The vocal performers were eighteen in number. * * * The instrumental performers consisted of sixteen violins, two hautboys, two tenor violins, a bassoon, a harpsichord, four violoncellos, two double-basses, with French horns, trumpets, and drums." This, it will be seen, gives a band of thirty-three against a chorus of eighteen.

A similar proportion seems to have obtained in Germany. At a festival performance of the "Messiah" given in the Cathedral of Berlin in 1786, under the direction of Johann Adam Hiller, the chorus numbered 118 and the orchestra 186.

My friend, Dr. Cummings, has kindly allowed me to examine a large number of programs and word-books from his library of concerts and festival performances given between the years 1790 and 1840. I trust I shall not weary you if I give some statistics that I have compiled from these programs. They have an important bearing on my subject, as proving that the swamping of the orchestra by the chorus is a thing of quite modern growth.

Let me first speak of the Antient concerts, which, at the beginning of the last century, were the only periodical concerts in London, at which orchestra and chorus were combined. They were established in 1776, and continued till 1848. The

Digitized by Google

complete programs of the twelve concerts given each year were published in a volume; each contains at the beginning a list of the subscribers and a list of the performers. The earliest which I have examined is that for the year 1790, when the chorus and orchestra each numbered forty-three. Fifteen years later, the chorus had very slightly increased in proportion to the band, there being fifty-seven singers, to forty-nine in the orchestra. These proportions remained practically the same for nearly thirty years, as the following figures prove:

Year.	Chorus.	Orchestra.
1812	55	48
1817	64	48
1821	64	49
1832	70	51

But in 1840 we find the proportions equalized again, there being 68 in the chorus and 66 in the orchestra. It must be remembered that during the whole of this time the society was the leading musical institution in London.

Nearly the same proportion is found in the large provincial festivals of the same period. At the Birmingham festival of 1820 there was an orchestra of 81 against a chorus of 134. From Crosse's "History of the York Festival of 1823" we learn that on that occasion the band consisted of 182 and the chorus of 285. Three other festivals were held in the same year, the figures of which are instructive. At Birmingham the numbers of band and chorus were respectively, 92 and 139 (or about two to three); at Liverpool, 72 and 84 (just six to seven); and at Gloucester, 47 and 83 (about four to seven).

I could adduce any number of similar instances, but I have surely given sufficient facts to prove that during the first half of the last century the proportion at the most important musical performances, of the orchestra to the chorus, was, in general, about two to three, sometimes as much as three to four. It is very seldom, excepting at the opera, or at Roman Cotholic churches when High Mass is sung with orchestral accompaniment, that one has an opportunity nowadays of hearing anything at all like this balance of tone. Yet, even now, occasionally, though far too seldom, performances are to be heard

Digitized by Google

in which due importance is given to the orchestra. Last January a performance of Handel's "Messiah" was given at the Church of St. Eustache, Paris, with an orchestra of 175 and a chorus of 125.

Let me show what has been considered the proper balance of tone by two of the most distinguished musicians of the last century. I presume that nobody is at all likely to differ from me when I say that Hector Berlioz and Verdi are both pre-eminently qualified to give an opinion on this subject. Berlioz is universally recognized as one of the greatest authorities on the subject of the orchestra. In his treatise on Instrumentation (p. 241 of the English translation), in discussing the proper balance of the orchestra, he says that "the finest concert-orchestra, the most complete, the richest in gradations, in varieties of tone, the most majestic, the most powerful, and, at the same time, the most soft and smooth, would be an orchestra thus composed." I will not trouble you with an enumeration of all the details, but will only say that the list he gives comprises eighty-four strings, four harps, fourteen wood-wind, thirteen brass, and six players on percussion instruments —a total of 121 performers. Then follows this significant sentence: "If a choral composition were to be executed, such an orchestra would require forty-six sopranos, first and second; forty tenors, first and second, and forty basses, first and second." (It must be remembered that when Berlioz published his work—in 1844—parts for contraltos were never found in French music; the lower female voices sang the second soprano.) We see here that he prescribes a chorus of 126 against an orchestra of 121. On the following pages he enumerates the constituents of a grand festival orchestra of 827 performers; of these 467 are instrumentalists and 360 chorus.

Unlike most other composers, Berlioz was in the habit of prescribing in his scores the exact number of performers that he wanted for each part. He does this in his great "Requiem" ("Messe des Morts"). Here his orchestra numbers 202 and his chorus 210.

If it be urged that Berlioz was pre-eminently an instrumental composer, and that with him the chorus was a subordinate consideration, the answer is obvious that the "Requiem"

Digitized by Google

just referred to is almost exclusively choral, as also is his "Te Deum"; while the "Damnation de Faust" contains a large quantity of choral music. But even if the objection be allowed, the same will not apply to Verdi, who has, I believe, written absolutely no orchestral music, except the overtures and instrumental movements in his various operas. He is first and foremost a vocal composer. Now, what do we learn from Verdi?

Most of us have heard his "Requiem," written for the death of the poet, Alessandro Mazzoni, in 1873. In Pougin's biography of Verdi, we learn that he wrote to the syndic of Milan, offering to compose a requiem to be performed on the first anniversary of the poet's death. The offer was gratefully accepted by the municipality, and the whole of the arrangements, engagement of performers, etc., was left in the composer's hands. The published score contains the following note:

"Performed for the first time in the Church of St. Mark, in Milan, on the first anniversary of the death of Alessandro Mazzoni, May 22nd, 1874. Performers: Teresa Stoltz, soprano; Maria Waldmann, mezzo-soprano; Giuseppe Capponi, tenor; Ormondo Maini, basso; 110 instrumentalists, 120 choristers."

It will be seen that the relative proportions of orchestra and chorus are nearly the same as those given by Berlioz. It is easy to imagine, if a similar performance were given in this country, what an outcry would be raised by an ignorant public about the band being far too loud.

The simple fact is that our audiences know no more about the proper balance of orchestra and chorus than a cow knows about double counterpoint; and their taste has been so vitiated, and so false a standard set up by the monster performances which are the rule at our large musical festivals, and with our chief choral societies, that unless the chorus completely overpowers and swamps the instruments, they immediately jump to the conclusion that the orchestra is too loud. As a matter of fact, in most modern choral works the orchestra is just as important as the chorus, and ought to be just as prominent—in many cases more so.

For fourteen years I was conductor of an excellent choral society, now, unfortunately, defunct, at which our perform-

Digitized by Google

ances were given by an orchestra of forty-seven and a chorus of about 120 to 130. One of the greatest annoyances to which I was subject during this time was the continual grumbling on the part of some of our committee, who ought to have known better, and many of our subscribers, for whom, perhaps, there was more excuse, as to the loudness of the band. Poor people! They did not understand what they were talking about.

In this connection let me give a personal reminiscence. Some years ago the Blackheath Philharmonic Society, conducted by my old friend, Mr. Alfred Burnett, gave a performance of my cantata, "Alfred," with a band of about fifty and a chorus of, I believe, about 140. The rendering of the work was excellent. I was in the middle of the hall, and could, therefore, judge perfectly well of the general effect. Meeting Mr. Burnett a few days afterwards, he said to me, "Tell me, was the band too loud the other night in 'Alfred'?" I replied, "No, not in a single passage that I noticed." "Well," he said, "everybody is complaining that the band was much too loud." "That," I said, "is simply because they have not the least idea what the proper balance should be." He said, "Would you mind writing me a letter that I could send to our local paper, giving your opinion? As it is, everybody is blaming me." I told him I would do so with the utmost pleasure, and I wrote him accordingly, saying that the orchestra had not been too strong in my work, and that the public had an altogether erroneous idea of what the proper balance of chorus and orchestra should be. My letter was sent by him to the paper, and he told me afterwards that it completely silenced the grumblers.

The utter disproportion between band and chorus which generally prevails in performances given in this country is due, I think, to two causes. First, and perhaps chief of these, is the great increase in the practice of choral music during the past fifty years. I am far from making the slightest objection to this in itself; on the contrary, I welcome it. But, from an artistic point of view, it has had this regrettable result, that the choirs have greatly increased in size without any corresponding increase in the orchestra. How disastrously this works I shall endeavor to show directly. The second cause of the disproportion is, I fear, the modern craze for sensationalism. I am old enough to have seen something of the growth of this craze.

Digitized by Google

When I was a youth, the late Sacred Harmonic Society was the leading choral society in London. It was conducted by Costa—a lover of vulgar noise, if ever there was one; a man who was not ashamed to add extra brass parts to the scores of Beethoven and Weber, to say nothing of the atrocities he perpetrated on Handel's works. At that time I, in my youthful ignorance, was filled with admiration at the announcement on the Sacred Harmonic Society's bill, "Band and chorus of 500 performers," and thought it extremely grand. A few years later the numbers had increased to 700, but the orchestra remained much the same. At that time a rival society was in existence under the name of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, directed by Mr. Joseph Surman, who "went one better" than the older society by advertising a band and chorus of 800. At the present time we have the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, mustering about 1,000, of whom less than 100 are instrumentalists. The disproportion is not so great in our chief provincial musical societies, though even in them much remains to be desired as regards balance. At the Birmingham Festival, held last October, there was a chorus of 352 and an orchestra of 123.

It is not difficult to show that such a ridiculous disproportion must, in many cases, result in a mere caricature of the works of the great composers. I admit that with Handel it is a matter of less importance than with many others; because the large majority of his choruses have no *independent* orchestral accompaniment, the instruments merely doubling the voices in the unison or octave. But with Bach, and with most modern composers, the case is quite different. Let us first take Bach. Those of you who are acquainted with his scores know that the instrumental parts are almost always quite independent of the voices, and that each part is of absolutely equal importance. We have already seen Bach's own opinion as to the proper balance of his choir and orchestra. He wanted four voices to a part; with three first and three second violins, two flutes, and two oboes. I need not enumerate the whole band. It is obvious that counterpoint for flutes or oboes could make itself heard well enough against so small a chorus and so few strings. But what possible chance could these instruments have, even if the parts were doubled, in a band and chorus of

Digitized by Google

450? At the last Birmingham festival, to which I referred just now, Bach's "Passion according to Matthew" was performed. I was not present myself, but no doubt some of you were. I ask you, how much of the lovely counterpoints for flutes and oboes in the great choral that closes the first part could you distinguish? The same question may be asked with respect to the otherwise often excellent performances of the Bach Choir. Bach's music does not require so large a mass of singers or players. The most satisfactory rendering of a choral work of his that I can recall was one given some years ago at a Royal Academy concert, of the beautiful church cantata, "Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben?" with a select choir of six voices to a part, and a small orchestra, containing, if my memory serves me, four first and four second violins, with other strings in the same proportion. With this small force, the wind parts (one flute and two oboes) could be clearly heard. It was a somewhat analogous performance to ours of "Alexander Balus" last year; but most performances of Bach's choral works are little better than a farce and a caricature, from the utter want of balance of the parts.

Bach, however, though one of the worst sufferers from the evil against which I am protesting, is by no means the only one. Nearly every modern composer suffers more or less from the same cause. Look at the oratorios of Mendelssohn, which abound in delightful orchestral details. How many of these are altogether lost in performance by the overmastering strength of the choir! Listen to "Elijah" at the Albert Hall. In many parts of the choruses the orchestra are almost playing in dumb show, and the same is the case with many other modern works when produced under similar conditions.

What I am pleading for is a recognition of the fact that, in modern music, at all events, the orchestra is of equal importance with the chorus. Can any one give any valid reason why the former should be always assumed to occupy a subordinate position? To me it seems absurd, on the face of it; yet I ask you, is it not a fact that unless the chorus does dominate everything else, there is a general howl that the band is too loud?

I am not proposing (though I should not object to it) to

Digitized by Google

revert to the proportions that prevailed in the time of Handel and Bach, when the band was often quite as numerous as the chorus; but I do maintain that the latter ought never to be in a larger ratio to the former than three to one, and that even this is often too much. I admit that the evil is, to some extent, lessened by the large number of inefficient or half-efficient singers to be found in many choirs—members who, as my friend, Sir Frederick Bridge, once said to some ladies of a choir who had been remiss in attending rehearsals, "go on the platform at the concert, looking very pretty, but absolutely useless." But this is, at best, only a palliative, not a remedy for the evil of which I complain.

Another result of these disproportionately large choirs is, that they necessarily tend to encourage in composers a coarse style of orchestration. All the colors have to be laid on with a thick brush if they are to produce any effect. The beautiful and delicate touches of instrumentation to be found in the scores of the older masters, which were written for performance under different conditions, would be absolutely thrown away in works where the orchestra is quite overpowered by the chorus. Hence the tendency, observable in many modern works, of scoring by masses of tone, with the result, as M. Gevaert says in his admirable "Traite d'Instrumentation," that "the composition of the orchestra is, so to speak, stereotyped, and, except for slight differences, it remains the same from one end of the score to the other. The effect of each movement taken separately is more brilliant, but the continual return of the same sonorousness engenders at last satiety and monotony."

Is there any remedy for this state of things? I venture to believe that there is—at all events, to some extent. I admit that in such cases as the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society or the Handel Festival Choir little is to be hoped for; they are past praying for. One can hardly expect the directors of the Royal Albert Hall to dismiss 200 of their choir and replace them by the same number of instruments. This would be a tolerably effective remedy, but, of course, too drastic—to say nothing of the great expense of the additional orchestra. The next best thing would be to restrict the *repertoire* of the choir to works like the oratorios of Handel, in which, as I have already

Digitized by Google

pointed out, the preponderance of the chorus does little harm. Commercial reasons, however, are likely to prevent the adoption of this plan; it would be said that programs composed entirely of such music would not attract subscribers or the public; and I fear this must be admitted. So, with regard to the Royal Albert Hall, the case may be dismissed as hopeless.

The same may be said of the Handel Festival Choir, though the matter stands rather differently here. The Handel Festival is purely a commercial speculation, and has nothing whatever to do with art. The public is attracted to it by its size (just as it is by Barnum's show, or the great wheel at Earl's Court) and by the names of the popular vocalists engaged to sing in a locality where it is quite impossible that they can be properly heard. It may seem a strong assertion that the festival has nothing whatever to do with art, but a single fact will suffice to prove it. Many of us remember the atrocious additions to Handel's scores—sometimes even amounting to alterations of, and additions to, his text—which were made by the late Sir Michael Costa at these festivals. After his death, when the 1885 festival was approaching, I offered to Mr. Manns to revise the whole of the scores, removing Costa's arbitrary additions, and restoring the purity of Handel's text. I ought to add that I offered to do this free of charge. Mr. Manns, who is a true artist, naturally approved of my proposal. Will it be believed that the directors of the Handel Festival declined it, on the score of the trouble it would give (and I suppose also of the expense, though this was not said) to alter all the parts? After that, how is it possible to say that the festival is an affair of art? Since that time I have taken no interest in it, and have not attended it for many years; but I believe that many of Costa's atrocities are still retained. Happily for art, the festival only occurs once in three years.

I believe that the true remedy for the present state of things is to be found in the limitation of the size of the chorus for all works to be given with orchestral accompaniment. There are many singers who prefer the practice of part-songs, madrigals, etc., to that of oratorios or cantatas with orchestra. In the choir which I conducted, of which I have already spoken, there were several members who were always clamoring to have

Digitized by Google

part-songs introduced at our rehearsals and concerts. Let our large choirs be divided into two, one for each class of work. As a general rule, the same choir cannot excel in both directions. The late Henry Leslie's choir, unsurpassable in its renderings of unaccompanied music, fell lamentably short on the few occasions when they attempted works with orchestra. On the other hand, my own choir, which could give a good account, even of such difficult works as Schumann's "Faust," Brahms' "Deutsches Requiem," or Dvorak's "Spectre's Bride" and "Stabat Mater," were seldom even fairly satisfactory in an unaccompanied part-song. Where an orchestra is of only average strength—say fifty or sixty—the chorus should never exceed 150 voices; personally I should prefer 120. If the choir be increased, say, to 200, the orchestra should be strengthened in the same proportion—to seventy or eighty. If a new society is being founded, for the practice of large works, its numbers should be strictly limited. I do not say that it should not exceed 150 members; but I do say that not more than that number ought to be allowed to sing at the concerts, unless there is a proportionately strong orchestra to accompany them. These may sound like "counsels of perfection"; but it is only in this way that we shall be able to obtain adequate renderings of musical masterpieces. Of course, the old parrot-cry, "The band is too loud," will at first be heard from an ignorant public; but that is simply because the public is (as Mr. Bumble said of the law) "a hass." Our business, as musicians and artists, is to try to raise it above its present asinine standpoint. It seems to me that the only way in which this can be done is to give opportunities of hearing music rendered with at least an approximation to a correct balance of tone. The present state of things is destroying the best choral music in this country. I hold that, even at such festivals as those of Birmingham and Leeds, the chorus is far too loud for the band, and that if the number of the former were reduced by one half, the effect would be infinitely better. By far the most satisfactory performance I ever heard of Sullivan's "Golden Legend" was at one of the Three Choirs Festivals—Worcester, if I remember rightly—some fifteen or twenty years ago. The performance was given in the Shire Hall, and the platform was, fortunately, too small to allow

Digitized by Google

room for the whole chorus. The full orchestra, numbering, I believe, sixty or seventy, was there, but the choruses were sung by a contingent of about eighty voices from Leeds. The effect was beautiful, and I do not remember that any complaint was made as to the loudness of the band. Certainly none was made on that score after the performance of "Alexander Balus" at Scarborough. All that is needful is to eradicate from the mind of the public the idiotic notion that in choral music the voices must always predominate. It rests with musicians, professional and amateur—especially the former—to train and to elevate public taste in this direction. So long as the present false standard is maintained, performances of works with orchestral accompaniment will continue, in the majority of cases, to be mere burlesques of their composers' intentions. I appeal to you, fellow-musicians, to join me in an earnest protest against a system which I believe to be most injurious to the progress of the art which we all love, and to the cultivation of which we devote our lives.

Read at Llandurf, Wales, before the Incorporated Society of Musicians.

Digitized by Google

Undoubtedly the greatest gain of the nineteenth century was the general recognition and acceptance of the great fundamental law of progress according to the principle of evolution. While much remains unexplained as to the methods and conditions of evolution, and the central mystery of all, namely, ***why*** evolution takes place, is no nearer solution than at the beginning of the century. The facts leave no doubt that we are living under a law of progress and tendency towards betterment and more perfect harmony with our environment; and that we inherit aptitudes, capacities, and the like, which, taken together with the preceding, give solid foundation for optimism. If nothing else had been gained during the hundred years just closed than the perception of this great fundamental fact in man's relation to the universe and his own future, this alone would have sufficed in later ages to make the nineteenth century memorable in the annals of mankind.

The achievements of the century have been so vast in practical directions as to make the attempt at a summary well nigh hopeless. Nevertheless there is also a keynote to the century, to its practical gains in the form of better control of the forces of nature, no less than to the great gain in the underlying law mentioned above—a keynote which relates everything to everything else, and imparts an individual aspect to the combined achievements of this century, as distinguished from those of all preceding. This common-denominator of the century, so to say, is what we might call, for want of a better name, progress in the amenities of human existence. Through the operation of the printing press, journalism, the telegraph, telephone, electric railway, steam transportation, and the like, all the world has been brought near together. Travel has become a habit, with some, well nigh a disease. Even for those who do

Digitized by Google

not travel, the telegraph and the hundred-handed printing press put a girdle around the earth in half the time of Ariel's, and from its binding influence no intelligence can escape.

The commercial and social relations of most distant nations are now inextricably interlocked, so that a disaster to one affects all, and the well-being of the smallest nation is a matter of business concern with individuals of the largest nations. Nothing like this has ever existed before. Moreover, religions have experienced the relaxing influence of the change in mental attitude consequent upon the adoption of the principle of evolution, and the time is not far distant when the great labor of all living types of religious organization will be to apply to ordinary human living and social companionship the principles underlying the life of Christ. Dogma, which, at the beginning of the century was still a matter to be settled by the banishment, if not by the axe or the fagot, has now begun to fall back into its proper place as a working deduction adapted to temperaments of certain type. This is all there is of denominationalism, properly understood; and the time is not far ahead when the fact will be realized by all who bear a religious name.

Enlightened society at the beginning of the twentieth century is indeed in a transition state; but in the main its life is underlaid by principles of health. Rank and wealth are worshiped too much, and riches give power and irresponsibility far beyond the normal standard of right living; but these are evils which will eventually find their automatic corrections—for nature is great in raising up "other fleas to bite 'em," as Butler remarked, and will go on doing so "ad infinitum."

Taking civilized man as a whole, human aspiration and human capacities are far more completely expressed in the different phases of life than ever before; particularly is this the case in the higher and more altruistic directions. The young man who wishes to know and to do is able to accomplish both his ideals with vastly less friction than ever before. Even wealth relaxes its assumption before these young and growing personalities, and the purse strings open to the talented one pathways to still higher success. Whoever desires to live purely, in good report, and in brotherly union with all about him is able to do so now with less criticism than ever before. It is

Digitized by Google

not even eccentric to be pure and philanthropic. Great business men adopt philanthropy as a relaxation from too pressing affairs, yet in trusting God they none the less "keep their powder dry." Witness Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, not to mention scores of others.

Literature has shown the same great underlying tendency. The past has been newly interpreted, in a great measure, in accordance with the ideal of progress towards rational and well-regulated social equilibrium; in place of poetry, the century has been one of fiction, in which minute studies of social ideals, degeneracies, aspirations and achievements have been the subject matter. And in this a flood of light has been made available for those who would understand human nature in all its aspects. From this point of view, literature is a form of art, in which the ideal is to bring to expression everything which human nature contains. Naturally, along with the wheat many tares, also, grow; but the flour from these has little commercial value, and later on an improved husbandry will no doubt relegate the tares to the burning before they have gone to seed.

I hold, therefore, with the many distinguished business men who testify that the opportunities for a young man to get ahead in the world are better now than at any former period in the world's history; nor do I believe that this getting ahead need be wholly in the money direction.

That there still remains a vast work to be done before the rank and file of humanity are brought forward into enlightenment, love of art and pure literature, and the altruistic attitude be made so habitual as to involve no personal loss in its practice, every one can see. But that causes are at work potentially capable of performing all these miracles, I, for one, fully believe.

* * *

In another part of this magazine the subject of musical endowments (meaning money endowments for promoting musical ends) is taken up and a variety of directions indicated where such assistance might be profitably exercised. It will be observed that the sum there mentioned as probably necessary for supporting a well equipped college of music is about the same as that annually expended for the support of the Chicago orchestra

Digitized by Google

during the ten years past, over and above the receipts from the box office and out of town concerts. Possibly the Chicago deficit has been even greater than this, and at the present time, as I hear, the failure between expenses and receipts is as great as in any former year. I do not undertake to say that the application of this money in any of the manners described would, on the whole, have been any more advantageous to Chicago than the orchestra has been, but it is at least a question worth going into, whether some way could not be found for making the Chicago orchestra more nearly self-supporting.

It looks to me as if there had been in the management of this very important art enterprise a certain narrowness which is unwise. For example, our orchestra costs us somewhere about $140,000 a year, and they get back from it somewhere about $90,000. The difference comes out of the pockets of a few individuals, some of them not at all wealthy, as wealth is ordinarily classed, and the burden in some cases is undoubtedly severe. Even a rich man experiences a sense of fatigue when an annual subscription of one thousand dollars lengthens itself out to fifteen hundred dollars several years in succession. This has happened to the guarantors of the orchestra several times over.

They tell me that if all the seats in the house were sold at present prices for all the concerts, the orchestra would still fail to pay expenses. This being the case, it would seem to me time to look into the matter. Is not the orchestra more expensive than it ought to be? Why not give the concerts with a smaller number of men? Why not play, for instance, with sixty or sixty-five men in place of eighty to ninety-five? The value of art is not altogether measured by the numbers of players upon the stage. While it is, no doubt, very gratifying to Mr. Theodore Thomas to stand up in the center of a group of one hundred or one hundred and twenty men, all good musicians and artists in their way, it is an extremely expensive form of gratification, and the results to the hearers are not enough better to offset the increased expense of the large number over the smaller. Indeed, there are those who believe that all the older works lose in charm through the modern reduplicating of string voices and the covering of the wood-wind, which rarely are duplicated at all. In this way many think the orchestral

Digitized by Google

effects of Mozart and of Haydn, and even of some of those of Beethoven, are very seriously impaired. Beethoven himself —but then, of course, he was an old fogy and knew very little— considered sixty men enough for his greatest symphonies. At the same time Mr. Beethoven had a good practical knowledge of the orchestra and had a fair general idea of what he was driving at in the way of sound, and, as far as I am personally concerned, I should consider his opinion on a subject of that sort of very considerable importance and in no way diminished by the fact that he became deaf in his later life.

Then, too, consider the fact that while we are supporting our orchestra at a vast expense, we are getting very little out of it. In Europe a series of concerts of this sort could be carried on, and would be carried on, at an expense of certainly not more than one-third of what the Chicago symphony orchestra concerts costs. If we could carry them on at two-thirds the present rate of expense, the problem would be solved.

I have several times wondered why it would not be possible to broaden the scope of the orchestral problem a little and combine with it a really artistic American opera on the plane of the old American opera. I would have for this an assistant conductor, although Mr. Thomas would not agree with me. I would save Thomas for a few of the greatest of the classical operas or for a few Wagnerian operas that he would thoroughly enjoy conducting in a complete form.

It would not be necessary to have Jean de Reszke, or Mme. Nordica or even Mme. Melba. That estimable manager, Mr. Savage, has shown that it is possible, within the resources of an ordinary theater, holding less than fifteen hundred people, to maintain a small orchestra (which, while very bad, costs the same as a really respectable one of the same number of players would cost), and a very good chorus and a few principal singers who are acceptable to the public, if not of the most finished school of art. By somewhat enlarging the expenditure upon this basis the orchestra could easily be increased to forty-five, and the principal singers be raised from the level of fifty or seventy-five dollars a performance, or even a hundred dollars, and at the same time the total expense kept far within the limits of such a room as the Auditorium, on a scale of

Digitized by Google

prices running from a dollar and a half for the best places, down to twenty-five cents in the upper gallery. It seems to me that an opera of this kind, given four times a week, in the Auditorium, under suitable artistic management (for instance, make Emil Pauer the operatic conductor), would produce a profit. In fact, I am very confident of it, if a very respectable grade of singers in the principal roles were secured, and the English language should finally be sung as she is spoken. I take it for granted that the opera income would defray the expense of the opera itself and help defray that of the orchestra, which would be no greater than at present, because the salaries paid the men at the present time are supposed to control their time for as many performances a week as the orchestra chooses to call for. The total amount of work for preparing the symphony concert every week and the operas would be very much less than that which is regularly carried through at all the established European opera houses, and there seems to me nothing chimerical or difficult about the undertaking at all; and the union of the two works might solve the problem of the impossibility of supporting the orchestra on the present scheme. This, however, is a very large and important question which will bear consideration at another time.

* * *

The passing of the old master, Verdi, at St. Agatha, removes from the musical world its most venerable and interesting figure. Born in 1813, the same year as Wagner, and only two year later than Liszt, it was his fortune to outlive them all, and to have produced strong works at an advanced age when the creative faculty has usually lapsed. Verdi was the end of the succession of the old fashioned Italian composers. His first successful work, "Nebucodnosor," was produced in 1842, by which time Wagner had already written his "Rienzi," "Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhauser," and was established as court director of opera at Dresden, the most influential position in Germany.

The secret of Verdi's early popularity lay in his tendency to dramatic strength and to a certain innate force in his melodies, the most striking of which at once established themselves in the hand-organ repertory of the whole world. Verdi's

Digitized by Google

success in Italy was facilitated by the departure of his predecessors, Bellini, Donizetti and Rossini. The latter had been silent ever since the production of "Tell" in 1829, and he was living at Paris in the luxurious idleness which he loved; Bellini had died soon after the production of his "I Puritani," in 1835. Donizetti was still living, but had already written his best works; his "Don Pasquale" was brought out in 1843. In the work of all these composers there was no hint of any transition in such a direction as Germany had begun, some time before Wagner, and which now was well along towards its realization. On the contrary, Verdi retained all the old features of standard Italian opera; the pleasing and striking arias, concerted pieces and the like; only in his case there was more strength and innate force and dignity. In all his early work Verdi was rather coarse in his instrumentation. Everything was handled in a large way, with a great deal of emphasis; his love music was very pleasing, and he certainly wrote beautifully for the voice. He gave the chorus flowing melodies and built up for the chorus vigorous and highly effective pieces, some of which, like the well known chorus in "Ernani," are still sung by singing societies. Others, like the famous quartet in "Rigoletto," have remained among the most distinguished examples of this form of art in the entire Italian repertory.

Quite a number of the Verdi operas achieved little success outside of Italy. In 1851 he entered upon a very brilliant stage of his career, producing "Rigoletto," and, in 1853, those two perennial favorites, "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," which have been sung the world over ever since. The most conspicuous of his successes, after these works, were those of "The Masked Ball" in 1859, "La Forza del Destino" in 1862, and "Don Carlos" in 1867. Perhaps these works showed a tendency in the composer to recognize a certain amount of force in the Wagnerian contentions, which by this time were making such a bruit in Germany and the rest of the world that their accents could not be entirely ignored in Italy. Accordingly in "Aida," in 1871, Verdi shows a very marked departure from his former style, and reached a finer dramatic manner and a nobler cut of aria and ensemble.

This tendency was still further emphasized by his beautiful "Otello," to which his friend and disciple, M. Arrigo Boito, had

Digitized by Google

written the libretto. Then ensued some years of silence, after which Verdi produced his "Falstaff," again to a libretto by Boito. In these later works it would be too much to claim that the composer had thoroughly entered into the path of reform defined by Wagner; the most that can be claimed is that he very plainly showed his recognition of the general movement of the operatic world and changed his own style in the direction of greater refinement and a closer correspondence with the demands of the dramatic situation.

In 1874 was brought out his celebrated "Manzoni Requiem," a work which seems destined to share with Rossini's "Stabat Mater" the honor of precedence among master works of Italian sacred music of operatic quality.

Taking him from every point of view, few musicians in the history of the world have shown better and more commanding personal qualities than the Italian master, Verdi. Simple in his tastes, never spoiled by his successes, which held their own against all comers during two complete generations of men, for a full generation not only the oldest living Italian composer of eminence, but by far the most eminent, Verdi remained until the end the simple, straight-forward man he had always been. Rich beyond his wildest dreams, he still lived simply, and towards the end devoted a considerable part of his fortune to founding a home for aged musicians at Milan. It would, perhaps, have been more to the point if he had founded some kind of musical establishment for the promotion of the higher musical education and taste. This he certainly might have done. But then we must remember that Verdi probably continued to undervalue the opportunities for hearing master works of instrumental music, as was but natural for a master whose early beginnings had been so plain and with advantages so meagre as his own.

Verdi was the last Italian composer who wrote Italian opera in the old way. The new men show a striving after a finer dramatic intelligence and a closer working of the dramatic element throughout their works. That they have not entirely adopted Wagner's controverted mechanism of leading motives, is perhaps just as well. It will be enough if they write music which will sing, for there is indeed great need of a music of this class.

Digitized by Google

They have some charming musicians in Boston and in some ways the city is a delightful one—it is so handy, so centralized, and so neat. Among the foremost figures there for many years now is Mr. Carl Bacrmann, the pianist, who came rfo mMunich many years ago to lead the piano department in the New England conservatory. Like many others before and since, Baermann found the atmosphere a little cold and chilly and moved outside the conservatory for musical warmth. He found it, and has made a lasting success as pianist, teacher, and genial artist. I have meant to have an intelligent account of Mr. Baermann's work this long time, but he is such a quiet man that it is difficult to get hold of. When last in Boston I called at his studio to get an appointment sometime in the day. I found him engaged all the day until afternoon, when he had to rush out to play in a concert in one of the suburbs. I had no other time, so all I saw was a few moments of a full-bearded, rather stocky man of middle age, with a pleasant manner and a sincere voice and look. I am sure he must be a delightful man to know; and so apparently do others hold him, to judge from his vogue as teacher. It will be noticed that Mr. Baermann is an artist of the usual type, who is without those exceptional abilities as promoter, which when added to such a personal equipment enables him not alone to fill up his own time, but also the time of many assistants, as happens to another neighboring artist, Mr. Faelten, who followed Mr. Baermann at the conservatory and left also. I am told that Mr. Baermann is an unusually fine pianist for concerted music. He has a large clientele of serious students.

* * *

Another engaging personality among Boston musicians is the teacher of theory, Dr. Percy Goetschius, an American German from Buffalo. Dr. Goetschius studied at Stuttgart and remained there several years longer as teacher of musical theory. I imagine him to be one of the most accomplished in this line we have. He devotes all his time to the work, and amuses himself by all sorts of elaborate studies of his own. I called at his studio when he was just finishing a lesson by reading through with the pupil some canons of his own, written for piano, and, I believe, for four hands. They had all the tricks belonging to that difficult form of work, carried out in this

Digitized by Google

instance with no little genius and inherent musical quality.

A little way from Dr. Goetschius I found Mr. John Orth and his wife. I believe that Mr. Orth is still the pianist of the firm; but Mrs. Orth has lately more and more distinguished herself as a writer of pieces for children; and last of all by a children's opera upon the same subject as Mrs. Gaynor's "House that Jack Built." I believe Mrs. Orth's is called "The House in the Woods." It is soon to be given in Boston. To a person who, like the present writer, never heard anything of the "Mother Goose rhymes" in childhood, it seems strange what a great interest seems to prevail just now in kindergarten circles over these alleged vereties of child life. But the children appear to derive pleasure, and this is the main thing. We are not beyond the stage of life in which myths are created and enjoyed.

* * *

In the old Chickering building on Tremont, where there used to be a congestion of street cars and a mass of struggling humanity, and the piano warerooms made a goodly show, it now is quiet, well behaved and still. The pianos are moved to Boylston street (who would ever have thought of their going down there?) and only a few teachers remain at their old stands. One of those who remain is the composer and piano teacher, Mr. Arthur Foote, who has a large clientele in Boston and well deserves it. I had a few moments' chat with him, but learned little, beyond what I have already told. Mr. Foote begins to have a few grey hairs, and when one wonders that a young composer should make a show of this kind, one suddenly remembers that he was born in 1853, and that he graduated in music at Harvard more than twenty-five years ago. Art is long. Mr. Foote, I fancy, is having a fair share of the good things of this life. He is a consciencious worker, a judicious and progressive reader of manuscripts submitted for publication, and in every way fills an honorable position in art and life. He is one of the men who lend distinction to the musical profession.

* * *

In the same building still works the veteran teacher, conductor and diplomat, Mr. Benjamin Johnson Lang. He was born in December of 1837, and he studied composition and playing in Berlin as long ago as 1853. He has been

Digitized by Google

on organist in Boston for fifty years. He leads the Apollo club, the Cecilia, and did lead the Handel and Haydn. There is no honor remaining for Lang to have in Boston except to be elected Mayor or Lowell lecturer. With all his distinction and his large personal clientele he has lived to find himself "the father of the favorite composer, Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang"—such are the grim discounts which time adds to a cup dangerously loaded with good things. Mr. Lang has a charming studio. He is what might be called a character in many ways, first of all for his shrewdness and diplomacy; but singularly so for his personal tastes, which are abstemious, temperate and simple to a marked degree. Mr. Lang is of middle height, not stout, and the hair upon the top of his head has been more and more missing these many years. But the face is still young and full of vigor. His name has been linked with many memorable musical affairs in Boston. One of the most notable was his giving Wagner's "Parsifal" entire as an oratorio in music hall, to an audience which filled the hall at five dollars a ticket. No tickets were allowed the press and they were begged to keep quiet on the subject. Mr. Lang was conducting not for "the present," but for "posterity." It is to posterity I now tell it. The oratorio was repeated. I am not sure but this was the only performance of "Parsifal" complete in this country.

* * *

Whatever else the east wind may do for Boston, it certainly affords the modern woman a vigorous and bracing sustenance. Just look at the role. There is, or was, the venerable Julia Ward Howe—a great figure in Boston, although comparatively unknown in the country at large; and there have been a whole phalanx of women who have made history. There is the head center of that curious religious development known as "science" (I believe they have dispensed with the adjective "Christian" on the ground that science is Christian, *per se*). And so on I might, if I were better informed, mention a host of celebrated names. Music also has her priestesses in Boston.

Foremost of these and most commanding, is the charming woman, virtuoso pianist and able composer, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. Mrs. Beach, like many another ambitious girl, studied to be a piano virtuoso, or rather to be a fine musician. Her teacher

Digitized by Google

was that lovely artist and most engaging and musical of personalities, Ernst Perabo—a musical missionary who has done great things for Boston, particularly so in his early years there, say from about 1866. Perabo had been in America before, his father having brought him here as a small boy. He lived at one time at Dover, New Hampshire, and he tells how his father used to wake him up out of his first sleep at night and compel him to get up and finish his required hours of practice. Perabo was a bosom friend of the late John S. Dwight, and they mutually aided each other, Perabo aiding Dwight to know some of the best recent music; and Dwight aiding Perabo by celebrating his merits in those elegant and cultivated terms, in the use of which he excelled. Perabo made a good pianist of Miss Cheney, as Mrs. Beach was. Her marriage to the distinguished surgeon, Dr. H. H. A. Beach, put an end to her ambition for a public life and she now lives in an exceedingly pleasant home on the magnificent residence street, Massachusetts Avenue. It is a wide boulevard, beginning just below the public gardens and running out, I know not where, but to some good end I trust. Mrs. Beach's house devotes the second story to the ceremonial rooms, the dining room, looking out upon the south, and a large music room, in which stands a fine Steinway grand piano furnished with a Steinertone action. It is a magnificent instrument, and the Steinertone action gives the player great tonal range in proportion to the force necessary. Readers of MUSIC will remember Mrs. Beach's interesting and inspiring article about this invention when Mr. Steiner had gotten it to its first state of practicable perfection. He has since still farther improved it, and now manufactures it upon a limited commercial basis.

Mrs. Beach was kind enough to play for me a variety of her compositions, especially of the more difficult, such as one never fully hears unless he has the good luck to happen upon an artist's performance of them. I regret to say that I have lost the list, only remembering the study in thirds and part of her new concerto, a very brilliant and musical work which she has played in public with the Boston archestra. It is written, I should say, as to bravoura, much in the style of Schytte, interlocking passages, and the like, and is therefore brilliant, not so trying, and more effective than the same expenditure of

Digitized by Google

effort in pure legato would have afforded. The themes struck me as interesting and the working up musicianly, and I would like to hear it.

Mrs. Beach has for late years been working at chamber music and orchestral. For this reason she does not have any piano pieces representing her work at its best and most mature. All her published piano pieces were written ten years ago or so, and therefore do not represent her later finish. I have often spoken of the work of this talented woman as being not alone distinguished as the work of a woman (the best music by a woman I have seen), but also as standing high, if not at the very head of American composers, man or woman. On the whole, I think the womanly element appears in all her writing, but I would not claim that it tended to detract from the musical charm of it; on the contrary, it adds to it.

I do not know that a background of wealth lends inspiration to art; but it certainly is a most praiseworthy thing for a woman occupying a social position like that of Mrs. Beach, when, in place of giving over her time to the dissipating demands of so-called society, she puts in her days at hard study, and works as seriously as any young fellow in a garret, at her orchestration, counterpoint, and the art of saying beautiful things in a beautiful manner; and finally at producing from this art something worth offering the serious world of music. This is what Mrs. Beach does. She is also a superior pianist; so good as to have been able to take the Schumann concerto in a symphony concert at a week's notice when a pianist failed them. It can be imagined, therefore, that I found an hour with this remarkable woman an hour pleasantly and wisely spent. Mrs. Beach is still so young that better and better works may be expected from her, particularly as she keep *au courant* with everything of importance in the musical world.

Digitized by Google

SCOTTISH SONG AND IRISH MELODIES.

BY CUNNINGHAME MOFFET.

Some years ago the present writer read a paper on "The Melodies of Scottish Song," before a Scottish Society in a southern state, in which he confessed that, after patient study of the highest authorities on the subject, he was forced to conclude that many of the tunes to which the best Scottish songs were sung had been stolen—"appropriated" was the word he then used—from wandering Irish minstrels, and wedded to words that have since made them famous. It was no doubt a dangerous venture to make, thus "to beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall," for Scotchmen are noted for their pugnacity and love of argument, and for their dislike of all that is Irish, and he should have foreseen the storm of disapproval that such a contention would arouse, but as he was able to escape with his life and is still alive, he may be allowed to repeat here, before a larger and more impartial audience, what can be said on the subject.

It should be observed, to begin with, that it is very difficult to determine whether the popularity of a song lies in its words or in the tune. In reading up the literature of song writing in any country, there can be found much more information regarding the words than the air. In fact, too often very little is said of the latter at all, the average writer or chronicler viewing a song entirely from the standpoint of the poet, and ignoring the composer altogether. On the other hand, musicians are inclined to imagine that the melody is everything. Haydn even went so far as to assert: "It is the air which is the charm of music, and it is that which is most difficult to produce; patience and study are sufficient for the composition of agreeable sonnets, but the invention of a fine melody is the work of genius."

But whatever view we may choose to take of this matter, it must be admitted that we can ascertain by diligent research much about the words of a song, the name of its author, and under what conditions he wrote it, and yet seldom be able to

Digitized by Google

learn anything regarding the melody to which it is sung. And of the songs of no people is this truer than the Scotch. To complicate matters, and to add to the irritation of those who maintain that what is sweetest in Scottish songs is Irish, is the fact that Scotch ballads are not only popular wherever the English language is spoken, but are greatly admired by the Germans and other music-loving people throughout the world, to whom the melody must primarily appeal, although it is what are supposed to be their Scottish characteristics that give them their unique position in song-literature.

One of the strongest indictments brought against Scottish song-writers is found in McCreery's "Ancient Music of Ireland," who (writing at the beginning of the last century) says:

"The Scots have at sundry times been too little scrupulous in appropriating to themselves the antiquities of our nation. * * * To increase their national music, the original stock of which was small and of comparatively modern date, the Scotch have proceeded by two sure rules, first, to enter in their collections as Scotch every air composed by a foreign master to a popular Scotch ballad; and, second, to enter as Scotch every Irish air to which any Scotch poet had written a song. In consequence of the first rule, we find 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'The Highland Laddie,' and many other compositions of English masters, the first impressions of which, with the names of the composers, are still extant. In virtue of the second rule, we find 'Come Under My Plaidie,' 'Katherine Ogie' (the tune to which Burns' 'Highland Mary' is sung), 'The Banks of the Dee,' 'Lochabar No More,' and a host of other Irish airs, under new denominations, the original songs and names of which are familiarly known in Ireland. * * * Even Burns censures this indiscriminate adoption of foreign airs, while he manifests as strong a disposition to practice the second rule as any of his countrymen."

This fling at Burns, it must be admitted, is both just and true, and S. J. Adair Fitzgerald, in his book on "Stories of Famous Songs," makes the same charge and substantiates it by quoting from a letter written by Burns to his musical friend, George Thomson, the following lines: "Do you know a blackguard Irish song called 'Anagh's Waterfall'? The air is charming and I have often regretted the want of decent verses

Digitized by Google

to it." And then follows the capture. To make matters worse, whenever English composers in the past incorporated into their operas Scottish songs, they invariably gave the Scotch credit for the airs they used, but did not think the same ceremony necessary when they borrowed from the Irish.

But to cite a few instances of this sort of appropriation, let us take up one of the most ancient of Celtic airs that is still a favorite, namely, "Maggie Lander." This is a song that Irish writers claim as originally belonging to them, and the author of "Bardic Remains," in speaking of it, says:

"The air, as well as the words, of 'Maggie Lander' ('Maggy Laidir' in Irish), though long naturalized in North Britain, is Irish. When our Scottish kinsmen were detected in appropriating the ancient saints of Ireland—would that they would rid us of some modern ones!—they took a fancy to its music. Not satisfied with borrowing the art, they dispoiled us of some of our sweetest airs and, amongst others, 'Maggy Laidir,' the name signifying in the original, 'strong and powerful Maggie,' and by it was meant Ireland. By an easy change the adjective 'Laidir' (strong) was converted into 'Lander,' the patronymic of a Scottish family, and the air was employed to celebrate a famous courtesan of Crail. Although Ireland was always famous for sanctity and music, and could spare liberally of both, yet our countrymen ever felt indignant at the unacknowledged appropriation of many favorite saints and airs by their northern relation. Now and then some dauntless hagiographer ventured to vindicate, and succeeded in restoring a few ascetics; but, until lately, the Irish had other things, more material than music, to defend; and it was not until Mr. Bunting appeared that any effectual effort was made to rescue our national melodies from Scotland and oblivion."

The mournful melody of "Lochaber No More" was heard in Ireland long before Allan Ramsay wrote the words that are now inseparably associated with it. The tune is claimed by the Irish to have been written by Miles O'Reilly, the celebrated harper of Cavan, who was born in 1635. A Scottish writer in Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," in discussing the authorship of this air, says that from internal evidence of musical form it seems tolerably evident that the original tune is to be found in "Limerick's Lamentation," the tradition of which asso-

Digitized by Google

ciates its plaintive melody with events that followed the second capitulation of Limerick in 1690, when, at the embarkation of the Irish soldiery at Cork for France, their wives and children were forcibly separated from them under circumstances of unusual barbarity.

There are other songs that are commonly regarded as Scottish that are in no way so, neither in words nor in music; in fact, one very popular ballad, "Robin Adair," is not even Scotch in subject. The air of this song is based upon the very ancient melody of "Eileen Aroon" ("the treasure of my heart), an Irish tune that dates back to 1450. Robin Adair was himself certainly an Irishman; he is considered to have been a grandson of Patrick Adair of Ballymena, County Antrim. Adair means, in Irish, "of the oak." The words were written by an Englishwoman, Lady Caroline Keppel, a daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. She wrote the song while at Bath, England, about the year 1750. It was published eight years later at the time of her marriage to the "lucky Irishman," as Adair was often addressed by King George III.

Another song that is claimed for Ireland by Irish writers (who give name of author and date of authorship) is "The Campbells are Coming." Fitzgerald contends that the tune to which we sing the Scottish words is Irish, and declares that copies of the original melody date back to 1620. The earliest date claimed for the tune in any Scottish collection is 1715, nearly a century later; and it was not published in Scotland until about the year 1760. The air is said to have been composed by Andrew MacGrath, a Munster bard.

Many more songs, such as these could be pointed out and commented upon, but enough has been said to show how liberally the Scotch have drawn upon the Irish for their music in the past and how much the former are indebted to the latter for what is most captivating in their songs. Perhaps this appropriation on the part of the Gael may not appear so reprehensible when we remember that the Scot and the Irishman and the Welshman spring from the same stock, and that their songs, both words and music, should be classed, neither as Irish nor Scottish, but as Celtic, the common family name of them all.

Louisville, Ky.

Digitized by Google

SUPPLEMENTARY READING FOR THE CHOPIN PROGRAM.

BY JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

LISZT UPON THE POLONAISE IN GENERAL.

While listening to some of the Polonaises of Chopin, we can almost catch the firm, nay the more than firm, the heavy, the resolute tread of men bravely facing all the bitter injustice which the most cruel and relentless destiny can offer, with the manly pride of unblenching courage. The progress of the music suggests to our imagination such magnificent groups as were designed by Paul Veronese, robed in the rich costume of days long past; we see passing at intervals before us brocades of gold, velvets, damasked satins, silvery, soft and flexible sables, hanging sleeves gracefully thrown back upon the shoulders, embossed sabres, boots yellow as gold or red with trampled blood, sashes with long and undulating fringes, close chemisettes, rustling trains, stomachers embroidered with pearls, head-dresses glittering with rubies or leafy with emeralds, light slippers rich with amber, gloves perfumed with the luxurious attar from the harems.

From the faded background of times long past these vivid groups start forth; gorgeous carpets from Persia lie at their feet, filagreed furniture from Constantinople stands around; all is marked by the sumptuous prodigality of the magnates who drew, in ruby goblets embossed with medallions, wine from the fountains of Tokay, and shod their fleet Arabian steeds with silver; who surmounted all their escutcheons with the same crown which the fate of an election might render a royal one, and which, causing them to despise all

Digitized by Google

other titles, was alone worn as insigne of their glorious equality.

ANDANTE SPIANATO AND POLONAISE IN E FLAT. Op. 22. (6th Grade.)

This work is often classed with the concertos because it was originally prepared for piano and orchestra. Chopin, however, wrote but indifferently for the orchestra, and the beauty of the polonaise is little if at all enhanced by the orchestral accompaniment, which often sounds more like an interference than an aid. It is nearly always given as a solo. The opening Andante Spianato is one of those sparkling and richly bejeweled tone-webs, which Chopin knew better than any other master how to weave, a starry veil for the Divine Muse. Upon a flowing bass of continuous sixteenths, in wide chord intervals, and held together by the pedal, dances and smiles one of the most delightful and dainty of melodies, ornamented at every appearance with a new felicity of fiorature. After a bridge of orchestral music, loud, bold, joyous, bursts in the polonaise proper, which is a most obvious and most richly colored picture of a festive scene, a grand ball, full of pomp, and circumstance, and pride, and all palpitating with the living warmth of human feeling. This polonaise is divided into four component parts, the first and third being the same, and depicting nothing but the eager gladness and whirl of the ball, the second, which is of the nature of an episode, is more dramatic, containing the entreaties, the sighs, the coquetry, the archness, the passionate insistence of lovers, while the finale is the intensest dazzlement imaginable, and is mad with all frolick and animated enjoyment, the philosophy of plucking the passing flower recommended by Horace. To do justice to this Polonaise, one must have nimble fingers, and a wrist ready with that serpentine undulation which was always noted in Chopin's own playing, without which his phrases are at best stiff and logy, if not indeed absolutely unplayable. There is in all this tone-picture little or no shadow, and few indeed of the tone-pictures of Chopin are so free from the tragic shadow of life's pain and loss as this intoxicating Polonaise. Great care must be taken also not to distort it by taking the tempo too rapidly,

Digitized by Google

a thing which used to anger Chopin exceedingly when it was so conceived by his pupils, for despite its profusion of brilliant examples of passage work, it is really a lyric composition, and must be so conceived and delivered. Moreover, the polonaise is always a rather stately movement, having six pulses in the measure instead of three, with an accent upon the fifth pulse.

NOCTURNE IN G MAJOR. Op. 37, No. 2. (6th Grade.)

This enchanting nocturne in G is justly celebrated, for it illustrates the peculiar style of Chopin in two very important respects, first, the remarkable intermixture of double intervals constituting the first part, and second, the peculiarly loverly and undulating cantilena which makes the lyric contract to the thematic section. Karasowsky utters the opinion that this melody of eight measures which occurs eight times in the development of the nocturne is the most beautiful melody Chopin ever conceived, and no doubt many will agree with that opinion. A more exquisite contrast can not be imagined than that between this first section of elaborate transposed iteration of a shimmering phrase of double intervals, and the other section, also carried out in an endless series of transpositions which remind one of the method of Schubert, making up the second part of the nocturne. As for a poetic picture underlying and explaining it, let us imagine a beautiful southern landscape, rich in a thousand glowing colors, and trembling with the palpitation of the restless breeze, while through the perfumed zephyrs and the quivering checker-work of tangled lights and shades, the sweet tones of a distant church bell rises and falls, giving to the scene a pervading sense of the sacred presence of the Divine brooding over and blessing the human. The rock and swing of the unvaried rhythm of the accompaniment typifies to the fancy, without any stretch of far-fetchedness, the lapsing and plashing of bright waves upon a quiet strand of snowy sand. Whether such a picture as this in all its definite details really stood before the mind of Chopin while calling these tones together with the wizard-wand of his pen or not, we are certainly helped to get our hearts attuned to the sentiment of the music by holding just such a picture as this in our thoughts while listening, and that is the justification of all

Digitized by Google

such paraphrasing in imaginative language of the music composed by our great men.

ETUDE IN C SHARP MINOR. Op. 25, No. 7. (6th Grade.)

Of all the etudes this is regarded as the most poetic. It is in reality a nocturne of the very deepest and most passionate expression, is a wonder of loveliness. It is in effect a dialogue between two voices, one that of a man, and one that of a woman, and a love scene of the most despairing and heart-breaking character is clearly revealed in its wonderfully melodious phrases. It is sometimes called the cello-etude because the opening recitative of the left hand resembles passages often occurring in the music of the violoncello.

Digitized by Google

Things Here And There

LONDON LETTER, BY HORACE ELLIS.

The death of the Queen for a time dislocated music and drama more than any other profession or trade or craft. Immediately on receipt of the news all theaters and music halls in London were closed—a few only for a night or two, others for a much longer period—and all concerts and recitals were postponed. It is only now, the funeral rites being over, that the world of art is reviving.

Before us lies a copy of The Times of June 29, 1838, containing a description of the coronation of the late Queen on the preceding day. Then, as now, the first page was devoted to advertisements, and one of the most interesting is the announcement of the "Coronation Musical Festival," which I give in full, and which will furnish a fair idea of who were the most eminent musical artists here at that date.

"Westminster Abbey Grand Coronation Musical Festival, on Monday, July 2, the Rehearsal on Saturday next, June 30. The whole of the splendid decorations will remain as at the coronation. Principal singers—Madame Grisi, Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. A. Shaw, Miss H. Hawes, Signori Placci, and Madame Albertazzi. Mr. Braham, Mr. Knyvett, Mr. Bennett and Signor Rubini, Mr. H. Phillips, Signor Tamburini, Mr. Parry, Jun., Mr. Sale and Signor Lablache. Leaders, Messrs. F. Cramer, Mori and Loder. Conductor, Sir George Smart. Organ, Mr. Turle. Among the instrumental performers are Signor Dragonetti, Messrs. Lindley, Watts, Moralt, Willman, Cooke Jr., Card, Denman, Harper, Puzzi, Platt, Chipp, etc.

"The choruses will be filled by the young gentlemen of the Queen's Chapel, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, the choral performers of the Ancient Concerts, of Her Majesty's Theatre, the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, etc.

"The music will consist of the three Anthems as performed at Her Majesty's Coronation; of a selection from Mozart's Requiem; from Haydn's Creation; and Handel's Israel in Egypt. Madame Grisi will sing 'Gratias agimus Tibi, and 'Deh! parlate.' Mrs. Knyvett, 'Holy! Holy!' Mrs. Bishop, 'With Verdure Clad,' etc. Mrs. Shaw, 'Where Is This Stupendous Stranger?' etc. Miss Hawes, an Air of Beethoven. Mr. Braham, 'Comfort Ye,' 'Luther's Hymn,' etc. Mr. Phillips, 'Ye Guardian Saints,' etc. Signor Rubini, a Sacred Air by Mozart. Signor Lablache, a ditto by Pergolesi. Other pieces by Madam Albertazzi, Signori Placci, Signor Tamburini, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Parry Jr., etc.

Digitized by Google

"The two guinea tickets are all sold; some of the one guinea and half-a-guinea for Monday may still be had.

"Tickets for the rehearsal at one guinea for the reserved seats, and half-a-guinea for the other places, may be had at the Westminster Hospital, and the principal music-shops.

"F. J. Wilson, Sec."

On the same page is another advertisement which I will transcribe.

"Music.—Singing, Guitar, Harp, Pianoforte, and Thorough Bass.—Messrs. Grier & Co., professors, removed to 3, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate-hill, continue Instructions as usual on a system peculiarly their own (many years established), adapted quickly to facilitate the acquirement of various branches. Gentlemen are easily perfected in convivial song or part singing, confirmed in power, tone and compass. Vocal delivery and syllabic articulation particularly attended to. The guitar—its application to the voice or piano speedily accomplished, on which Mrs. G. instructs ladies at their or her residence. Terms moderate. Lessons private. A juvenile academy for a limited number on school terms. Prospectuses as above. Families and schools attended."

I beg to call attention in the above to the remark regarding "convivial song."

At the beginning of the Queen's reign the musical profession was not on the firm footing that it is now, and much speculation was rife among English exponents of the art as to what the attitude of Her Majesty towards them would be. There appeared an address to her in the "Musical World" of June 23, 1837, which shows what the feeling with regard to royal patronage was in those days. Here is part of it:

"If in this early stage of your Majesty's entrance upon the most arduous and deeply responsible charge that can fall to the lot of humanity, it would not be deemed impertinent to solicit the gracious attention of your Majesty to the condition of one class of your Majesty's subjects, I would venture, as the organ of that class, to request that your Majesty will condescend especially to protect and patronize the British musician, and, according to the well-advised judgment of your Majesty, to promote and foster the cultivation of native musical science, the increase of which, for a series of years, has doubtless contributed in no minor degree to concentrate the social tendencies and to soften the national character—a science which, in the philosophical study of it, concentrates and strengthens the faculties, while it elevates the mind and gives a grace and dignity to sentiment, without enervating the physical energies. It is the recreation of the true philosopher, the relaxation and solace of the operative and head-weary. At some future time I hope to submit for your Majesty's consideration a few thoughts which, if acted upon, will, I concieve, extend the cultivation of this charming science in my native country,

Digitized by Google

and add new lustre to the moral and political character of my brethren."

The formation of the Queen's first private band, some months after the writing of the above, gave rise to much speculation as to what its composition would be, and much pleasure was expressed when it was made known that the majority of the members were English and that those who were foreigners had served in a similar capacity during the two preceding reigns. This band consisted of seventeen performers, and the instruments were five clarinets, two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, one trumpet, one trombone, one serpent and drums. For a small and not sonorous wind band this balance was not bad, except that the foundation bass of the trombone and serpent must have been peculiar and lacking in weight. It is of the serpent that some one once said that, had such tones as come from it emanated from the serpent that tempted Eve, she would have taken to her heels, and aprons would still be unknown.

Princess Victoria's musical education began at the age of seven, and her first teachers were John Barnard Sale and Mrs. Lucy Anderson, the former a bass singer and the latter the first lady pianist to appear at a philharmonic concert. Lablache also was a vocal teacher of the Queen after her accession. Her marriage, in 1840, to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg certainly had much to do with her attention to music, for the Prince was a man of high education and eminently artistic tastes. Of the different forms of musical art, opera seems to have most attracted the attention of the royal couple. After the death of the Prince Consort, in 1861, the Queen retired as much as possible from the world, and probably the only public performances she attended after her loss (aside from functions where music played a subordinate part) were a concert of the Royal Choral Society, in 1886, when Gounod's "Mors et Vita" was given, and a performance of Sullivan's "Golden Legend," in 1888. However, many "command" performances of opera, etc., took place at her different residences, so that she never entirely lost touch of the musical world.

One of the most impressive things, to me, about the funeral procession that took its way through some of the principal streets of London last Saturday was the silence surrounding it. Vast crowds had assembled, but hardly a sound came from them, and it was strange to see the line of soldiers and royal personages pass slowly along without the sound of cheering or much music. There were several military bands, but, so far as I could tell, they only played occasionally. The single strain that I heard was a bit of Chopin's "Marche Funebre."

London, February 5, 1901.

Helena, Ark., December 29, 1900.

To the Editor:

In the December number of MUSIC, Mr. Mathews reviews an article by Professor James Taft Hatfield, who makes the assertion

Digitized by Google

that the Ambrosian Chant was "largely used in the stately services of the Church of Rome."

I pass my copy of MUSIC freely among those of my pupils who take an interest in the study of the history of music.

In a recent lesson on notes taken from Robotham and Neumann we have found that the Church of Rome never had a "stately service" until long after the plain five-note chant of St. Ambrose was the accepted song service of the church in Lombardy and France. The first form of musical service was held in the church in Constantinople. Pelagius II sent Saint (not Pope) Gregory to examine it in 422. He added to it the Credo, Introit and Gradual, but not for a long time was it used in the Church of Rome, for owing to the fact that many of the hymns, i. e., the cherubic and angelic, Agnus Dei, etc., were used formerly by the Greeks in worship of the pagan gods, but retained by St. Ambrose on account of their beauty, they were condemned and their use forbidden to the monks under control of the Church of Rome.

Pope Adrian condemned them in the first "papal bull" ever issued, and the Church of Lombardy defied him.

After the defeat of Lombardy by Charlemagne, the papal decree was enforced, and all the service books containing the Ambrosian hymns and chants were collected and burned publicly. Only one missal was saved. A monk, St. Eugenius found it in the ruins of a monastery near Milan. From that day down to the tenth century, the time of Hucbald, only the Gregorian system was used, Pope Gregory even refusing to consecrate a bishop who did not vow to use none but the Gregorian chants. Only the Benedictine monks dared sing the Ambrosian hymns, and then only at their private devotions.

Hoping that you may feel interested in examining for yourself.

Yours, Mme. E. Baber Pathoone, Organist Beth El Temple.

GUISEPPE VERDI.

Italy is suffering a national sorrow. She stands at the bier of one of her greatest and noblest men. Guiseppe Verdi died on January 27, at the age of 87 years. The last representative of a great and brilliant epoch of opera and the most gifted Italian composer of his time has departed. In exact symmetrical analogy to one of the most beautiful of his compositions, the artistic labors of the master were divided into four distinct periods. Being brought up as the son of a poor tavern keeper, in Le Roncole, near Busseto (province of Parma), Verdi seems to have found a spiritual and intellectual father in the person of the organist Barezzi, of that place. Barezzi prepared him in the elements of music, allowed him to study in Milan under Lavignac (the Milan Conservatory refused him admittance), and not only gave up to the young man his position as organist and director of the city chorus, but allowed Verdi to become the happy husband of his

Digitized by Google

beautiful daughter, Marguerita. When Verdi was scarcely twenty-seven years of age he was already receiving a monthly salary of 300 lire, which was a very creditable sum at that time. His first work, "Oberto di San Bonifacio," which Ricordi had ordered upon the recommendation of a director whom Verdi had befriended, attracted the attention of musical circles in Milan. The fact is that the impressario of La Scala, Merelli, whose contract provided for the bringing out of three or four operatic novelties each year, commissioned Verdi to write no less than three operas. The first of these, an opera bouffe entitled "King for a Day," was soon produced in scene, but hardly survived its first performance. It was written under the most unfortunate circumstances. Just in the midst of this work Verdi was taken with a serious illness, and had but fairly recovered when death deprived him of his two children and his beloved wife.

And close upon the heels of this was the failure of the opera. The fabric of his luck was sooner rent than woven. But a libretto submitted by Merelli was able after some months to arouse him from his depression. The Holy Scriptures now became a source of inspiration to him. And these Verdi could thank for the success of his "Nebuchadnezzar," a success which he was afterwards enabled to repeat, but never to surpass. In a day Verdi became a famous composer of international importance. In the "Lombards," which Verdi composed for the following season for La Scala Theater, there are found even as strongly as in "Nebuchadnezzar" the two strongest elements that may contrive to arouse human feeling—hatred of foreign rule and religious zeal. It naturally followed that the Austrian police and the Archbishop of Milan sought to suppress the "Lombards," an action which only resulted in converting a theatrical success into a political factor. This music became the trumpet of the Italian revolution, and Verdi's appearance on the evening before the crisis made him the national composer in the widest conception of the term. In the composition of "The Lombards" he was sustained by the enthusiasm of the fatherland in a much greater degree than had been the case with the "Nebuchadnezzar." The composition of two distinguished works within the year had seemingly exhausted the composer. His next operas, "Ernani," "I due Foscari," "Giovanna d'Arco," "Alzira," and "Attila," do not compare with the two, notwithstanding the many beautiful numbers and the noted incidents connected with their bringing out. Bet Verdi knew how to make up for these discrepancies.

He had zealously studied the work of the French romanticists, who were attracting great attention at that time, and resolved to undertake musical settings to Victor Hugo's drama "Le roi s'amuse" (Rigoletto), then later the "Trovatore" and "La Dame aux Camelias," by Alexander Dumas the son. These three operas came in the period from March, 1851, to March, 1853. In composing "Rigoletto" his creative strength was so aroused that the score was finished fourteen

Digitized by Google

days after its beginning. As he completed it he remarked to the barytone Varesi: "I am satisfied with myself. I believe I shall not be able to write anything better."

"The Trovatore is completed," he wrote on December 14, 1852, to the sculptor Puccardi, in Rome; "there is not a single note missing, and I am satisfied with it. Now it must rest with the Romans." To the same friend a letter was addressed, March 9, 1853, saying: "I did not write you after the first performance of 'Traviata.' I write you after the second. Its reception was a fiasco; a complete fiasco. I do not know upon whom lies the blame. It is better not to speak of it. I will say nothing to you concerning the music; permit me to be silent regarding the performers as well."

It is interesting to know what Verdi himself thought of these three principal carriers of his fame. Being asked which of these operas he preferred, he answered: "If I were a professional, I should prefer the 'Rigoletto,' but if an amateur, then the 'Traviata' would be my choice."

As a matter of fact the old master most preferred his operas that had been most attacked, such as : "The Masked Ball," "La Forza del Destino," "Macbeth," "The Brigands," "Jerusalem," and "Corsair."

He spent some time working over the "Sicilian Vespers," which had achieved a fine success at the Grand Opera in Paris, but made no headway in Italy. He seldom mentioned the world fame of "Rigoletto," but spoke as much oftener of "Stiffelio," the name of which is now least known of all. From March 9, 1842, to June 13, 1855, his first period of activity, Verdi wrote eighteen operas, almost half of which retain their drawing power, especially in Italy.

In the second period there were the above mentioned "Masked Ball," "La Forza del Destino," and others. After a long silence, "Aida" came, in 1874, and this was his last popular opera. Though written in a style altogether different from that of any of his previous operas—this being the third period—it had a genuine Verdi success.

To properly appreciate the fine musical worth of the last two operas—"Othello" (1887) and "Falstaff" (1890)—is more a task for the finely educated than for the great mass of opera goers. Verdi could scarcely have closed the list of his compositions better than with his "Falstaff," for here he disclosed a Shakespearean wealth of fantasy and a freshness of invention that is still unparalleled. In the "Requiem" to the memory of Manzoni, Verdi showed in the field of sacred composition, in which he had previously written only a few small works for the church in Busseto, a new and wonderful phase of his talent and suggested to the entire world how highly it should appreciate his musical knowledge.

A favorite of the people, honored of everyone, Verdi was in every respect a child of his time, standing ever in the midst of life and participating in every important affair with every fiber of his heart. In spring and in autumn he was accustomed to remain partly in Genoa

Digitized by Google

and partly on his broadened possessions at Busseto. In the summer he lived in one of the hottest parts of Italy, the vapor grotto of Montecatini. Ever since the first performance of "Falstaff" he has spent the winters in Milan, where he was attracted by so many recollections of the past. He invariably took quarters at the Grand Hotel de Milan, which he first visited at the time of the first production of the "Masked Ball," in 1859, and he always occupied the same room, looking out upon the peopled Corso Manzoni.

Since the death of his second wife, some years ago, his niece, and sole heir, Signorina Carrara, has cared for him like a most devoted daughter. His daily life was one of the utmost regularity. At nine he was up and dressed, then read the news of everything that concerned art, literature, and especially music, and at eleven he breakfasted with the same hearty appetite that he had for his dinner at seven. He followed the important musical publications of the world and constantly kept his eyes on the young Italian composers, whose failures grieved him, just as their successes gave him the utmost pleasure. After one o'clock he received his intimate associates, Ricordi, Boito, Giacosa, the composers Franchetti and Giordano, and the cantatrice Stolz—these also being present at his death bed. At three he took his daily walk, alone, and without regard for the weather. His destination was in later years almost invariably the Artists' Home, which he endowed with three million lire ($600,000). From five to six, day after day, he took his accustomed place at the piano, where he improvised for himself on numbers from his operas, occasionally seizing a piece of music paper and hurriedly writing down an idea. Unfortunately he destroyed these immediately thereafter. From a postal card found on his music stand, and containing the prayer of Queen Marguerite, it is inferred that it was his intention to make a musical setting of the Queen's words expressing her grief over her murdered husband.

To witness the alarming disaffection for Mascagni's "Masked Ball" in La Scala Theater was the last musical experience of Verdi's life. Some days thereafter he was stricken with heart failure. His long battle for life proved that the lightning had not struck a sturdier oak. So soon as the chamber gives its consent, Verdi and his wife will be laid away in the crypt beneath the chapel of his artists' home. The entire musical world stands sorrowfully at the grave of a great man.—(E. Gagliardi in the Leipsic Signale.)

EUTERPE AND TERPSICHORE.

On January 29, at the College School of Music, Bethany, W. Va., Mr. Jean Corrodi Moos gave a lecture recital under the above title. He talked of the dance form in music, and played the following program illustrating:

Tempo di ballo, A. Scarlatti; Rigandon, Rameau; Gavotte, Loure,

Digitized by Google

Bach; Sarabande, Gigne, Handel; Menuet, Boccherini; Menuet Moderne, Barili; Polonaise op. 53, Chopin; Mazurka op. 7, No. 3, Mazurka op. 33, No. 4, Chopin; Tarantella, Moszkowski; Waltz, op. 42, Waltz (posthumous), Chopin; Valse di Concert, J. Wieniawski.

MUSIC IN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY.

The School of Music of the Illinois University has been organized on a music school basis for a period of four years, and now has about 200 students, the total attendance at the university being something over 2,000. There is a University Choral Society of about 185 voices, which is progressing nicely, and a string orchestra is at work.

Monthly student recitals are given, and each year a May Festival is held. The artist course, under the auspices of the Choral Society, embraced four programs, with dates between November and March, these evenings being assigned to Leonora Jackson, David Bispham, a choral concert, and a recital by Emil Liebling. The dates for the coming May Festival are May 23 and 24, the first being given to a popular concert and the other to a production of Saint-Saens "Sampson and Delilah." The choral concert, already given on January 17, brought out the Hiawatha Wedding Feast by Coleridge Taylor, and Narcissus by Jules Massenet.

MUSIC AT KNOX COLLEGE.

By some misunderstanding of Galesburg's musical life, the statement was made in the February number of MUSIC that the "Messiah" was performed in Galesburg for the first time last December. It is true that this performance was "an epoch-making event," but chiefly because some people suddenly awoke to take advantage of what they might have had years ago. The "Messiah" has been given in Galesburg eight times, with a chorus of from 100 to 150 voices, known as the Knox Conservatory Vocal Society. Two years ago this society was merged into the Galesburg Musical Union, and, with the backing which some interested town people could give, the union could carry through successfully their December festival.

In addition to the "Messiah" the Knox Conservatory Vocal Society has given here, in years past, "Fair Ellen," Bruch; "Hymn of Praise" and "Elijah," Mendelssohn; "Light of Asia," Buck; Verdi's "Requiem"; "The Crusaders," Gade. And the Musical Union has given, since its organization, two years ago, Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; "Stabat Mater," Rossini; "The Creation," Haydn. For these concerts the best solists have always been obtained, and a small string orchestra, a piano, and the pipe-organ have furnished the accompaniment for all these performances. Mr. William F. Bentley, director of Knox Conservatory, has directed all the concerts except two, which were directed by Frederick W. Mueller, also a teacher in Knox Conservatory.

Digitized by Google

When the "Messiah" was given last December, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra assisted, and also gave an orchestral concert in the afternoon. The success of these two entertainments gave the Musical Union courage to undertake a real festival. This will come in May, when the union will give "Samson and Delilah," under the direction of Mr. Bentley, with the assistance of the Symphony Orchestra. There will be two other orchestral concerts, under the direction of Mr. Rosenbecker. The solists for "Samson and Delilah" are Mrs. Fiske, contralto; E. C. Towne, tenor; Charles W. Clark, baritone; Dr. Dufft, basso. Other solists for the festival will be Madame Carreno, pianist; Madame Meredith, soprano; Mabelle Crawford, contralto.

Since Mr. Bentley became the director of Knox Conservatory, in 1885, the school has made a steady growth, and has always stood for true musical learning and for the highest art. The members of the faculty are highly trained and skillful teachers, as well as artistic performers. The recitals which are given by them during the year are always looked forward to as delightful occasions, and are remembered with the keenest pleasure.

Knox Conservatory brings to Galesburg every year some of the best artists to be obtained. This year the course includes the following: Dudley Buck Jr., tenor, assisted by Grace Ames, soprano; George Whitefield Andrews, organist; Augusta Cottlow, pianist; Edward Baxter Perry, pianist; Max Heinrich, barytone, assisted by Miss Julia Heinrich; Jan Van Oordt, violinist, with Glenn Dillard Gunn, pianist.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The following report, translated from the French of "Harentz," in Le Guide Musical, indicates the musical activity at Constantinople to be very satisfactory, if following up closely the traditions and literature of the French school.

"The second evening of the Chamber Music Association was quite as successful as the first. The quartet, The Beautiful Miller's Wife, by Raff, and the quartet in G major, by Mozart, were well played by M. Brassin and his colleagues. We cannot say as much for the performance of the Adagio by Beethoven, and the Valse-Caprice by Saint-Saens, in which there was a lack of precision. At the same concert our brilliant pianist, Heghei, played with mastery the Italian Concerto of Bach, and to satisfy continued applause, a composition by Scarlatti, and the Badinerie, by Westerhout.

"The Societe Musicale did a good turn with its second concert. The first Suite l'Arlesienne, by Bizet, and the brilliant Norwegian Rhapsody, by Lalo, brought them their usual success. The sparkling Danse Macabre by Saint-Saens, and the charming Bourree by Bach were encored after a remarkable performance. Finally, I assert with pleasure that since the first concert, the orchestra has gained much in homogeneity under the direction of Conductor Nava, who was given

Digitized by Google

an ovation after the spirited playing of the concluding Marche Hongroise, by Berlioz.

The grand event of the closing of the year I concede to be the evening by the Bohemian quartet (Hoffmann, Suk, Nedbal, Wihan). It is impossible to imagine greater ensemble, greater homogeneity or more perfect comprehension. A large and enthusiastic audience was there to applaud the artists."

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.

The orchestral progress among the colleges is one of the most gratifying features observable in the musical life of Chicago. In an extensive summary of Chicago orchestral conditions, found in the May number of MUSIC for 1900, it was indicated that four musical institutions here had brought up orchestras to play symphony, and all of this had been accomplished within about thirteen years.

Those who heard the last concert of the Chicago Musical College Orchestra, on January 26, could surely feel thankful for the efforts that have been put forth for orchestral advancement. This organization, of about forty-six players, brought out the entire Second Symphony by Haydn and the Festival March by Bohm, in addition to playing the accompaniments to a Saint-Saens Aria and the E flat Piano Concerto by Liszt.

The work was simply superb. The parts were well balanced, the members did their work in a manner thoroughly trained, and there was no suggestion of that ponderous and labored perambulation, which is a feature so distressing with many amateur bodies. When the American schools can arrange to get as much orchestral practice from their students as is forced upon many in the foreign schools, this being as many as three or four rehearsals some weeks, there will no longer be a question as to whether America is really musical. Recruits will go out from our schools and organize all sorts of combinations for chamber and concert, and will have some ability in administering the means of further progress. Meanwhile the heads of the schools still report that there is a woeful lack of applications to study the instruments which are hardest to obtain when forming an orchestral complement, namely, the oboes, bassoons, horns and 'cellos.

MUSIC IN THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

Some very notable student recitals have been given at the Northwestern University lately, or rather, recitals for the benefit of the students. For example, December 12, Mr. Arne Oldberg gave a recital of compositions by Bach, P. E. Bach, and Scarlatti and Handel—the latter represented only by his theme and variations in E major ("The Harmonious Blacksmith") and the fugue in E minor, which the English call the "fire" fugue, from a fancied resemblance between

Digitized by Google

the three strong notes with which it begins to a repeated cry of "fire." Of Sebastian Bach he played the Italian Concerto complete and a group of dance forms.

December 6 Mrs. George A. Coe gave a historical lecture upon primitive music, drawing her illustrations from a variety of sources, such as Professor Fillmore's and Miss Fletcher's collection of Omaha songs, etc.

Earlier than either of these the university string quartet gave a concert, beginning with the Schubert quartet in D minor, a movement from the Beethoven quartet in C minor, a Bach concerto for two violins, played by Mr. Harold Knapp and Mr. Lewis Blackman.

On November 15 Mr. Arthur Rech gave a recital, assisted by Mr. Harry Parsons, basso. Mr. Rech played the Cesar Franck sonata for piano and violin (Mr. Blackman, violin) and a variety of other selections.

At the Faculty recital, No. 60, Mrs. George A. Coe was pianist, playing the Beethoven "Moonlight" sonata. Later in this program the Tschaikowsky trio, op. 50, was played, Mr. Arne Oldberg, pianist.

On another occasion there was a Bach recital, partly for organ. The piano has the prelude and fugue in A minor (which one not stated), the chromatic fantasia and fugue, and the Tausig transcription of the toccata and fugue in the Dorian mode. The organ had the fantasia and fugue in C minor, and the sonata for piano and violin, in E minor, was played.

At the sixty-sixth recital the principal piece was the Brahms quintet for piano and strings, Mrs. George A. Coe at the piano. The program closed with the Dvorak quartet for strings, op. 95.

DRAKE VIOLIN CLUB.

Mr. Earl Drake is the latest man to organize a pupils' orchestra to play symphony. In Handel Hall, on February 6, his orchestra, assisted by a few professionals in the missing oboe and horn parts, played the March from Berlioz's Damnation of Faust, and two movements of the Haydn Symphony in B flat. They also accompanied violin pupils in two movements of the fourth Vieuxtemps Concerto and the Vieuxtemps Fantasia Appassionata. This being the first performance the organization has made in public, it was very unevenly done in many places, but with another season or two it may do first-class work, since Mr. Drake is very much interested and will probably expect a great deal of such practice in future.

DR. LOUIS C. ELSON AT OXFORD, OHIO.

Early in December Dr. Louis C. Elson, of the New England Conservatory, gave a lecture recital at Western College, Oxford, Ohio. His topic was "Wagner and His Theories." The lecturer began with

Digitized by Google

a biographical sketch of the great musician, speaking of Wagner's loyalty to the art theory that music is the handmaid of poetry. The lecturer also spoke of the false art of the Italian school, and gave examples of marked incongruities in some songs and their words.

Following this, Dr. Elson showed Wagner's theories by illustrations with piano and voice, giving the first scene of the Walkyrie, showing how the leit motif, given by the orchestra, refers to persons on the stage and their various histories. The lecture occupied an hour and three-quarters and was given the closest attention.

DEATH OF BENJAMIN E. WOOLF.

Benjamin E. Woolf, musician, composer and critic, died at his home in Boston, on February 7. He was born in London, February 1, 1836. From Presto's report we take the following notes:

"He came of Jewish ancestry, his father being Edward Woolf, a musician, artist and writer of reputation, who removed to this country in 1839, when his son was but three years old. Here the elder Woolf became one of the best known orchestra leaders of his time, as well as the author of a large number of musical compositions.

In the public schools of New York Mr. Benjamin Woolf gained his education, his musical training being obtained under his father's direction. He went to Boston in 1859 and played in the orchestra of the Boston Museum for a time. His first dramatic writing was a libretto, an operetta called, "The Doctor of Alcantara," the music by Julius Eichberg. Others of his well-known dramatic and operatic works are "The Mighty Dollar," "Pounce & Co." and "Westward, Ho."

After leading the Chestnut Street Theater Orchestra, at Philadelphia, for a time, Mr. Woolf became associated with Colonel Henry Parker on the Saturday Evening Gazette, of Boston, in May, 1892. In 1894 he became connected with the Boston Herald, as musical and art critic, a position which he filled with credit and authority. His obsequies were attended by many of the notable musical and newspaper people of Boston, the service being beautiful and impressive."

MENDELSSOHN CLUB CONCERT.

The second concert of the Mendelssohn Club season was given in Central Music Hall, February 14, with the assistance of Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, soprano; Sidney Biden, barytone, and Chicago Orchestra, under the direction of Harrison M. Wild. The chorus sang Mendelssohn's "To the Sons of Art," accompanied by a horn corps, Lloyd's "Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," Fred W. Root's arrangement of "Old Folks at Home," and Othgraven's "Piper o' Dundee," in addition to their work with the soprano and barytone solists and orchestra, in Arnold Klug's very beautiful work, entitled "Fingal." Mrs. Wilson sang "The Bell," by Saint-Saens, and "In

Digitized by Google

Springtime," by Edward German; Mr. Biden gave "Im Herbst," by Robert Franz, and "When I First Saw Thee," by Brueckler.

On the whole it was a very enjoyable concert. the chorus singing in a well trained manner during the entire evening and the solists giving excellent satisfaction. Mrs. Wilson's voice was at its best in the big work of the "Fingal," since it had hardly got thoroughly warmed up in the little solo numbers given earlier in the evening. Mr. Biden being still a mere youth, it was a large undertaking to sustain a solo part of this dramatic caliber when crowded by such a sturdy chorus and orchestra, but he did it by sheer superiority of tone quality rather than avoirdupois. I hope that he will not get in this kind of company often until he has more age, or I fear he may strain his beautiful voice. The "Fingal" is a veritable mine of musical and dramatic wealth, and it could bear many repetitions to the delight of a Chicago audience.

E. E. S.

THE HENSCHELS.

It has come to pass that two persons in recital have had the pleasure of singing to a crowded house in Chicago. This was the privilege of Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, of London, on January 24.

These superb artists gave a duet from Mendelssohn's Elijah, some duets by Henschel and Boieldieu, and many songs for solo voice which were amicably distributed between them. Mrs. Henschel is at her best in such songs as permit the display of a light coloratura soprano, which she can handle with exquisite grace at times. An Irish Folk Song by Arthur Foote was her best opportunity of the evening, and this she improved so well as to require a repetition. Of the duets written by Mr. Henschel the first, "Ueber der Dunkeln Haide," was most pleasing. Beginning in a unison (octaves), a very delightful counterpoint ensues in a quiet and peaceful spirit, and it becomes intensely melodious. The other was "Lass dich nicht gereu'n."

Other songs on this program were well known works from Liszt, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Parry, Loewe, and a French group by Faure, Massenet and Chaminade.

JOSEPH JOACHIM IN THE GEWANDHAUS.

The name of Joseph Joachim has for our art city a most singular ring. Leipsic was the cradle of his fame. As a twelve-year-old boy he made his German debut in the Leipsic Gewandhaus, in 1843. He was afterwards engaged as a violinist with the same institution, advanced to the position of second concert master under Ferdinand David, and under the Leipsic master he grew also to mastery. Joachim by the side of Reinecke is the last representative of that brilliant period of Leipsic musical life, which was distinguished by the names of Mendelssohn and Schumann. Their traditions still live in Joachim.

Digitized by Google

It is therefore a beautiful custom always to bring Joachim as the solist for the New Year's concert at the Gewandhaus. Being more than a mere formality, it is an act of mutual piety, which, in our time of easy living and fleeting remembrances, should be esteemed most highly. Joachim's position among his associates is that of a high priest. Wherever his art speaks to us we are reminded of a beautiful reality that exists beyond this life. Other artists may dazzle, his art makes joy; they graze the senses, he reaches the heart.

And so were we enraptured by his play on this occasion. After the polished but sincere performance of the Mozart Concerto in D there was a great and spontaneous outburst of applause, which continued until he came back and played the Beethoven Romanza in F major.

Herr Paul Homeyer sustained his reputation as an organist by the finished performance of the Bach Passacaglia, whose immense difficulties he overcame playfully. The reigning holiday spirit in the house was heightened by the singing of the St. Thomas Choir. It was real enjoyment to hear the fresh soul-stirring voices of the young singers who seemed intent upon doing honor to their institution, and who gave the best possible evidence of their own worth under the faultless direction of their cantor, Professor Gustav Schreck. The performance of the Schubert Symphony was a most complete one. Nikisch's attention to details is well known, but as he did not neglect the whole and allowed the orchestra to follow his intentions in an incomparable way, the work received a performance such as one is seldom permitted to hear.—(Dr. Schwartz in the *Signale*.)

MOSCOW.

Moscow has two important institutions for opera—the Imperial Theater and the private National Opera. The first is under the management either of an official or a military man, faithful gentlemen who unfortunately lack the necessary artistic initiative and energy to relieve the deep-seated operatic lethargy (Opern-Schlendrian). It is badly directed from the musical standpoint as well. They have an Italian capelmeister who is not given to earnest artistic effort. A proof of this assertion lies in the fact that it took him two years to prepare a production of "Siegfried." This somewhat ceremonious proceeding naturally works a very bad effect upon the repertoire, which is, on the whole, very meager. True it is that many rehearsals are held, but not in a proper manner. What could the Imperial Opera accomplish if only a capelmeister of the first rank could be placed at its head. Orchestra and chorus are superb, nor is there any lack of singers.

The directory of the private National Opera consists of a company of intelligent gentlemen who are pledged to exert themselves in the interests of national art and artists; by no means a small undertaking, but a very worthy one. The musical director of the National Opera is a distinguished musical power, and as a genuine Russian

Digitized by Google

he is eminently fitted for the place. His name is Ipolitoff-Ivanoff, and his activity as director is enormous. Everything important that Russian opera has to offer is brought out by him. For example, the National Opera has the entire operatic repertoire of Rimsky-Korsakow, while the Imperial Opera has a single one from this composer. At present there is great life at the private opera. Within two months the following new operas have been given: (1) "Asja," by Ipolitoff-Ivanoff; (2) "The Fable of the Czar Saltan," by Rimsky-Korsakow; (3) "The Witch," by Tschaikowsky, and (4) "William Ratcliff," by Cæsar Cui. On New Year's day they celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of Rimsky-Korsakow's life as a composer, when they gave in his presence his splendid opera, "Sadko."

The enthusiasm for the genial composer was colossal. Flowers and wreaths flew down on the stage en masse when, with raised curtain, addresses of greeting were read, and for a long time after the performance the audience roared applause. Later a banquet was held, in which many from the artistic world participated. On the same evening this composer's opera, "Sneguritschka," was produced at the Imperial Opera, but there only the singers could be celebrated.

On account of the illness of the Conservatory director, Safonoff, the next Symphony concert will be directed by Rimsky-Korsakow, and he will doubtless have an enthusiastic reception on this occasion. Last Saturday evening the fifth Philharmonic concert took place under the direction of William Kes. The assisting solists were Leopold Auer, Pabst, Frau Jerebzoff and other native artists. It was a Beethoven evening, with the following program: Overture to Egmont and the two songs from the same, Elegaic Song, Violin Concerto, the Scotch Songs, and a Fantasia for Chorus, Piano and Orchestra. We would have been glad for a more healthful interpretation of the overture, the unceasing rubato tempi creating a most distressing impression. But we were just so much more enraptured with Leopold Auer's complete and masterly performance of the Concerto. The other numbers were also greeted with applause. The piano part to the Fantasia was finely played by Herr Pabst. As a very important novelty for the Philharmonic Society we can report that the celebrated pianist, Alexander Siloti, has been engaged to conduct the next season's series. With this Herr Kes will conclude his third and last season..—(Translation from the Leipziger *Signale*.)

Digitized by Google

MINOR MENTION.

From Yokohama, Japan, Mr. W. K. E. Vincent furnishes us the following information: "We had an excellent musical service here on Christmas day, and next week we have the Japanese Orchestra up at Tokio, the capital. These Japanese gentlemen have formed a society among themselves to study foreign music. They are getting along excellently under the care of Mr. E. H. House." Mr. Vincent promises a later report.

* * *

A five-year-old son of a French Methodist clergyman, of Chicago, is already a student of the violin, though his powers of criticism in the impressionist style are still worthy a much higher rating than his attainments with the violin. After producing a very bad tone in one of his lessons he exclaimed, "Oh, my, that sounds goosey."

* * *

The Beethoven Society of Boone, Iowa, has a concert season of four evenings with Mr. Seeboeck, Ernst Gamble, John S. Van Cleve and Theodore Spiering as the artists. The last program yet given was that of February 1, when Mr. Van Cleve talked on Beethoven and Chopin and gave selections from both composers in addition to his own Gavotte, "Robin Goodfellow."

* * *

The Saint Cecelia Society of Detroit, gave its seventh concert on January 28, producing the dramatic cantata by Franco Leoni, entitled "The Gate of Life." A second part was given to a hearing of the Pagliacci Prologue, an aria from Tschaikowsky's "Joan of Arc," and an aria from Myerbeer's "L'Africaine." Maurice DeVries, Esther D. St. John and Ellison Van Hoose were the solists, and Mr. N. J. Corey the musical director.

* * *

Verdi's "Stabat Mater" was given its first Minneapolis performance on January 28. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel assisted the Philharmonic Club on this occasion.

* * *

The College of Music at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, gave a recital on January 28, wherein six vocal and piano pupils participated in light teaching pieces.

* * *

Oakland, Cal., has a newly organized choral society. It is called the Philharmonic Society, and is under the direction of Adolph Gregory, who is a late acquisition to Oakland's musical forces.

* * *

The Argus, of Alameda, Cal., says that the Rev. Father Robert

Digitized by Google

Sesnon, of that place, is the possessor of a superb voice. Father Sesnon lately participated in a concert given by the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, at Alameda.

* * *

At Mr. E. R. Kroeger's third lecture-recital, in St. Louis, January 30, Robert Schumann was considered. The topics were: "Romanticism in Musical Art," "Schumann's Place in the Development of the Romantic School," "Schumann's Triple Nature" (Florestan, Eusebius and Master Raro); "The Picturesque and Descriptive in Music," "Schumann's Treatment of the Pianoforte, and His Influence on Subsequent Musical Composition."

* * *

Miss Silence Dales, instructor in the violin department of Doane College, at Crete, Neb., gave a recital on January 23, playing the Bruch Concerto in G minor; "The Swan," by Saint-Saens; "The Zephyr," by Jeno Hubay; Adagio Religioso for violin and organ, by Ole Bull, and the Weinawski Polonaise in D.

* * *

Mr. Arthur M. Burton, lately returned from foreign study, gave a very enjoyable song recital in Kimball Hall, January 30. He had the assistance of Mr. Emil Liebling, who played a MacDowell Prelude, the Magic Fire Scene by Wagner, Rubinstein's Barcarolle in A minor, Pan's Flute by Godard, and a Ballade, opus 20, by Carl Reinecke. Mr. Burton sang from the works of Edward German, Hastings, Loewe, Secchi, Brahms, Franz, Schumann, Schubert, Norris and Messager, in addition to some old English and Irish songs, whose composers were unknown.

* * *

One printer is a little short on type, but he manages to print the names of the three greatest song writers as follows:

Robert Franz, Schubert,
" " mann.

* * *

Mr. Theodore Spiering directed an orchestra in a program of three parts, occupying two evenings with the Chicago Athletic Association, February 6 and 7. Marches, overtures and selections were taken from operas by Gounod, Thomas, Wagner, Rubinstein, Schubert, Bizet and Victor Herbert.

* * *

Messrs. Jan Van Oordt and Glen Dillard Gunn gave a joint violin and piano recital in Kimball Hall, February 5. They played the Beethoven violin and piano Sonata in F as an opening number. Mr. Gunn's solo numbers for piano were, Bach Toccata in G, Brahms Rhapsody No. 2, Paganini-Liszt Caprice in E, Chopin's Impromptu Opus, 36, and the Liszt Ballade in B minor. Mr. Van Oordt played a Bruch Adagio, La Clochette (his own arrangement) by Paganini, the Aria from the Goldmark Concerto and the Russian Airs by Weniawski. Mr. Gunn was especially well disposed on this occasion,

Digitized by Google

playing with fine intellectual repose and great earnestness. Mr. Van Oordt has taken the last movement of a Paganini Concerto (La Clochette, generally called La Campanella), and has sought to vary the monotony found in the original, wherein a principal theme is ever recurring in about the same treatment. The result is that Mr. Van Oordt has an arrangement of so many intricacies that it is practically impossible for players without a regulation Paganini hand. A few fingered octaves on the D and G strings up near the bridge are thrown in at a rapid tempo to console such violinists as enjoy the strenuous life. At the tempo in which the gentleman played them at this recital it was impossible to hear them all, but after making due allowance for nervousness and the uncertainty of a first public performance of the arrangement, I am inclined to believe that he has technique enough to play it very well. The Weniawski Airs came off much more satisfactorily. (E. E. S.)

* * *

The Beethoven Chamber Music Club, of Duluth, Minn., gave its first concert of the season on January 18, when the program contained the Haydn String Quartet in D, the Schubert Nocturne for violin, 'cello and piano, and the Beethoven Trio in B flat for the same instruments. Miss Mary Syer Bradshaw sang a song of Thanksgiving by Allitsen, and a recitative and aria from Gluck's Orpheus.

* * *

Miss Bertha M. Kaderly, soprano, gave a recital in University Hall on February 1, when she had the assistance of Theodore Spiering and W. C. E. Seeboeck. She sang arias from Handel and Lotti, the Bridal Songs by Peter Cornelius, the Spring Song by Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Wiegenlied and Der Schwere Abend by Julius Hey, and In Summertime by Edward German.

* * *

At Freeport, Ill., Maurice Aronson is giving a series of eight evenings with famous composers. The third and fourth of these were given to Schumann and Mendelssohn, respectively. The Schumann illustrations were the Sonata Opus 22 in G minor, parts of the Carneval, Forest Scenes, and some smaller works, including transcriptions of songs. The Chopin program, on February 19, was the most pretentious of the series, Mr. Aronson playing a program previously given in Chicago at the fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death, including his lecture on the "Unknown Chopin."

* * *

Before the New Century Club, of New York City, on February 19, Mr. Henry L. Mason lectured on "The Modern Artistic Pianoforte—Its Construction." The New Century is a musical club of women.

* * *

Mrs. Mary Berdan-Tiffany gave a fine program at Springfield, Ill., on February 5. She played the first movement of the Schubert

Digitized by Google

Sonata opus 42, Am Meer and the Erl King by Schubert-Liszt, the Larghetto and Rondo from the Hummel Concerto opus 85, and the Chopin Ballade opus 23. She had the assistance of Miss Cornelia Van Etten, soprano; J. B. Barnaby, barytone, and Mrs. Williams and Miss Grant, accompanists.

* * *

Mr. Earl R. Drake gave a French-Belgian violin recital in Handel Hall, Chicago, January 30. His numbers were a Suite by Henri Vieuxtemps, the Symphonie Espagnole by Lalo, the Legende and the Concerto in D minor by Weniawski.

* * *

An audience of about 10,000 people attended a concert given in the Coliseum, under the auspices of the Chicago Teachers' Federation. Adolph Rosenbecker and his Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Charles W. Clark, Bruno Steindel, and Eleanora Meredith were the principal participants. Movements from the Mendelssohn Scotch Symphony were played by the orchestra, Mr. Clark sang the "Pagliacci" Prologue, Mrs. Meredith an Aria from Verdi, and Mr. Steindel played "Le Desir," by Servais, and one could hardly pick a finer trio of solists than these.

* * *

The Pentucket Conservatory of Music, at Haverhill, Mass., gave an undated program sometime in January, bringing out the Coronation March by Meyerbeer, the Overture to Beethoven's Fidelio, a Bach Concerto in G minor for piano and string quintet, the first DeBeriot violin Concerto with orchestra, the Schubert String Quartet No. 4, and the Sixth Symphony by Haydn. The work was under the direction of Mr. Gerald Bertrand Whitman.

* * *

It is reported to "La Bibliofilia" that the musical library of Brahms consisted of 488 volumes on musical subjects, and 1,419 pieces of music, among these being numerous complete scores. In Brahms' study there were found 182 musical autographs and an incomplete opera libretto by Turgenjeff. Among the autographs were one from Beethoven, twelve from Mozart, several from Schubert, some large fragments of Wagner's Tristan and Isolde, and thirty-three musical manuscripts written in Brahms' own hand.

* * *

Brussels has a society devoted to the study of old music and musical instruments. The first program was given in December. Seventeenth and eighteenth century compositions were played upon the Viola d'amore, viola da gamba and the clavecin, the composers being Frescobaldi, Couperin, Rameau, Marcus, Milandre, Martini, Byro and Bach.

* * *

The Royal Conservatory at Leipsic has added two instructors to its vocal faculty, the institution having lately suffered the loss, by

Digitized by Google

death, of Friedrich Rebling. Frau Marie Hedmont and Herr Emil Pinks are the last acquisitions.

* * *

After a spirited canvass, during which the qualifications of various candidates were considered, the council of the University of Melbourne appointed Mr. Franklin Peterson to the Ormonde chair of Music in Melbourne University. The salary is not to exceed $5,000 per year.

* * *

Heinrich Zoellner, director of the St. Paul University Verein of Leipsic, is the prime mover in a plan to found a musicians' home in the university town of Jena. A fine site has been donated, and a gentleman who wishes his name kept secret, has given 15,000 marks to the project.

* * *

In Rome the Bach Society's first concert of the year brought a Bach prelude and fugue for organ, played four-handed, by Maestri Costa and Salvagnini, the Chaconne for violin played by Signorina Teresina Tua (Countess Valetta), and a mass by Palestrina. The Gulli Quintet gave a concert, a young lady pupil of Sgambati played a piano recital and Maestro Guido Gasparini, of Florence, lectured on the Italian musical art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

* * *

A competition has been inaugurated by Dr. Walter Simon, a councilman of Koenigsberg, Prussia, wherein 10,000 marks has been offered for the best German folk opera to be submitted before July 1, this year. Five hundred composers have inquired as to the terms of competition. The judges are A. Goldberg, of the city theater, in Leipsic; Anton Fuchs, of the Royal and National theaters, in Munich; Councilman Harlacher, of the court theater, in Stuttgart; M. Schoen, of the court theater, in Karlsruhe; Conductor Kleffel, of the city theater, in Cologne; Dr. Mannstadt, of the royal theater, in Wiesbaden, and Professor Klughardt, of the court theater, in Dessau.

* * *

Mr. W. Francis Gates, of Los Angeles, is of the opinion that Los Angeles has a fifteen-year-old girl who is possessor of a remarkably perfect natural voice. The girl is Miss Ione McLouth, who is already singing in public, though the critic wisely remarks that she should have five or six years of musical training in order to attain the possibilities open to her.

* * *

Things operatic are looking down in Bucharest. The opera there, under the management of the director of the conservatory, is suffering from an empty treasury, and the season which was planned to extend to March was closed on February 1.

Digitized by Google

Paris is to have a new conservatory building, to cost 5,000,000 francs, which shall not be surpassed by any such institution now in existence. The Paris Conservatoire was founded in 1672, by the composer, Lully.

* * *

A collaborator on the "Signale" has brought some figures regarding the operatic compositions of Gasparo Spontini, showing the vitality of the works of this writer who was at one time very popular. With the exception of Paris (in the Academie Imperiale), Berlin was the principal city to interest itself in Spontini's works, and here, as a conductor, he wielded a mighty influence from 1820 to 1840. The Royal Opera produced six of his operas within the period, 1811 to 1837. His masterwork, "The Vestal," was put on in 1811 and was given 140 performances up to 1870, when it was retired. "Ferdinand Cortez" was put on in 1814 and kept until 1884, having received 161 performances in the seventy years. "Olympia," 1821-1870, was presented seventy-eight times; "Nurmahal," 1822-65, seventy-three times; "Alcidor," 1825-36, thirty times, and "Agnus of Hohenstaufen," 1837-40, thirteen times. The last three were never given outside of Berlin. Attempts have been made in Vienna to revive "The Vestal," but they have proved futile. Spontini died at his native city, Majolati, Italy, 1851, and belongs to the list of composers who are almost forgotten.

* * *

The Evanston Musical Club, conducted by Mr. P. C. Lutkin, gave a part song concert on February 19. Madame. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler played a solo piano group by Chopin, and other works by Schubert, Liszt and Moszkowski. The chorus sang the Credo and Benedictus from Gounod's St. Cecilia Mass, the Pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhausser," and among other selections, two part songs for mixed voices by Mr. Lutkin—"Two Maidens" and "Babbling Brook."

* * *

At a recital given in Steinert Hall, Boston, February 13, forty-eight pupils of the Faelten School participated, partly in classes and partly in solo. A class that entered in September gave exhibitions of performing in any key. Pupils from Iowa, Massachusetts and Vermont represented the advanced department.

Digitized by Google

THE OUTLOOK FOR MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

By Mrs. Crosby Adams.

The revolution in music teaching and the new methods which have been brought forward to claim attention within the last decade have been enough at least to startle the most phlegmatic individual out of his accustomed lethargy. To the wide-awake, thoughtful teacher they have been both helpful and misleading. Those teachers who think our age a very self-sufficient one, are hardly in a position to place a proper estimate upon these new ideas. That would remain for those who have made a careful study of the evolution of events. St. Paul's advice to "Hold fast to that which is good" is as applicable today as it was centuries ago. While there is much to commend in the new presentation of music, and it is indeed a signal advance over the old regime, one should be reverent and respectful enough to give credit where credit is due. The true musical history of this country could never be written without a recognition of those who have contributed to the cause of music in the public schools as well as in other provinces of the art.

The special cause for thankfulness in this line of work at the opening of the new century seems to the writer to lie in the fact that the supervisors and teachers are alert to the need for more thorough preparation on their part and are eager to secure better results. While more people have always been busier spelling the word "solist" than "musician," there is now an awakening perception of the full meaning of this latter term. There is also a healthy appreciation of the fact that the most desirable quality a music teacher can bring to his or her work is the quality that a teacher in any province should bring, first of all—character. That will be remembered longer than the subject one elects to present. That is what lives. Phillips Brooks spoke a profound truth when he said, "Only he who lives a true life of his own can help the lives of other men," and Ruskin added a beautiful touch to the same idea when he wrote these words, "Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world; by so much evermore, the strength of the human race has gained."

Digitized by Google

If, then, we start our responsible work as teachers in the public schools with the conviction that what we are is the most vital thing, what else shall we bring to our work as teachers of music? The advice of old Papa Wieck, Clara Schumann's father, would be useful today, too. These are the three trifles he named as essentials to a good teacher: "The finest taste," "the deepest feeling," "the most delicate ear," and, in addition, "the requisite knowledge, energy and some practice!" If, as Robert Schumann has said, "Without enthusiasm nothing real comes of art," shall be not add that quality, too? Just a word or two under these three headings.

1. The finest taste.—To my mind, as a teacher of many years' experience with children as well as adults, this is most important. In its largest meaning it is a recognition of the different states of the child's musical needs, an appreciation and tolerance of these states, and a selection of the most suitable material for these evolutionary periods in his life. There is no doubt whatever that the child passes through changes in other than the physical life. As a rule his sense of color starts where the Grecians were when Homer wrote the "Iliad," namely, an appreciation and perception of only the primary colors. And while the environment of the child in the nursery might be arranged from a most artistic basis in its permanent effects, the dash of strong colors needed to satisfy the craving of the child's nature should be supplied to minister to this transitory period. Have we not seen even grown people, under cover of fashion's decree, satisfy this desire for color effect by blossoming forth quite regardless of the æsthetics of the situation? The parallelism in music is, that in ministering to the wants of the child we shall not deprive him of what is his due at his particular stage. Ask the honest child what he enjoys the most, and if you are a classicist you will be confounded at his reply. The idea is, then, to get his point of view, and, as far as is consistent to meet him on his own ground and to find the material which will satisfy him and yet lead towards this finest taste of which we are speaking, remembering that Rome was not built in a day and that our estimation and enjoyment of a Tschaikowsky or Beethoven Symphony has come by strata after strata of impressions. What we appropriated as our own truth as we went along is what has remained with us.

2. The deepest feeling.—Berlioz says, "Music alone speaks at once to the imagination, the mind, the heart and the senses." The heart-quality must enter in here. We have unfortunately confounded sentimentality with sentiment, and what passes for playing and singing with "expression" would puzzle anyone, at times, to define.

3. The most delicate ear.—I make a plea for the restoration of this sense. When our teachers are fully awake to the responsiveness of children, through this as well as other avenues to the soul, they will be more than eager to extend the possibilities of the ear by training from day to day. Not every pupil can devote himself to music as a

Digitized by Google

special study, but it should be possible for more people to understand that one can also be an "artist" in the capacity of listener.

As to the "requisite knowledge" referred to as an additional necessity on the part of the teacher here, too, we find cause for encouragement. There are many teachers who are enlarging their horizon by continual study of voice, instrument, and harmony. The inspiration of good concerts is not to be overlooked.

A glance at what the teachers are trying to accomplish in the schools of Chicago will doubtless prove of interest to many people. The plan of work for high schools has already been published in MUSIC (October, 1900), and doubtless the outline for the elementary schools will find space in these pages later. It would be a good idea if the music teachers of our city could find time, occasionally, to visit schools where representative work was being done. The writer has had little leisure for such glimpses, but this is what impressed her most in these visits; first, the motto, "sing softly," inscribed on the blackboard in every room, until that most excellent habit of singing is established; second, the evident desire for true tones based on the standard, "international pitch" (the pianos being tuned to this pitch whenever possible.) As this pitch has been adopted by all our leading orchestras, it is imperative that one standard be chosen, aside from the fact that the old "concert pitch" was very trying to voices.

The present superintendent, Mr. H. W. Fairbank, must be commended for the emphasis placed upon the measured definite beat for the so-called "marking of time." Recognizing that the waving of the arm for the "down, left, right, up," etc., movements was tiresome and somewhat objectionable on other scores, he still felt that in some way the kernel of the matter, i. e. definiteness, must be preserved. A happy solution was found in having the pupil's place the hand and forearm easily and naturally on the desks, all motions being made from the wrist, thus preserving the general outlines of "down, left, right, up," with the ends of the fingers. (I suppose in devising this he was quite as unconscious as was Miss Emilie Poulsson in her "Finger Plays," that he is helping the future violinists and pianists to a more supple use of fingers and wrists.) This insures clearness of perception, besides helping the child to co-ordinate, as it is not quite easy at first to beat time and sing. The writer has noticed for several years the tendency to do away with regular definite beating of time. Many conscientious teachers have thought that any sort of motion would do, and have argued that even Mr. Theodore Thomas did not give a 'down, left, right, up!" But they have quite forgotten that Mr. Thomas is dealing with artists, not novices, or the veriest tyros, and that what would be eminently suitable for his followers would be quite out of place in the school room. And if they were to study his methods more closely, they would furthermore discover that here also is "obedience to law," which makes for the highest liberty. All conductors give a down beat for the strong pulse of the measure, no

Digitized by Google

matter how flexible they are as to the other motions. Therefore, it is quite time the pendulum swung back to a presentation of time, expressed by both teacher and pupil in a definite and logical manner.

Those who have the pupil's development at heart will also welcome the elements of technical training that are slowly but surely finding a better presentation. Beginning with a little notation as early as the second grade, it can easily be followed by the unfolding of other mysterious signs, which are clear enough to the child, if the "thing before the sign" be presented first. Indeed, I hope the time is not far distant when the "bass clef" will emerge from its obscurity and be on speaking terms with the treble clef before waiting for the boys' voices to "change" and occupy it exclusively. At present it is like the planet Mars, for distance, in the estimation of many people, big and little, who, by dis-association of the two clefs have a clearly defined notion in their heads that this same bass clef is most inaccessible territory. To my mind, in these early formative years it is exactly the time to clear away all stumbling blocks by constant association. Attack the difficulties one at a time. Indeed, we have been in some danger of withholding that which will strengthen the child's mind, and also of losing valuable time. I think, too, the pitch or letter names should invariably accompany the syllable names, and eventually supplant them (the syllables). Doubtless very few people will agree witn me on this point, but before we have a race of fluent readers of the music-language all props must be discarded. The syllables are indispensable in helping to form correct perceptions of pitches and to show the relationship of the "tone-ladder." But there comes a time when the child can appropriate more than these familiar names and then the circle should widen.

Of late years a happy diversion has been found in rhythm work. Those who have watched it sweep over the country have seen its benefits and also the ill-effects which naturally proceed from an unintelligent use. Like all good things, it needs to be "in relation." Rhythm should come more properly in the nature of a diversion, as a little respite in the steady work of the classroom. Would it not be wise to let it have its expression in the physical culture department for the reason that the time allotted to the serious study of music as a language of tones is so brief each day that only the most systematic and carefully planned work will bring the best results.

The teacher of music outside the public schools is obliged to adjust the work of his or her music pupils with reference to the amount of school work that pupil is carrying. For the most part that means the fag end of his vitality and not enough time to accomplish what ought to be done unless one can fortunately begin this special study very early in life. Every parent and teacher knows the demands laid upon the children outside of school hours. It has remained for Mr. James E. Armstrong, of the Englewood High School, Chicago, to formulate a plan which, if carried out as it should be, would enable many a child

Digitized by Google

to step into his own musical inheritance, to say nothing of enriching the lives of those who especially need the development this art affords. Mr. Armstrong wisely takes the ground that instrumental music being impossible to gain in the schools, should be counted as a study, and granted not only a time and place of its own, but that it should be allowed proper credits on the same basis as any other study if elected by the pupils as part of their work. He recognizes that in the formative years one must make some studies in this province, as time lost at this period cannot be easily regained after the high school diploma has been granted. Not only does Mr. Armstrong have a large place in his heart for music, for its educational value, but each month he plans a program to be given his school by different teachers of the city which shall reflect various phases of the art, thus enabling the students to become familiar with much good literature. Inasmuch as our coming musicians and composers now occupy the desks in these schools all over the country, it is well worth while considering what we shall give them to do and think about, while they are so impressionable; therefore, the writer makes a closing plea for honest, straightforward work, for the very best that we can give them out of the riches which have been passed down to us from the closing century as well as the promise of the new one upon which we have entered.

MUSIC AND COMMON LIFE.

By Helen Place.

The page of history is an acrostic which may read in two ways to the musician who is truly a humanist. To some there is undoubtedly a satisfaction in contemplating the dynasty of genius and virtuosity whose divine right has never been questioned. There are others of us, however, to whom the reading cannot but end in a sigh of regret for the humanness of those mediaeval days when common life was a musical democracy where might be heard the voice of every man, making music that he loved from the fulness of heart and fancy.

It is no single and simple reason which has led to the present isolation of music from the heart of common life. But that this isolation exists is witnessed by every circumstance in which musical considerations play an important part. Musical history is treated from the purely technical standpoint. Now and then a chapter is devoted to folk music, but as curious phenomenon rather than an integral part of the great structure of art music.

We, as teachers, evidence the same attitude. It is our inherited tendency to seek to extend our work so that education may further the specialty of music, rather than that music may contribute to general education and culture. And on formal occasions the laity, too, pay their tribute to music. Not in loving words of endearment which show close fellowship, but rather in stilted and general terms that show how the transcendent power of music has become an accepted

Digitized by Google

but unverified dogma, along with other conceptions relating to those eternal verities which should lie nearest the heart.

To be sure, musical theory involves such pure abstraction for the data of its inductions as are met with in no other science, higher mathematics excepted; and since this demands a peculiarly high order of intelligence, it is not surprising that the specialist in theory is found to be out of touch with common life. But the creative impulse, depending as it does on spirit, is possible to the lowliest, for there is no patent upon intuition.

Whatever may be said of the immorality and superstition which grew out of the ignorance of the Middle Ages, there is one phase of that life in which the experience of the time stood on an infinitely higher plane than ours of to-day—sensitiveness to the *impressions* of *beauty* and facility in giving it *expression*. Scarcely an implement of daily necessity and service but shows the striving to express in its utility an ideal of beauty. A candlestick and a linen chest show the same loving workmanship as the facade of a cathedral. It was an art rude and full of the imperfections of the personal equation, but here lies the real sincerity and integrity of its beauty.

In the same way, no act of daily life but was garlanded with song and poetic fancy. There are legends, poems and music connected with festival, funeral, dancing, feasting, drinking, war, the chase, marriage and worship, and with the trades and occupations.

What is the lost secret of this joy in life? It is apparently a *rich inner life* of *emotion* and *imagination*, and an outer life of labor, service and necessity, whose conditions are plastic enough to allow the inner life to find a full expression. Surely this formula contains nothing but what should seem for this day, and for all time, the adequate statement of an ideal of living; first, an active spiritual self and then sufficient means of expressing that spiritual self.

Do we live a full inner life and do we express it? If not, why not? This is a problem which no one of the arts or sciences can solve alone. It is distinctively human, first of all. And if we, as music teachers, are anxious to know what music teaching may do to help in social regeneration, we must make up our minds to seek the answer not only in that area where music lies alone as a specialty, but also along lines which all the arts traverse in common, that field of experience from whose soil, when properly enriched, spring all those manifestations of spirit to sense, which we know as "the arts."

Nature everywhere is seeking equilibrium. The inner life, if strenuous and vital enough, will condition the outer expression in action. The outer life of action, if stereotyped and mechanical enough (through pressure of competition in specialism and through the other thousand influences that make up external social environment), will just as surely react on the inner life to its impoverishment and atrophy. The inner life in excess of channels for expression, means anarchy; and a soulless and mechanical outer life reacting for the atrophy of

Digitized by Google

the inner, means all that is connoted by the "man with the hoe." The secret, then, in the last analysis, lies in the vitality and strength of the inner life.

One of the most interesting signs of the times is the joining hands of education and social science in this effort to reach the inner life.

There are, of course, two ways of doing this. One is to stimulate the inner life from primal and original sources; and the other, to do so by using the law of reflex action; setting the outer machinery of doing in motion freely and naturally, so that the inner impulse may be invited to take control, and by exercise grow and develop. Sociology, for the most part, is taking the objective method; it sets men to doing. It recognizes the value of hand work, commercially and artistically as well as psychologically. This means the reinvestment of the trades and crafts with that lost dignity and integrity which was another phase of by-gone days, and which, in its modern application, is rich with possibilities.

William Morris, ahead of his time, worked out his idea in England, and in our own country we see a revival of the handicrafts of pottery, wood carving, weaving, iron work, bookmaking, etc.

Education takes advantage of the same tactics. Our children weave, paint, carve, model, sing, compose music, sew and cook, not that the hand or voice may gain dexterity and the mind technical proficiency, but rather that by the law of reaction the inner life may be stimulated along all those avenues through which it draws its suggestions for guiding the external action.

And what are these avenues so stimulated—the "primal and original sources" of inspiration? *Simply the senses.* And education, seeing the far-reaching significance of this fact, goes further, and gives especial training for promoting a fuller sensory experience. This is most comprehensive in nature study, though the same idea is evident in the emphasis put upon sense impressions as the basis of experience in all other studies.

It is, indeed, this full life of all the senses which lay at the root of that quick response to beauty in the Middle Ages, and it is the inevitable motor reaction to sensory stimulus which explains the remarkable power of those times for expression in action and doing. Where the sensory stimulus is feeble, the motor activities are correspondingly inert. The auditory stimulus in mediaeval life was particularly strong. Since all the second-hand information which we now get from books, man then got from verbal communications. And free musical expression was cumulative in its effect, for it was in turn the material for just so much more auditory impression under the most inspiring conditions.

A plenitude of sense life may mean spirituality, as it may mean mere sensuality. It all depends on the interpretations put upon the data. Nor need we fear that taste, touch and smell will tend toward materialism as long as sight and hearing are allowed and stimulated

Digitized by Google

into their fullest exercise; for sight and hearing have a winged power which is able to keep the self poised above the merely sensuous.

There is no book which shows in a clearer manner the position of the senses as the foundation for the whole intellectual and spiritual superstructure than Mr. Halleck's "Education of the Central Nervous System." Lack of space makes impossible the quotation of more than the shortest extracts.

"Since all the higher forms of knowledge rest on a sensory foundation, not even the metaphysician is in a position to decry sense training." * * * "Everyone ought to know how Shakspeare's senses were trained, for in his sensory experience is to be found the foundation for all the imperishable superstructure of his heaven-climbing genius." * * * "If the teacher of literature complains of inability to interpret the images of the poets, what shall the scientist say? How can pupils have anything but a hazy foundation for unsafe generalizations? The time will come when it will seem as stupid, nay, as criminal, to neglect the proper training of all the child's senses, as to fail to teach him to read. * * * "When we keep children confined with books away from the odor of flowers, the song of birds, etc. * * * we may know that such exclusive bookish training would have silenced the master singer for all time." * * * But, as Mr. Halleck goes on to say: "There is a tendency to train the senses almost exclusively on natural objects. The flower, leaf, bird, insect and sky ought to be included in the list of text books for sensory training, but Shakespeare's example ought to emphasize the fact that these are not all. The village blacksmith shop and the mill have been the means of cultivating the senses of many a child." The author goes on to speak of use of the senses in all connected with purely human as well as natural and institutional life.

Now, if sense training is as important as every analysis must indicate, music teaching cannot but avow that it has not been doing its share of the work, for by every law of fitness, in the general division of educational work, the training of the ear falls in the province of the music work. Our ear-training has heretofore meant the very special training of the ear to discriminate certain differences of time and tune. It is an ear training governed by considerations purely formal. As well train the eye to cubes and spheres and the primary colors as such, and assume that we have laid the foundation for artistic appreciation.

There is in general experience an astonishingly vast amount of sound phenomena which are absolutely unclassified in the popular consciousness, and, one might almost say, unheard at all. Duration, tempo, pitch, rhythm, quality, and force of sounds in nature—how much they connote! The effect of material size, shape objects on the sounds they produce; different ways of making sounds and the instruments illustrating different principles; the effect of sound on objects, on animals and on men; the effects of feeling on the voice of animals and

Digitized by Google

of men, the melodic and rhythmic effects of nature; sounds connected with domestic life, the trades and occupations—all these open inviting vistas which lead to the higher and more complete understanding of nature, science, literature, history, geography, art, music, and life itself.

The history of the horn in the social and institutional development of man; the spiritual significance of 5 and 8 of the scale (aggressiveness and strength); the beauty of such poems as Tennyson's "Bugle Song"; the meaning of the constant recurrence of the hunting horn in paintings of English rural life, and the bugle motif in all hunting and military music; what an endless train of apperceptive associations is laid in the consciousness of a child by a moment of directed and intelligent attention to the sound of the bugle.

Instances might be multiplied endlessly, but this is not necessary, for this paper can only be merely suggestive of the human possibilities and *obligations* of music study. Surely by this time we should see that music will never regain its old place in common life, either by a training purely technical, nor by an emphasis on the purely transcendental. Both of these are needed, but in this broader interpretation of ear training may perhaps be found the secret of fusing the two into vital experience.—(School Music.)

A PLEA FOR BETTER MUSIC IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

By William L. Prince.

Much has been said and written about the music in the primary grades, and one can find almost anything he desires in this part of the work, but for some reason the subject of high school music has been avoided.

There are many song books for the high school quoted in the catalogues of the various publishers. As a rule these books contain good selections for the opening or general exercises of the school. But right there their usefulness ceases, and it is a question if any collection of miscellaneous songs should be adopted for use in the regular music work in the high school. The students in the average high school are no longer children, but young men and women, and as such are capable of doing more advanced work than the pupils in the grades. In literature they no longer have their readers, but are required to read the best authors. They study Shakespeare and the other poets, and are requested to read many of the best books of the day. Outside the school these students do not select short stories for their recreational reading, but read the same books that their fathers and mothers do. And so it is in the other lines of work.

With this thought in mind it has been my policy to select some one of the many cantatas, either sacred or secular, for use in my high school. In making the selection of the work to be studied the super-

Digitized by Google

visor has a very serious task to perform and many things to take into consideration. It is necessary that he should know the ability of his pupils, both individually and collectively, in order that he may give them all they can do, yet not overtax them. Having once made choice of a work, let it be put into the hands of the pupils as soon as possible after the beginning of school in September, and from the very start give them to understand that just so soon as the school is prepared to do so the work will be given in public. If voices for the solo parts can be had in the school, by all means have it strictly a high school affair—accompanist, orchestra and all, even if it be not so well rendered as when professionals are employed to supply these parts. But if you find that you have not the material for the solo work, tell the class that you intend to secure the very best talent that the funds at your disposal will warrant. Of course the giving of a public performance by a large chorus means much extra work for the supervisor, and outside school hours, but one who is afraid of work would better get into some line other than public school music.

There are many good choruses published in octavo form that are admirably suited to high school voices, and some go very well as supplementary material, but I hold fast to the cantata idea and the work for a definite end—the concert. During the past four years I have used the following numbers with very fine results, all the solo parts being taken by high school students: "Trial by Jury," by Gilbert and Sullivan; "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Thomas Anderton; "Ruth," by A. R. Gaul; "Pied Piper of Hamlin," by Walthen, and I am now about to give "St. Cecilia's Day," by Van Bree.

I also believe in having a class in the first principles of theory and harmony, this work to be optional, of course. When your pupils are able to write simple hymn tunes with pure harmonies and the same are sung by the school it creates a musical interest that is deep and lasting. Another means of creating enthusiasm and general interest in the music is to organize glee clubs and quartets. One might think that this would sometimes cause jealousy, but I have found this not to be the case. When you have once secured a good club and they have appeared at home or abroad, and have brought credit to themselves and their school, their fellow students become very proud of them and the school is ever ready to say a good word for its singers.

Finally, when students have had the advantage of cantata work, I believe they go out of the high school, not only with a taste for the best in music, but with broader ideas. They are more fully prepared to enjoy the oratorios, operas, and the other works of the masters, than when their work in the school has been only to sing "songs."

SCHOOL MUSIC NOTES.

A representative for MUSIC lately received an invitation to spend a half day in the Chicago schools to observe some special work that

Digitized by Google

is being done in tone culture. The school to which the writing man was taken by acceptance is situated at Vincennes avenue and 104th street, so many miles from the heart of the city that one might suspect this special vocal work had been placed in quarantine. But there is no further ground for the supposition.

Mr. Freeman N. Cottle has been an instructor in this city for thirteen years. With the beginning of the present school year he commenced some experiments with pupils in the third and succeeding grades, the hope being to get some of the same results in classes that are obtainable in private vocal lessons to an individual. His manner of going about it was, first, to start the pupils humming a light vibrant tone as if forming "n." This tone was kept while they opened their mouths wide, when it was changed into an "ah." After a few repetitions of this he told the class that he wished them next time to make the tone, then keep it while he talked to them. The tone being once more started in the same way, he induced them to increase it, and this they did very decidedly and without a trace of harshness.

That the idea is practicable enough to be used by any of the teachers was very well demonstrated, especially in one fifth grade room, where the regular teacher got the desired result with perfect success. Since beginning this work the gentleman has had many expressions of approval, especially from the principals of the schools where the practice has been introduced, these principals claiming to notice a much better tone volume from the classes, without loss in musical quality.

* * *

The fifteenth session of the National Summer School will be held at Kirkland School, near the Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, July 8 to 20. The faculty will be as follows:

F. E. Chapman, Cambridge, Mass.
J. S. Van Cleve, Cincinnati.
Crosby Adams, Chicago.
Chas. Atherton Cumming, Des Moines.
Mrs. Crosby Adams, Chicago.
Mrs. Mary E. Cheney, New York.
Miss Olive B. Wilson, Kansas City.
Miss Lillian A. Simons, Chicago.
Miss Ada M. Fleming, Chicago, (Manager).

* * *

A chorus of three thousand school children is being organized in Buffalo to participate in a concert to be given in July at the Pan-American Exposition. They will be under the Music Supervisor of Buffalo schools, Mr. Joseph Mischka.

* * *

A Chicago school girl, Miss Bertha Frances Gordon, has written a pleasing Cantata for the May Festival of the Chicago Sunday School Association, wherein twelve hundred lady voices will participate, May 24. The Cantata is a four voice composition entitled, "The

Digitized by Google

Passing of the Swan." The text is in prose and is also the work of the young composer. It is marked Opus 9.

* * *

The western session of the American Institute of Normal Methods will be held at Northwestern University, Evanston, July 16 to Aug. 2. The eastern session will be at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, July 10 to 29. The faculty for the western division will be as follows:

Emory P. Russell, Providence.
Miss May Louise Harvey, Boston.
Joseph Mischka, Buffalo.
Miss Mary A. Grandy, Springfield, Mass.
Mrs. Gertrude B. Parsons, Los Angeles.

* * *

A chorus of one thousand children from the eighth grades of the Chicago schools sang "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "America," at the Washington birthday celebration held in the Auditorium. They sang without rehearsal, under the direction of the city music supervisor, H. W. Fairbanks.

* * *

On March 16 a chorus of about 600 pupils from the seventh and eighth grades of the Detroit schools will give a concert, the occasion being the meeting of the National Educational Association in Detroit.

Under the direction of Mrs. Emma Thomas they will sing "Anchored," by Watson; "To the Old Country," by Julius Eichberg;" "Morning Invitation," by Veazey; "Bell Song," by J. H. Hahn; "The Blacksmith," by Frazer, and "Blue Are the Heavens," by Frank. They will have but one rehearsal.

Digitized by Google

(From C. F. Summy Company.)

"BE THOU STRONG." Sacred Song by W. H. Neidlinger.

Upon words of his own Mr. Neidlinger has added yet another to his already long list of available songs for possible use in church. In most of his works Mr. Neidlinger follows the principle of building his music from "hand to mouth," as the workingmen have it; i. e., he goes from one note or one little phraselet to another, according to the supposed poetical implication of the words. The result of this method of working, when the composer happens (as in the present case) to have but little constructive faculty or instinct, is to produce a musical setting whose sole value is the entirely superficial one of a certain plausible correspondence between the individual phrases and the words to which they are set. Meanwhile, for want of musical imagination as such, the music entirely fails to say anything on its own account, and therefore fails in what ought to have been its real object, namely, to create a mood of a certain kind—the central mood of the text. In other words, Mr. Neidlinger tries to write very much as the first writers in the "stilo rappresentativo" used to write, a declamation of the text within the limits of ascertained musical harmony being the chief end of the music. Meanwhile, within the past three hundred years, other methods of setting texts have been worked out by a multitude of composers, so that at this late day the mere declamation of the text to the most barren possible musical formula is no longer satisfactory.

In the present case Mr. Neidlinger seems to have felt this himself and to have sought to correct it by the use of a refrain, in the form of a quasi chorus, to the words:

"Be thou brave, be thou strong!
Ever know that o'er thee is a hand that never falters,
Is a love that never fails," etc.

In this the melodic intervals are original if not musical. The song as a whole is practicable enough and will probably "do good."

* * *

MOMENT MUSICAL POUR PIANO. Op. 103. C. Chaminade.

L'ONDINE. POUR PIANO. Op. 101. C. Chaminade.

In these two new pieces by the popular French lady composer,

Digitized by Google

the musical amateur is offered additional attractions from the source which has afforded so many within the past few years. The Musical Moment is a little in the spirit of the Grieg "Butterflies," but less attractive and more elaborately worked out. The second, the "Ondine," is an amateur piece pure and simple. A few simple motives are treated superficially and with the geniality characteristic of the French school and the French woman in particular. The impression which these pieces make upon those addicted to serious German music, is that they have no heart in them at all. They belong to the society and conventional moments of musical life. In difficulty, the Musical Moment is more advanced, belonging to the fifth grade, or thereabouts—possibly advanced fourth. Ondine is a little easier.

* * *

(From C. F. Summy Company.)

TWO LEFT HAND STUDIES FOR PIANO. By Mrs. Crosby Adams. Op. 7.

These two studies for left hand belong to a department of piano literature which the present reviewer is obliged to confess himself not able to place to his satisfaction. And this for the reasons following: Here we have an experienced and very painstaking teacher of children who finds in her work a dearth of material suitable for bringing the left hand work up to the expressive quality of that of the right. Seeing so well what is needed, she straightway composes something for the purpose, and so here we are. All this is very direct and simple. As for the music itself, or the study, (for it is not quite certain that it is music, speaking properly, but study, rather), it certainly is not attractive in the sense that almost anything by Schumann, Heller, Grieg, Gurlitt, Reinecke and the like are attractive. On the contrary, the more one plays one of these studies, the less one would like it—at least, so it seems to the reviewer. Then, second, there is the further fact that a child able to play these studies understandingly would be able to play things of much greater attractiveness and stimulative musical quality. By the use of such material the playing will proceed far more rapidly than when the material is of the kind which, as girls say, "one tries to like." From an educational standpoint, trying to like goes but a very short way towards Parnassus. Somehow a way must be found whereby it will be a case of actual liking.
tells you, as she certainly would do if asked, that this material in tells you, as she certainly would do if asked, that this material in actual use has produced better results than she could get by any other material known to her. As to difficulty, the studies lie fairly along the last part of the third grade—possibly a little farther along. The idea was good; the execution has points of merit; the pedagogic value of the result waiting to be proven. They are designed to precede the left hand studies of Mr. Arthur Foote.

Digitized by Google

EARTH, SKY AND AIR IN SONG. By W. H. Neidlinger. With Pictures by Walter Bobbet. Book One. American Book Company.

One thing, at least, can be said in praise of this very attractive little volume, and this is that it is a very pretty book with a lot of things in it which will be interesting for children to sing. What Mr. Neidlinger proposed was to embody in verse the cycles of nature, as they might appear to the mind of a child. Having thus obtained some verses of childlike quality, he proceeds to make them into songs. As for the verses, take the following as a very good example:

A little drop of water, in a tiny shady spring,
Got merrier and merrier and then began to sing,
"I think I'll take a journey."
So he ran from spring to brook,
And what a long, long journey then that drop of water took!
In the brook he ran along with a gurgle and a laugh,
And soon was in the river, but he did not like it half,
The river would not stop for him, he could not turn about,
And at last was all at sea, sailing farther, farther out.
Just then he saw a sunbeam leading straight up into the sun,
And said, "I'll climb up on it, and I'll have such lots of fun!"
He climbed the little sunbeam, and he laughed and laughed aloud,
Until he got so tired that he fell off in a cloud.
Well, he floated on the cloud as it sailed across the sky,
And then the cloud just melted, and he fell from way up high,
Came tumbling down and tumbling down with showers of gentle rain,
And the next thing he knew he was back in the spring again.

Some of the little song-poems are not so good as this, although in this the experienced versist will observe some little lapses of rhythm where the meter could just as well have been preserved. Occasionally the conceit is a little forced. For instance:

Sometimes when flowers are very glad
And thankful for the rain they've had,
The smiles and thanks they send the sky
All meet together, 'way up high,
And each one takes the other's hand,
And there before the sky they stand,
Until the sun comes out and shines
And puts them all in colored lines.
And so they march across the sky,
A big procession reaching high;
And then into the sky they go,
And that's the rainbow, we all know.

Still there are worse verses for children than these. On the whole, Mr. Neidlinger has acquitted himself well in the matter of words.

Digitized by Google

The music appertaining to the poetry is of rather a practical character for the most part. The melodies are good, hearty, matter-of-fact tunes, well adapted to the rhythm of the words, and the spirit of the music corresponds fairly also. Contrary to his usual practice, Mr. Neidlinger here gives more attention to rhythm than in some of his former songs and the result is much better for children. As to the quality of the melody from a musical standpoint, the verdict is not quite so good. While the book contains good working matter, the cursory examination here alone possible fails to show a single melody of any very pronounced charm. In point of fact, the music seems to the present writer a little mechanical. Still the book will be sung through and through again, no doubt, with hearty good will by schools. While it perhaps fails to measure up to the daintiness possible to this sort of children's songs (such as Mrs. Gaynor, for instance, sometimes gets), it is, nevertheless, the work of a very practiced hand and an experienced singer, well understanding all the practical problems appertaining to work with children's voices.

In the preface Mr. Neidlinger puts in a claim that the pictures of Mr. Bobbett, which illustrate every page of the work, and are in all colors possible to the modern color press, are as important to the children as the words and music themselves.

Thus, here is a really original collection of songs relating to the things which children may observe about them, or which they might have observed, had their lot happened to fall in other parts of the earth. Naturally, the city-trained child will hardly follow the little drop of water from its home in the spring upon the side of the hill, beneath a shading tree, all the way around its beautiful cycle. But, at any rate, the drop of water and the spring which is its first home, from the standpoint of poetical man, are among the most abundant products of the gardens of literature; the same is to be said of the other personages here illustrated. The cow, for instance, does not invariably call the house boy to her pasture with her gentle "Moo." Nor is the city boy able to trace the big logs from their homes in the distant forest down the rushing river to the mills, and thence in manufactured forms to their final destination. Still, no matter where such a boy may live, he can, at least, see the lumber, and now and then a log; and by the aid of the pictures in the book and Mr. Neidlinger's well domesticated Pegasus, begin to realize the large cycle in which the humble shingle and board have their parts to play: - -

I fancy such a book as this will have a large use; a very large use. And from a typographical standpoint, it is one of the handsomest song books ever published for school use.

* * *

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. By Albert Lavignac. With notes by H. E. Krehbiel. Henry Holt & Co. New York, 1899. Cloth; 508 pages.

This interesting handbook of fundamental information about music

Digitized by Google

was written to satisfy a popular demand, by a professor of harmony in the conservatory of Paris. It possesses the following advantages, entitling it to inclusion among the books upon music in public libraries and in the library of the amateur. First of all, the author discusses sound, the human ear, the mechanism of all orchestral instruments, the piano, organ, etc. Then comes what the author calls a "grammar of music," in other words, a succinct treatise upon harmony, counterpoint and musical forms. All of these are too brief for purposes of serious study; their end is subserved when they have furnished the student the general concepts forming the substance of their doctrine. In musical form, perhaps the treatise is more at fault than in any other part. Here the information is confused, inexact, and merely suggestive. The same is to be said of the chapters in which the author attempts to discuss the laws of musical esthetics—which he utterly fails in doing. This, however, is not so much to be regretted, since the failure is merely one more along a road hitherto strown with failures, the subject still remaining to be discussed from the foundation, in harmony with principles of development and experience. The work is provided with a complete index, numerous illustrations of all instruments, many musical examples in notes, and is therefore a very handy volume to have about when one desires to know a certain thing in its less advanced aspect, merely for immediate use. As said above, it deserves to be placed in every collection of musical books, inasmuch as every amateur and many serious students need now and then precisely this sort of immediate refuge in a time of need. The objection to the book is its want of system, but the fault is merely a venial one in musical penology.

* * *

MELODY. For Violin with Pianoforte Accompaniment. By Arthur Foote. Op. 44.

An effective violin rhapsody with pianoforte accompaniment, dedicated to Mr. T. Adamowski. Well written, agreeable to play, musical, available for concert use and, mayhap, for church. In the latter case, the accompaniment will need a little, but only a little, adapting.

* * *

SERENADE IN F MAJOR. For Pianoforte. By Arthur Foote. Op. 45.

Invention.
Air.
A Dance.
Finale.

This clever combination of four pieces for pianoforte was plainly designed for instructive purposes. At the beginning Mr. Foote has taken Emerson's advice and "hitched his wagon to a star," in the sense of having taken the charming two-part invention of Bach, in F, for his model. This was fortunate in some respects, since there is no better example of free fantasia in two voices happily working together,

Digitized by Google

than the said little master work of Bach; but it was hard upon Mr. Foote, since, appreciating this masterly little work at its full value, he had all the harder trouble to keep off from Mr. Bach's "grass"—in other words, while conforming in a general way to Mr. Bach's pattern, to go always in some different way. He succeeded very well, indeed, and the Foote invention is by no means at the foot of the class, even if not quite so free as the playful moments of the spontaneous John Sebastian.

The second movement is an Air, in which the problem of the player is to get a good tone quality. Third, a Dance, sprightly and pleasing. And, last of all, a Finale. The whole would make a valuable number in a recital program for a student passing from the fourth grade to the fifth. It would illustrate a number of important qualities needed in passing the grade. For instruction, a valuable set of studies.

* * *

SOME TEACHING PIECES BY MR. E. R. KROEGER.

Humoresk in E Major. Cradle Song.
Humoresk in E minor. (Dance form.)
Serenade. Op. 23.
Gondellied. Op. 12.
Elfenreigen. (Character Study.) Op. 17.

The foregoing five pieces have been sent by Mr. E. R. Kroeger as desirable teaching pieces and as suited for the use of club programs in which his name happens to figure as an American composer. The first two are within the fourth grade. The next is a trifle beyond; the next is fifth grade, and the "Fairy Revelry" belongs in the advanced fifth grade. I like the last one much the best, but the early two will find many admirers. They were published some years ago at St. Louis, and the typography leaves something of elegance and style to be desired. They seem to be correct, however.

* * *

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

RHYTHMICAL SCALE EXERCISES. By Carl Faelten.

A collection of rhythmical scale exercises designed to form more exact habits in rhythm in running work. These are something entirely different from the rhythmic scales in Mason's system. Mason aims mainly at securing an even and steady motion, and the faculty of playing in a variety of speeds. Mr. Faelten does not play the scale through in notes of uniform value, but intersperses shorter and longer notes, syncopations, and the like, at all sorts of odd intervals, but always at conceivable places. The exercises, therefore, will have the effect of sharpening up the student's perception of values in scale work and tend to bring this part of the playing into exact relations with the multiplication table. The Faelton rhythmic scales are substantially a set of musical puzzles which a student works out once for

Digitized by Google

all, or takes up some particular one as a temporary deficiency may indicate the necessity. Handy and useful. The minor scales in remote keys are in the foreground.

"Oh do not fear the sharps, my boy,
Nor double sharp, so bold;
But face the music, sharps and all,
And do as you are told."

This was not printed as the motto of the book.

* * *

(The John Church Company.)

THREE SONGS BY OLEY SPEAKS.

Eyes of Blue.
In May Time.
When Gazing in Thine Eyes so Dear.

Three songs of pleasing character, just a shade above mediocrity. All with singable melodies and good accompaniments. Words pleasing. In the first one there is an objectionable progression (5ths) between the bass and the treble from measure 9 to measure 10. The enormity is concealed by the progression of fundamentals, which in no way requires this harmonic fault. But between the bass of the accompaniment and the voice the ear can scarcely avoid hearing the fifth. All three pieces are well adapted to popular use.

* * *

THE CARESS. For Piano, by Gaylord Barrett. Op. 11.

An antique dance in 4-4 measure, beginning upon the beat, moderato, a little after the style of "Secret Love," once so popular. Pleasing, and not unsuitable for study. Fourth grade.

* * *

100 SOLFEGGI PROGRESSIVI. Op. 99. By E. Del Valle de Paz. (Editio "Nuova Musica," Florence.)

One hundred very easy four hand pieces, mostly lying entirely within the compass of five notes. Good exercises for reading in the two clefs, one pupil having both hands in the bass clef, the other in the treble. From a contrapuntal standpoint, not without merit.

* * *

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

PEDAL EXERCISES FOR PIANOFORTE. By Carl Faelton. (75 cents.)

In this little book of eleven pages, Mr. Carl Faelten contributes still another mite towards clearing up that extremely important part of fine piano playing, the pedal, the part which as yet is so terribly misunderstood by amateurs generally and by not a few professionals. Even masters like Pachmann are liable to pedal atrociously, when for once they forsake the safe course of changing pedal with every harmony. Mr. Faelten states that the pedal is employed for two

Digitized by Google

different purposes: For enriching the tone by promoting sympathetic resonance, and for prolonging tone. Also for both purposes at the same time. The exercises given are directed towards clearing up the application of the pedal in these three manners. Also there are certain exercises at beginning intended to promote the precise control of the foot for pedalling.

That the book will be useful to any student who will go through it carefully, goes without saying, so experienced and capable a pianist as Mr. Faelten being the author.

The present reviewer advises the student to provide himself with the fourth volume of Mason's Touch & Technic, in which there is a short treatise upon the pedal, together with certain more exact exercises for the pupil discovering the sympathetic resonance; also an application of the pedal to the scale, calculated to facilitate control of the foot in obedience to the tonal sense. There are also some very useful studies in this chapter, different from any in the Faelten collection. Next, let the student get the treatise upon the pedal by Dr. Hans Schmidt, of Vienna, which contains the whole doctrine of the subject, with a host of illustrations. Finally, let him, if advanced, get a collection of the Godowsky pieces and examine the pedal uses carefully. Between the whole he will arrive at pretty near the full doctrine on this important part of playing.

Mr. Godowsky, indeed, goes farther than his marks would indicate. For the repeated marks, "Ped," in his music do not invariably mean the same thing. Sometimes he presses the pedal but very slightly, just enough to unsettle the dampers and promote the harmonics to a very small degree. At other times he depresses the pedal half its extent; and finally he plumps it down quite as far as it will go, and holds it as marked. These uses have different applications in artistic playing. The smallest use of the pedal is mainly for enriching tone and for relieving dryness of tone; the half use is that which is used when the changes are frequent. The deep pedal is used in important moments, and during cadenzas where one or more tones are held, or for great bravoura. It is well known to the majority of advanced pianists that in concert playing in large halls a much freer use of the pedal is possible and essential than in a small room.

In applying the principles of pedalling to the works of Chopin, the student has to remember that the pedal is marked to be held entirely too long at a time in all editions—perhaps most in that of Klindworth. To pedal strictly according to these marks is simply to confuse the music. Chopin generally is pedalled shorter than marked. Schumann never marks the duration but leaves it, with wonderful prescience, to the musical instinct of the player, and if this quality is present, the result will surely come. In Beethoven, the pedal is rarely essential for prolonging tone after the fingers have left the keys, but the use of pedal for enriching tone is universal and indispensable.

Digitized by Google

The result of all this digression is to note the important fact that without quite telling the whole story, Mr. Carl Faelten has made a very important assistance towards clearing up the subject. The book can well be used in the third grade. It is not safe to postpone exact teaching in this respect later, although it is often done. One thing at least the student should know: Which is, that it is as absurd to try to ride a horse without holding the bridle reins as to play the piano without having the foot within momentary reach of the pedal. Just as the trick rider can do wonders with his horse without having a grasp of the reins, so a fine player can do many things without pedal. The practiced rider, nevertheless, takes up his reins before seating himself upon the horse; so does the good pianist have his pedal under control, for, to be quite plain about it, to pedal well is the other half of artistic tone-production, the first half being a suitable selection of touches for the end proposed.

* * *

O SING UNTO THE LORD. Motet for Mixed Chorus. By Adolf Weidig. Op. 20.

The excellent musician and artist, Mr. Weidig, has not been quite as happy as sometimes in this Motet, which is dedicated to the Apollo Club. The music is well written, the anthem long, and the words fairly well set; but the jubilation which property appertains to the text does not come to realization in the music. It is doubtful whether a really imposing effect can be made with this anthem, even by the Apollo Club, to which it is dedicated. There are peculiarities in the work which one would like to understand. For instance, on page 8 the soprano leads off with a fugue subject: "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth," and the first three syllables are upon the same note, A. Now, it is well understood that in a fugue subject with important syllables the repeated notes should be harmonized differently each time, for the sake of emphasis. In this case Mr. Weidig retains the same chord throughout the measure, and thus the three A's have no strength beyond what they gain from vocal emphasis; whereas, had there been a change of harmony upon the second note, possibly returning with the third to the first harmony, the verbal emphasis would have been much greater.

From a vocal standpoint (regarding the convenience of the singers) the motet is well done; all that is lacking is more vigor in the musical setting and that in precisely the parts where Mr. Weidig is so well equipped to have provided it, namely in the contrapuntal and modulatory handling.

* * *

ROMANCE FOR VIOLONCELLO WITH ACCOMPANIMENT OF PIANOFORTE. By Adolf Weidig, Op. 14.

A well written and pleasing solo for 'cello with accompaniment for piano. Evidently Mr. Weidig is more skillful when he simply

Digitized by Google

writes music than when he endeavors to set a text. The words seem to hamper him so that the music is no longer so free.

* * *

PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN A FLAT MAJOR. For Organ. By Samuel P. Warren. Schirmer.

An interesting and elegantly constructed prelude, laid out on broad lines, like one of the larger preludes of Bach, with the registration marked for use. The fugue, upon a borrowed subject (indicated by quotation marks in the text—if this thing goes on the quotation will become as noticeable in music as it is in books) is well made and effective, working up to a good climax. A piece to rejoice the heart of a sincere organist, since music is good and sound as this is by no means common. Dr. Warren is one of the few organists who have kept themselves "unspotted from the world" in the matter of these unsolid sentimentalities of the French school.

* * *

TWO SONGS FOR MEZZO SOPRANO OR BARYTONE. By Samuel P. Warren.

Waiting.
Faithful.

Two serious songs, the first upon words by John Burroughs: "Serene I fold my hands," etc. A song well made for the text and effective for singing where serious words are desired. The second is upon words by Arthur Grissom: "O thrush, from whose brown throat outpours a glorious, glorious note." Serious, like the other, the quasi-gladsome note of the thrush being contrasted later on with the sad note of the singer himself. Remarkably suitable for the voice and musical withal.

* * *

MUSICOMETRO. LEGGE METRICA E PSYCOLOGICA DELLA MUSICA. By S. Usini-Scuderi. Roma. Editori: Modes & Mendel.

In this treatise the distinguished author has attempted to define the laws of musical rhythm, and incidentally thereunto to show how great a possible variety is available for the construction of pleasing meters. The companion volume contains a variety of diagrams showing the variety of metrical schedules, the whole comprising no less than 1,038 possible meters. The present reviewer is too imperfect in Italian to be able to judge accurately of the value of the results gained by the ingenious author; but at least he is at liberty to question the wisdom displayed in selecting musical examples, for in these the great masters are very rarely represented.

It would perhaps have been more to the point to have devoted some attention to the actual results attained by such writers as Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, and the like, for these all had a fine sense of

Digitized by Google

rhythm. Bach had a wonderful fertility in metrical construction, his evasive cadences permitting him to impart to a period any desirable metrical compass without the slightest appearance of forcing anything. Among the moderns, Chopin is one of the best versatile in metrical construction; Schumann, also, has comparatively little variety; Beethoven has very much more.

The substance of the fundamental law proposed by Professor Ursini seems to be that the musical sense expects a rhythm to complete itself in eight or sixteen real beats (measure accents.) This is probably the fundamental expectation, having its foundation in our hereditary recollection of the dance formula of four steps in one direction and four in the other. But, as every student knows, and as most poets know, meter is able to afford symmetries of endless variety—all of which satisfy this rudimentary expectation of the untrained rhythmical sense. The inquiry is an interesting one.

* * *

SIX SONGS. Op. 55. By Adolph M. Foerster. (H. Kleber & Bro.)

An Evening in Greece.
Sleep Little Darling.
Proposal.
Love's Philosophy.
Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids.
Serenade.

Mr. Adolph M. Foerster, of Pittsburg, is one of the most persistent song-writers we have and, as he is also a teacher of singing, his songs always lie well for the voice. This quality alone would make for them many friends, were their other merits less pronounced than they are. The six songs in the present lot have a variety of good qualities, first of which may be mentioned the unexceptionable source of the words, which are all by English poets of fine quality. The first, on a poem by Thomas Moore ("Calm as Beneath Its Mother's Eye"), begins with a rather unusual structural peculiarity. Although the song is practically throughout in 6-8 measure, the prelude carries also a second measure, marking 3-4, and the two measures preceding the vocal part are really in 9-8 measure. The present reviewer fails to be reconciled to this caprice. It has the advantage of affording the singer two beats more to feel the tonic and dominant harmonics of C, and thereby be better prepared for the song. But why ignore the measure of the song? Otherwise than this the song is musical and effective, very effective. The second is a cradle song on words by Marshall Brown, and this is a really delightful little song, well adapted for encore use, or any other in fact. The third, on words by Bayard Taylor ("The Violet Loves a Sunny Bank"), has the curious modulatory peculiarity of having its main theme, for first and third stanza in the key of G, while the middle stanza is in the key of F. This unusual transition is effected easily and without jar, but it is unusual. The song is pleasing. "Love's Philosophy" is upon words by Percy Bysshe Shelley ("The Fountains

Digitized by Google

Mingle With the River") and the song lies well for a barytone Like all the others, its climaxes are well placed. The next, ("Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids"), is upon words by Bryant. And the last is upon words by William Davenant, of the Elizabethan period ("The Lark Now Leaves His Wintry Nest"), and a very pleasing and well-made song it is. It is a lovely song for tenor.

All these songs have accompaniments, or pianoforte parts, which afford the singer a much firmer and more sympathetic support than the generality of songs afford. While the piano part is treated with fullness and the chords cover wide ranges of pitch, the player will do well not to indulge in too much forte.

* * *

(From C. F. Summy Co.)

SUMMY'S OCTAVO EDITIONS.

The Bold Cadets of Gascony. W. B. Olds.

Sleep Lil Child. Rexford Pettibohn.

The Lord Bless and Keep You. Farewell Anthem. P. C. Lutkin.

The first is an ordinary part song, a little roistering. The second a pleasing, quasi-African formula, a serenade by a colored woman, who in this case sings with the combined four voices of a male chorus.

Professor's Lutkin's farewell anthem is a very nice and pleasing work, well written, musical and singable. Will be found available for choir use upon many other occasions than those of farewell. It is for mixed voices.

* * *

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION, 1898-1899.

Vol. 1, Pp. 1,248. Government Printing Office.

This report contains the usual interesting summary of the present condition of school instruction in the United States, together with cursory reports of the general state of public education in most foreign countries. Among the interesting topics of subordinate importance are some relating to the Confederate text books (1861-1865) notes upon the state of education among the colored inhabitants of the South, and papers concerning the future educational and social outlook of the negro. From the summarized tables at the beginning of the book it appears that the total enrollment in our public schools for the years covered by this report aggregated no less than 16,738,363, out of a total school population (between the ages of 5 and 18) of 21,830,774. The expense of the teaching and schools aggregated for the year the enormous sum of $197,281,603, which is at the rate of $2.67 per capita of population. The total expense per pupil, taking all grades into consideration, averages $18.99 per year.

A very curious lot of statistics are those giving the average schooling per individual of the population received at different periods of the report, grouping together the public and all professional schools. From this it appears that while the average school life of

Digitized by Google

each individual of the country at large in 1870 amounted to 3.36 years; that of individuals in the north Atlantic states amounted to a trifle over five years; in the south Atlantic states it amounted to 1.23 years; south central, 1.12; north central, 4.01; western, 3.56. In 1898 and 1899 the aggregate for the country at large reached 4.96 years for each individual; in the north Atlantic it had gone ahead to a total of 6.70, and in the lowest, the south Atlantic, it still aggregated 3.05 for each individual. This is certainly an improvement.

The volume is in effect a vast educational encyclopedia, indispensable as a source of information upon one of the most important of our sociological conditions.

* * *

VERZEICHNISS MUSIKALIEN-VERLAGS VON D. RAHNTER, HAMBURG UND LEIPZIG.

This complete catalogue of the musical publications of the house of D. Rahner, of Hamburg and Leipsic, is of unusual interest, since it is strong in the works of the celebrated Russian composers who are just now attracting so pre-eminent attention in the musical world. Seventeen pages are devoted to the new edition of the works of Tschaikowsky. The works of Meyer-Helmund occupy twelve pages. It is a valuable handbook for reference.

* * *

PICTURES FROM YOUTH. 12 Melodious Piano Pieces for Four Hands. By Arnoldo Sartorio. Op. 400.

"The Morning Hour."
"Daisies and Buttercups."
"A Little Minstrel."
"A Happy Meeting."
"Sunny Meadows."
"With Flying Colors."
"With Heart and Soul."
"Little Waltz Song."
"In the Gypsy Camp."
"The Swallows Message."
"In Joy and Gladness."
"A Little Way."

These twelve little pieces for four hands are much better than the generality of very easy duets. They are comparatively modern and at the same time not unmelodious. The second is a pleasing waltz song; so also is the eighth. "Heart and Soul" is also very pleasing In short, advisable for teachers to look into.

* * *

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, 1898. Washington, Government Printing Office.

The usual imposing volume of Smithsonian matters is at hand, devoted to the operations of the institution for the year closing

Digitized by Google

June 30, 1898. Besides the usual detailed financial reports, the portly volume of 713 pages is replete with scientific papers of wholly unusual interest. Among the topics are: "Recent Progress in Lunar Photography;" "The Function of Large Telescopes" (by George E. Hale), etc. In short, the volume, if only one could have had it a little nearer the time when the papers were produced, would represent a fairly graphic all-around view of the most recent advances in science along a variety of lines. The last six hundred pages of the volume are like a great collection of scientific essays upon leading scientific subjects, magazine-like in ease of presentment, authoritative in source. It is therefore a volume about as essential to the reading of the mythical person formerly known as a "gentleman," as the almanac and the manual of devotion.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

RUBINSTEIN.

Digitized by Google

MUSIC.

APRIL, 1901.

JOSEF HOFMANN.

BY AMY FAY.

Notwithstanding the enormous amount of splendid piano playing to which we have listened this year, nobody should miss the concerts of Josef Hofmann, for they are simply transcendent, and those who stay away do so at their own loss.

Josef Hofmann was a most wonderful child, as everybody knows, and took this country by storm when he was only eleven years old. He is none the less wonderful now, at twenty-three, when he comes to us, for the third time, in all the glory of young manhood, and in the full possession of his extraordinary powers.

I have been to the last two of the four recitals Hofmann has given in New York during the last three weeks, and I must say I deeply regret having been so stupid as not to have heard the *first two,* for every piece he plays is a surprise and an education. The only way to know anything about music or musicians is to pay no attention to the newspapers, but just *go* and listen with your own ears, and then make up your mind yourself, without allowing yourself to be prejudiced or influenced.

You will read in a great many papers that Hofmann is a great virtuoso, but that he "does not affect the feelings." Well, to this I would reply, hear him play something which is *all feeling*, as for instance, Schumann's "*Widmung,*" arranged by Liszt, a composition of the deepest sentiment. This is one of Hofmann's most beautiful interpretations, and I affirm that it would be impossible for any pianist to surpass him in it, in depth and poetry of utterance. It is perfectly exquisite and soul convincing.

Digitized by Google

Or, take the impromptu in G major, by Schubert, which he plays very slowly, and touches each tone of the melody so that it stands out by itself, and speaks to you with a voice of its own. It is absolutely unique the way Hofmann does this. The Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 1, by Chopin, in F major, is another example of his power in playing a melody. The second part of this Nocturne is a whirl of passion, a "con fuoco" movement, and he plays it *con proco,* I can assure you! And yet it is as clear in technique as if it were nothing to do!

In his description of this Nocturne, Kullak quotes from Ossian's *"War of Inis-Thona,"* and gives the following: "The Nocturne," he says, "is like the dream of the hunter on the hill of heath. He sleeps in the mild beams of the sun; he awakes amidst a storm; the red lightning flies around; trees shake their heads to the wind! He looks back with joy on the day of the sun, and the pleasant dreams of his rest!"

If anybody wants to see this poem embodied in his mind, let him hear Hofmann play the Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 1. The whole scene will rise before him; the delicious repose of the hunter and his pleasant dreams, are depicted in the soft and lulling melody of the first part of the piece, and his startled awakening in the wild rush of the storm, are no less strikingly painted, by Hofmann's unerring fingers (the willing slaves of his acute artistic discernment).

I must not close this article without referring to Hofmann's talent for composition. He has played some most charming short pieces of his own, at his third recital in New York, and at the fourth one, an immense virtuoso set of variations, closing with a fugue which is vertiginous in its difficulty of execution. This is not a Bach fugue, I need hardly say, but a nineteenth century one, by Josef Hofmann, the young Siegfried of the pianoforte. Like the magic sword of Siegfried, it cleaves the ancient traditions, and dresses up the old form in such fashion that you hold your breath and say, "My gracious! Can it be that a *fugue can* come to *this?* It is the vehicle of the most dazzling expression of modern concert brilliancy."

It seems wholly incredible that this fugue could have been written by Hofmann when he was but fourteen years of age, as he, himself, assured me was the case. The splendor of its development, its maturity and scope of style, combined with its sound musicianship, would better befit the man of thirty years.

Digitized by Google

RHYTHM IN SINGING.

BY BICKNELL YOUNG.

Rhythm in singing does not relate merely to the regular re-occurrence of the strong and weak pulses of measures, but is inclusive also of the divisions of pulses, which down to the smallest detail, make up the measure. Furthermore, there is in the phrase itself a certain rhythm which gives it meaning and which has quite as much to do with expression as has color or dynamic variety. Let it be understood also that the breathing places do not necessarily indicate or in any way cover the art of phrasing, but by the term phrase is meant those sections of a piece which have individual musical meaning and form, and at the same time, have relationship to the whole piece, in much the same way that the phrases or sentences in a fine poem are individual and also relative.

As to the desirability of the regularity of the re-ocurring pulses, there can hardly be two opinions, when the classical repertoire or that of oratorio is in question. The very squareness of the form in which Handel and Bach wrote necessitates a corresponding interpretation, if the form is not to be entirely changed and the composer's ideas ruthlessly disregarded. This is true of the oratorio of these composers and it is none the less true of the works of Mendelssohn, although the more modern form of his compositions has led many singers to disregard his obvious as well as his expressed intentions in regard to his vocal music, especially that of solos in his oratorios. It is well known that he was always urging the singers of his oratorio airs to sing in strict time. Indeed, a study of those airs shows us how his genius, comprehending the rhetorical demands of the words, provided for the full significance of words without destroying the sense of rhythm or emasculating the form by frequent changes of rhythm. Therefore, in his works the tempo rubato is quite as inadmissible as it is in the works of the ancient masters.

Experience in oratorio singing in England has gradually crystallized into what are termed "traditions," and we have been able of late years to judge of the effect of these traditions

Digitized by Google

through the fine singing of the various English oratorio singers who have visited this country, and rescued the public taste in a measure, from the operatic interpretations by operatic singers who were frequently employed in oratorio some years ago.

The tendency of interpretation in all branches of music is so much in the direction of what is mistaken for freedom of expression, that often form and substance are either destroyed or so altered as to almost shock the really musical listener. Is it possible that pianists, vocalists, violinists and conductors are so indifferent to the very soul of music that they no longer know it or hear it in their endeavor to give us new readings? Let it be well understood that there are no new readings worth hearing which destroy the clear design of music. The extent to which a change of rhythm alters the character of music is best illustrated by the fact that a few years ago a well known comic song was, note for note, taken from a celebrated and very grand passage in Wagner's opera, "Die Walküre," the change of rhythm making it quite unrecognizable except to a musical expert. This fact is also well illustrated by the manner in which many of the older Italian operas are now habitually performed, wherein the music by a perfunctory performance and hurried tempi is often robbed of its natural, though simple, dignity of movement. Basing their judgment upon such performances, no wonder the public call the music absurd. Even the grandest poems will not bear this desecration without injury, and how much less music!

Another effect of mistaken rhythmical habits in oratorio is to produce an impression of sadness which is often entirely at variance with the character of both words and music; and when not so is, at any rate, likely to destroy the innate nobility of both. These observations do not apply, however, to the classical repertoire only, they are equally true in regard to a majority of the best songs. A song of the highest class is not merely a vocal part with some supporting notes underneath intended to keep the vocalist from wandering into other keys, or no key at all, but it is a composition in which the accompaniment, be it simple or complex, means something and the value of study must be measured greatly by the perception of this meaning of the music, which includes both voice and piano part, these

Digitized by Google

two having grown together, inspired by the poem. The music should be studied from this standpoint, and in performance there should be a sense of singing on the part of the accompanist, and, one may justifiably add, at the risk of being misunderstood, a certain sense of accompanying on the part of the singer. In this way, and in this way only, can the highest power of interpretation be reached. This is indeed the secret of the success of those artists who are capable of skillfully accompanying themselves.

This view of the importance of an understanding of rhythm and its relation to interpretation shows us its value, and the necessity of considering it more deeply than is habitually done. There are, however, in every vocal composition certain places where both the form of the phrase and its relation to other phrases, as well as the character of the accompaniment, indicate the necessity of the tempo rubato, or even a distinct ritardando or accelerando, whether it be marked or not. In such cases the effect is greatly enhanced by a strong re-assertion of the rhythm when the regular flow of the melody again begins, a rule in vocal expression that is rarely observed, although most effective and satisfying to the listener. The values of syllables, the emphasis and the elocutionary effect of words, also cut a very large figure in interpretation. Freedom is most desirable, but to what extent shall a free declamation of the words be allowed to conflict with the indicated values of notes? Composers frequently fail to set down exactly what they mean, and this is especially so with English songs and ballads, where the values of notes are not infrequently hastily written, with the expectation that the singer will give them the values indicated by the accents of the syllables.

Even with the greatest and most widely known songs, a diversity of opinion sometimes exists as to certain rhythmic details that are highly important. For instance, in Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" there are several passages in the first part of the song where the vocal part has eighths in triplets, against an accompaniment of two eighths, an effect which, when strictly observed, seems to be particularly fine in conjunction with those first descriptive words, but Mr. Henschel, who is a great authority upon interpretation, disregards that effect entirely and sings the passages as freely as one would speak the

Digitized by Google

words. And here, in speaking of triplets, especially in slow time, how rarely one hears them perfectly sung. Generally the first of a triplet is unduly prolonged and the others slighted, or else there is an utter disregard of the triplet. Really a triplet should be sung as three equal notes in the time of two notes of the same kind. Generally, where a triplet is placed for musical effect, the musical effect is clearly predominant and the accent and emphasis of the words must be sacrificed to the music. Let it not, however, for a moment be imagined that it is the object of this article to advocate a rigid adherence to strict time that shall in any way restrict the spontaneous expression with which a song should be given. It is, however, the object of this article to protest against so-called freedom in rhythm which rapidly deteriorates into license and virtually destroys the effect of the better class of songs. We must always remember that a work of art must have form, and that without rhythm music is without form. It often happens that a poem when set to music demands an interpretation which has been poorly provided for by the careless or ignorant composer, and then the artistic ingenuity of the singers is taxed to bring out the accent and emphasis of the words without entirely changing the rhythmic values set down by the composer. In this respect translations are, however, the most puzzling. The singer here finds frequently some very fine music, whose form down to the smallest detail he is anxious to leave unchanged, but the translation, often carelessly made, demands changes that are so great as to quite alter the forms of phrases, giving musically an entirely different impression from what is intended. For instance, French songs sung with an English translation have the disadvantage of having been written in a language which is almost without accents and translated into a language that is full of accents. Thus, a number of syllables in French may, and frequently must be, sung upon a succession of equal notes, whereas the translation into English at once begins the dotting of some of the same notes, making quite a different effect. In this respect French and Italian are more easily translatable interchangeably than are the Saxon tongues with either, and in the same way and for a similar reason German and English are interchangeably translatable and with excellent effect. To sing a transla-

Digitized by Google

tion with absolute regard to the music will often sound stilted and constrained, while to sing with regard to nothing but the words, may sound very unmusical. Judgment is needed in this as in all interpretation. It may be incidentally remarked that translations are desirable when possible, and furthermore that sometimes a translation from German to English can be almost as good as the original, with the decided advantage of being understood by the audience. Some of Schubert's songs are beautifully translated into English as are also some songs by Schumann and Brahms.

One of the greatest hindrances to the understanding of rhythm and its beauties, among our native vocalists, is the lack of study of syllabic elements in schools and the common and provincial pronunciation of the English language, which prevails throughout the United States with rare exceptions. The carelessness of the speaking habit is not more noticeable in relation to sounds or tone, than it is in relation to values. Indeed, an artistic appreciation of sounds or tone is not infrequently first manifested in a sense of rhythm.

Rhythm in vocal music includes, therefore, the understanding of the pulses of measures and their regular reoccurrence, the values in the measures down to their smallest detail and their relations to syllables and words, the swing or form of phrases, and their relation to each other and to the whole piece, and the movement or the speed at which the piece is to be sung, including the varieties or changes in that movement. Rhythm is to music what honesty is to character, viz., the very basis of it.

Good style means musical good sense in interpretation and its foundation is to be gained through a rhythmic and harmonic understanding of music.

Digitized by Google

ETHELBERT NEVIN.

BY LOUIS CAMPBELL-TIPTON.

The passing away of a most gifted contributor in the realm of lyric music, namely, Mr. Ethelbert Nevin, certainly would seem to justify some slight resumé of his life, and comment on his works. I have been requested to write a few lines in this connection and it is with keenest pleasure that the request is fulfilled.

As to his life, I know nothing: I was not personally acquainted with him, but should judge from the number of commentaries—brief, but favorable—from those who did know him, that he was a most charming fellow; much like his music, in fact.

On collecting almost everything which he has published, however, I am somewhat surprised that he has written so little; that his fame rests on the creation of—I believe—not more than some thirty odd opuses. Nevertheless, as various short compositions are comprised in a single opus number in many cases, one may consider his individual efforts as far in excess of this.

In reviewing the work of a man of Nevin's status one is quite as liable to the error of under-valuation as to over-estimation of its real worth. True, he is known only by small works, none of which can call for analysis, for there is nothing to analyze. His work is not in the nature of that which we term, technically, Thematic; not in a single composition is there the faintest suggestion of "working out," with a motive, phrase, theme, or what you will; his harmonic scheme is so unchangeable that, after familiarity with one composition, one is safe to assume the basic-structure of most of them; and his musical thoughts are ever conveyed in the simplest of forms, and in a manner to impress one that he was not fond of exertion, either manual or intellectual. On the other hand, he has, nevertheless, given an impress of genius, in the smallest of his works. Like Eugene Field, he was a child of nature and a poet. He did not seek to labor in those broad fields by which one must "conquer or die;" rather the little by-paths, through

Digitized by Google

which he roamed, singing lightly, happily and culling the tenderest of musical flowers, with here and there an outburst of virility and force, barely sufficient to convey the impression of a momentary glimpse of the "illimitable" on the horizon, which he seemingly lacked the temerity or inclination to pursue.

It were absurd, in lieu of this, to produce the highest standards to which to subject Nevin's lovely inspirations, when he has, himself, never courted any such comparison. He has expressed what he had to say, always with a simple directness and spontaneity; in fact, with a peculiar freshness of style which my patriotic inclination tempts me to call "American." Perhaps, if I heard a composition of Edward Schuett, and were told it was by Nevin, I would cherish the same possible illusion; but, after all, who is more "un-German" than Schuett? (Is he German? If he is Russian, my point of view would be equally tenable, as the Russian and American characteristics are frequently remarked as similar.)

Considering the lines on which Nevin's work is written, its peculiar value—the quality which has caused the best of musicians to accept it—lies, I should say, in his having eschewed those commonplace figurations which were, in times not so far gone by, the necessary qualifications for any composition which aimed to appeal to the ordinary, average listener. His treatment of the arpeggio is tasteful, and broken-chord figurations are preferred by him, not always in an easy form, still hardly really complex. His harmonies are never forced, though sometimes ungrammatically written: notably, bar 18 in the song, "Deep in a Rose's Glowing Heart;" bar 1, second half of bar, in "Dragon Fly;" bar 26, second half of bar, same piece. And I question the logic of double flatting the fifth in the first line of "The Rosary," voice part. To argue that it involves less chromatic alteration would not be true, for he himself feels the necessity of restoring the original fifth in the following phrase. I write particularly of this, for Nevin seems to have felt it to be a correct voice-leading, having used the progression in a similar manner in "Barchetta," bar 7 (last note); "Captive Memories," bar 22; "When the Land was White with Moonlight," bars 19 and 20, and "A Song of Love," bar 2. It is not that it involves the interval of an augmented third, as in "Captive Memories;" or of a diminished

Digitized by Google

octave with the upper tone lowered, as in the same piece; nor of a diminished sixth, as in "When the Land was White with Moonlight;" all these intervals are recognized as possible by modern theorists; and it is an old subject of discussion, the writing of a descending chromatic-scale with raised fourth instead of lowered fifth, when all the other tones are lowered. Perhaps it is merely long habit that makes it difficult for me to feel the lowered fifth preferable; I can only remark that this tone, regardless of how it is written, is the most frequently used of all tones foreign to the key, and as the fifth and fourth tones of the scale are next in importance to the tonic, it seems to me that one feels the tone immediately below either of them as bearing the character of a leading tone in the two keys most closely related to the tonic, and that they should be written accordingly even in progressing a half-step downward from them, just as much as when progressing a half-step downward from the tonic itself, in order to sustain the close relationship of key. I have an instinctive feeling that this is more logical, and think that those who originated this peculiarity of chromatic-scale writing must have felt the same. In the study of sight-singing, sharp-four and flat-seven are the first chromatic alterations given to the pupil, and the ear is trained more readily to the pitch of sharp-four, as the leading-tone of the dominant, than to the pitch of flat-five, which naturally seems to imply a more distant modulation than sharp-four.

It is in his songs that Nevin's peculiar charm asserts itself most potentially; for here his ultra-lyric moods are reflected without challenging invidious comparison; here is his natural vantage ground; and it is remarkable the number of songs he has written with a similar harmonic-basis, all of which are beautiful, and are "good music," as well. True, they are as ear-haunting as a veritable "street-melody," and yet, not one of them that I have seen is common. One can enjoy an evening of Nevin's songs, and feel that it has been well spent—an evening of real, poetic, music; in fact. Although he has never followed the modern tendency to atmospheric word-painting in music, one can never feel that his text has been really ill-chosen for the sort of music which he has written. Intellectual depth has not been sought for by any, in

Digitized by Google

song-writing, but those of the ultra-modern school, to which Nevin did not belong; and the most steadfast advocate of word-painting must recognize the æsthetic beauty of the best examples of the lyric school, of which Nevin, in his songs, is a representative. Longfellow, Whittier and Sidney Lanier are more understandable to the average intellect than are Shakespeare or Goethe; hence, they are capable of carrying really greater weight with the majority. So is it a similar feeling which will cause the average listener to desire a Nevin song in preference to one of a less distinctively lyric, but more intellectual character; and there is no occasion for the musical scholar, or the ultra-modernist to writhe in anguish at the musical density of the public if it will never descend lower than the Nevin type. He is a follower of the lyric school of which Schubert, Schumann and Franz are the best representatives, and think how much many good musicians are doing to-day for the posterity of those three gentlemen, all of whom wrote many songs which are ordinary, save to the illusionist, and the sedate observer of traditions, who swallow them in entirety as an omnipotent Trinity in one.

I have been reflecting over the Nevin subject, recalling how, when I first began to hear his songs, I felt an instinctive impress of a power, greater in its possibilities than shown in the moment, and I have been wondering if its lack of fulfillment has proven my intuition as playing me false, or whether circumstance has been less kind to him, after all, than he deserved; and if, had he been involved in other conditions of life than the ones seemingly laid out for him, he would have developed potentialities beyond those realized.

Man's better discernment is frequently awakened by the examples and influences surrounding him; and the converse as well. The character, aside from the mentality, may determine his acts; may prescribe the omission or the commission of greater accomplishments. And though the mentality cannot take form, or add to, the character, which was pre-determined, the character may influence the mentality to the extent of stultifying it, through temporal conditions to which the character is either seduced or resigned, while the mentality awaits the true awakening.

Man's works are a reflex of his life, and in just so much as

Digitized by Google

the intellect, the character, the emotions and the experience have played their part, will these qualities serve as the theme on which each respective work is but a variation. Assuming that he comes into the world with given tendencies, ethical, physical, intellectual and psychical, and that it is the apprehension of these that constitutes his career, may not any one of them play the preponderating part in his life to the detriment of the others? Blessed is he to whom it is given to maintain these factors equally, that none may suffer in the balance.

With most men I suppose a single circumstance in life may be looked back upon as the turning point, in which his entire future, successful or unsuccessful, was involved. A single step and he has determined the conditions to which he must yield, by which his mentality, like the 7th in a Deceptive Cadence, may "ascend, remain stationary, or descend." An inscrutable fate prescribes certain compensations for every condition, and it is the relative strength of those given tendencies which may determine man's acceptance or retirement from this condition. Perchance he cannot withdraw, though he would; that the involution of other conditions has resigned him likewise to a fulfillment of this; that "all or none" are imposed upon him, to which he must yield self and future unreservedly, or destroy all, that he may build again.

Who, then, shall decide, but the individual, as to the alternative? What other man shall dare to deem his decision, in either case, as ill-chosen? The conditions of life are such that the highest fulfillment of one of its obligations may preclude more than a passing realization of others. Fortunate is the man who has sounded his own depths, and who "knows himself," his powers and his limitations, ere the arrival of that circumstance which shall determine all conditions and relative obligations of the future. If the circumstance is premature, he may pass through life in the full apprehension of one given tendency, but to the detriment of those higher gifts which he may then never know; if, on the other hand, the awakening is a tardy one, he must then decide which condition shall be fulfilled to the utmost. And he alone can determine. Others may only regret.

Digitized by Google

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PROF. HERMAN RITTER.

Did the man who set Lermontow's "Demon" to music know that he was himself a demon as he sat at the piano, and with a fascinating power expressed his spiritual emotion? Did he know that he was a demon when he brought audiences, often numbering thousands, under the spell of his inspiration? No, at the time of his performances certainly not, for he was oblivious to everything about him. But when they were concluded he surely must have known what a conjurer he was. He had brought all of his auditors out from the realms of reality to the realms of ideality and had ignited flames of enthusiasm. And what fine qualities as a man this great artist displayed! Anyone who ever came in personal touch with him could testify this above all.

I moved to St. Petersburg from the Rhine country, where I had lived for a time. It was in May. When, in former years I thought of Russia, it was with the impression that the cold and inhospitable climate was the reigning power there. And how different I learned it was. It was true that there were no Moselles blooming there, not the flower of the Rhine wine. Joyful echos do not reverberate as in the Rhine land, nor are there any vine clad hills. Neither does there exist a springtime as we know it. A sudden change from winter to summer is the rule. That gradual development, the budding and sprouting which we so gladly notice in Germany, is unknown there. In the vicinity of St. Petersburg summer comes with the going of the ice in the Neva river.

At this time, in the year 1877, I came to the Neva residence, where the then director of the Imperial Conservatory of Music, the great 'cellist, Charles Davidoff, had taken a great interest in my *viola alta* and arranged to have me show it to Rubinstein. On a beautiful summer day I went to Peterhof, the Russian Versailles, to visit the master. Rubinstein, who at the time was suffering with bad eyes, received me with a

Digitized by Google

scowl and he was in a bad humor. He seemed to have no interest in my visit, and he showed a somewhat rejecting attitude toward my endeavors regarding the improvement of the tone of the old viola above mentioned. It was a painful position for me, and it reached a climax when I invited him to hear the old instrument. In an irritable voice he said: "It is unnecessary. The viola is all right as it is. I am satisfied, and I like the manner in which Schumann treated it."

These were the words of him who wrote the greatest work in all the old viola literature, his Sonata, Opus 49. I felt terribly humiliated. On the one hand there was the feeling of unbounded esteem for this man, who sat before me as one who might have been insulted, and on the other, a feeling as of a stupid child. In bidding him farewell I quickly brought the painful incident to an end, and I sadly returned to St. Petersburg.

Davidoff was beside himself when I related my bad experience with Rubinstein, but he encouraged me at the same time to repeat the visit. And so I did. A letter with some words of recommendation from Davidoff secured me an audience some weeks later. Whether the words of Davidoff sufficed to put the master in a kindly mood, or whether he was naturally feeling better than on the previous occasion, I do not know, but at any rate he was more approachable from the beginning than he was before.

"Come, bring your instrument in with you. Davidoff wishes me to hear you."

These were the words with which he received me and conducted me into the music room. This room, which was very simply furnished, contained two grand pianos, and there were chairs around the walls. There was a bust of the grand Princess Helena, the amiable admirer of Rubinstein, to whom he dedicated among others, some of the first fruits of his genius, the Melodies of Opus 3.

"What will you play for me?" asked Rubinstein.

"Your Sonata, Opus 49," I replied. At the same time I laid the piano part on one of the instruments.

"I am sorry not to be able to play it. I see badly; but I will try it." As he spoke, Rubinstein seated himself at the piano and did a short prelude to the first theme of the Sonata.

Digitized by Google

"It is one of my best chamber music compositions, if not the very best; too bad that it is so seldom played. Well, now you may begin."

With much vigor I drew the first tone of the Sonata, the open C string of my *viola alta,* Rubinstein started in with equal vigor and boldness, and so it went, sometimes passionately aroused, sometimes quietly, until the conclusion of the first movement. As we finished this, Rubinstein got up and extended his hand with the expression, "Superb. Let us continue."

Then came the Andante. Rubinstein played it without having to turn the pages, and indeed with such magic of expression and tonal effect that I shall never forget it. As we reached the great climax, approaching the Coda, he turned to me and said, "Verdi, Verdi."

During the performance of this movement a number of listeners found their way into the room from time to time through various entrance doors. They were Rubinstein's old mother and his wife and children, who listened attentively until the close of the Sonata. When we concluded Rubinstein was bathed in perspiration, but was wonderfully aroused and was as if entirely changed in his attitude toward me. Gratefully he extended both his hands, his eyes lighted with pleasure, though they seemed half blind.

"Stay and breakfast with me. Come out with me."

Then we went out upon the terrace of his villa, and in an unreserved and happy way I had the privilege of gossiping with the great tone poet.

The breakfast consisted of a large roast of beef, and a plate of cucumbers, to which were added tea with lemon juice. It was a plain but genuine Russian meal. Rubinstein took a cucumber, dipped it in salt, ate it with evident relish and said:

"Do you eat cucumbers? They are fine. I cannot do without them. In fact, I have them sent to me on my tours abroad."

In this unconstrained manner Rubinstein chatted of every possible thing, and in the course of our conversation, which soon turned to my old viola, there were earnestness and much humor. After breakfast came the cigarettes, which were inevitable in Rubinstein's life, and which he threw down upon

Digitized by Google

the table in a heap. As we spoke casually again of his Sonata, Opus 49, he remarked that he considered it his best chamber composition, and he was sorry not to find it oftener on concert programs.

I took the liberty to reply that this was probably due to the instrument, the old viola, which was not always available, and the arrangement of the piano part.

"You are right. Well—I hope that we may play it occasionally together," remarked the master.

This occurred afterwards in St. Petersburg. Yes, in 1893 Rubinstein called me to Frankfort to study the work under his direction with Alexander Siloti, in order that we might play it at a matinee which the Museum company gave in honor of the master. On the same afternoon, it was February 12, I bade him goodbye at the station as he departed for Stuttgart. This was the last time I ever saw the great tone poet.

On the above mentioned occasion of our breakfasting together, our conversation once turned upon Liszt and Wagner. Rubinstein had many words of enthusiasm for Liszt, but for Wagner he expressed a decided dislike. I carefully observed how the thought of Wagner put him in a bitter and even a regretful humor until finally he exclaimed: "Liszt's worst compositions were done while he was associated with Wagner."

I felt almost as if I were responsible for this bitter outbreak against Wagner, since I had expressed my warm admiration for the creations of the dramatist. Rubinstein became suddenly uninteresting in conversation, and grew reflective. Was this a period of restraint. Was this quiet a result of weakness? Suddenly he arose, stroked his fingers through his hair, and went into an adjoining room. What had happened between the quiet and soulful earnestness, and the vigorous starting? I was to learn immediately. The thought that pervaded his entire life, to see his operas oftener performed, would not allow him peace. He returned to me with a part of the score of his newest opera, "Merchant Kalaschnikow," and he showed me various passages therein which seemed unusually fine to him. Here the master was again composed and contented, but with all of the vehemence of his speech and being he condemned the Wagnerian art principles. In a spirit of repose and genuine conviction, supported by a dignified self-

Digitized by Google

consciousness, he acquainted me with the ideas of his sacred operas.

I listened to the master a long time in hearty admiration and observed that he entertained high hopes for the future of his operas. During his discussion I received impressions of a strong personality whom I had touched upon an open wound in turning the subject to Wagner.

I remained with the master until the approach of evening. Before going I played a few games of billiards with Rubinstein in his own parlors.

I was compelled to observe that he was a much better piano player than billiard player. Whenever he played a bad ball, for which his imperfect vision may have been partly responsible, he remarked: "I only play billiards for exercise."

This was my first real meeting of the great master in Peterhof, where in his quiet and beautiful summer retreat he lived and worked in seclusion. From his residence the view stretched far out over the bosom of the Finnish Sea, to which I descended to await the arrival of a steamer that brought me back to St. Petersburg. On the return a magnificent picture of the poetry of evening lay before me. The sun's last rays gleamed upon the many spires of the palaces and churches of St. Petersburg that were visible in the distance. From time to time a stratum of fog lifted itself up, and the moonlight poured a silvery splendor over the northern city that lay there like a fairy.

Translated from the "Signale," by E. E. S.

Digitized by Google

RATIONAL METHODS OF PASSAGE PRACTICE.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

In the opinion of experienced pianists a large part of the time occupied by young pianists in practicing passages (arpeggios, scales, and like brilliant forms or parts of pieces) is wasted, or inadequately invested for want of rational treatment of the work. Dr. William Mason tells how he used to practice one or two hours a day upon five finger exercises, meanwhile with a novel open on the piano desk, and he read from it in order to relieve his mind of the insufferable tedium of the practice. Of course, he now knows that, owing to the division of his attention, his fingers derived little or no benefit while at the same time his enjoyment of the story was equally impaired, through the interference of the exercises. Fortunately this kind of effort to mitigate the dryness of practice has gone out; however little we now know about the essence of piano playing, we at least know this, that nothing can be learned without applying the mind to it.

Still we are far from being out of the woods; while mind is now applied to piano practice (nominally at least) it still remains true that the greater part of the passage practice of young pianists fails of adequate result for want of intelligent musical supervision and a skillful adaptation of the practice methods to the ends proposed to be reached. Our students do not consider how many different things they have to do before they can play the brilliant parts of their pieces with the full effect belonging to them, as the composer conceived them. A few good points are obtained; the others remain lacking. Hence the question of the present paper: What are the elements of superior passage playing? How are these good qualities to be severally prepared in the practice?

Passage playing upon the piano is sometimes very fast, sometimes moderate; sometimes very loud, sometimes inconceivably fast and light; sometimes long successions of notes fall in like a zephyr without the slightest organization of mel-

Digitized by Google

ody or harmony; at other times a harmonic figure underlies them and the measure rhythm is implacable. Sometimes the notes are practically of equal force; at others they differ widely, very strong melody tones being interspersed between quite long groups of light and fast notes.

From the standpoint of touch gradation, the following is a fairly complete summary of the good ends to be attained in passage practice. The student aims at developing:

Sonority.

Distinctness and lightness.

Brilliancy.

Evenness.

Differentiation.

Versatility (the ability to change easily from one of the foregoing adjustments to another.)

Passages also have other good qualities, which are about as much mental as muscular, and in the development of which the mental training cuts perhaps as large a figure as the purely finger study. They are:

Reliability and Sureness.

Continuity.

Velocity.

Endurance.

Each of the foregoing good qualities of passage playing is developed by a certain method of practice, some in one way, some in another. The point is to unite all methods in such a way as to cover the whole ground. All good artists, in proportion as their playing covers these various excellencies, have found out ways of practicing for attaining them. For instance, sonority can only be attained by cultivating an economical attack with the finger point and with enough force to produce the tone desired. Accordingly when it is a question of this quality in the playing, the artist practices very forcibly and very slow. To play loud and fast at the same time is an advanced accomplishment for the pianist; it involves a quick attack and a very quick release. The extra force employed in all heavy playing comes from the arm; and, as the arm is rather sluggish, it takes a great deal of work to bring it up to the point where it can be suddenly drawn upon at speeds in which finger work would be the natural method. The great

Digitized by Google

virtuoso, Moritz Rosenthal, illustrates resplendent accomplishments in this direction.

For securing evenness of finger, probably Mr. Virgil's clavier is as productive a device as has ever been invented; the only trouble is that in actual playing the tonal sense has to rule, and the clavier does not recognize such an organ as an ear hearing tone. Still it does recognize an ear hearing clicks, and in the absence of clicks the ear thus put upon the quest will probably accept the tones themselves as an indifferent substitute for the more determinate click, so that the clavier practicer will be likely to acquire this merit at least from the machine. In default of such an apparatus there is no way but to repeat passages many times over with attention to the exact equality of tones in power. It then turns upon the quickness of the student's attention.

Distinctness is one of the most indispensable qualities in good passage practice, since the effect often depends upon a cumulative impression of a long series of notes in a certain rhythmic motion, such as half, quarters or eighths of pulse. When a note falls out of such a series it is like a missing tooth in a comb, no great thing lost in itself, but the impression of completeness is fatally impaired. For attaining this quality perhaps a finger staccato is the best method of practice. Without pedal, play the passage many times through, heavy, moderate in time, and then fast and light, but always staccato, listening to be sure that every note shows up as due.

Staccato practice is also one of the steps towards lightness, since in that method of playing the hand does not ride upon the keys, but is carried along by the arm. A complete release of the fingers from the staccato intensity, combined with complete relaxation, will enable the student to pass from a moderate speed staccato to a fast speed without staccato; meanwhile the fingers will retain much of the distinctness and sureness of the previous forms.

Brilliancy depends upon tone-volume and quality. It combines force and sparkle. The latter quality is a residum which is left over after staccato practice. Working for force alone is apt to leave the tone heavy and (as cooks say) soggy. It can be sharpened up by staccato practice work. This puts life where it is most needed, namely—in the very tip of the finger

Digitized by Google

Hand staccato will not do this work for the student. It must be a staccato of finger-tip moving quickly inwards at the touch, a little as if the notes of the run were picked out of the keyboard.

Still another advance is marked when in addition to all these excellencies the player has good differentiation of tone values, and is able to drop his melody notes with sufficient force in the midst of fast running work, which is nevertheless not interrupted in the least. It permits all sorts of sfortzandos and heavy emphasis upon tones which come so unexpectedly that no formal preparation can be made for them.

All of these excellencies are mainly those of the touch, and the mind has to learn them and learn when to demand them, but the mind is not generally the place where friction most shows itself. It is different with the excellencies of the remaining list. Let us see.

Reliability arises first of all from distinctly knowing what it is that one proposes to do; then from the reliability of the muscles to respond many times in succession. And this, again, involves the quick application of mind. When reliability is well developed it becomes continuity, but this merit, as here meant, involves the continuity which arises from the thought (and the finger after the thought) passing fluently from one musical pattern to another, meanwhile maintaining the rhythm. It includes the maintainance of several threads at once, the rhythmic, the harmonic, the melodic (if any) and each perfect after its kind. A good, short example of this sort of thing occurs in the second intermezzo of Schumann's second Kreisleriana; here there is a melodic idea and a steady motion of sixteenths in arpeggio forms. The trick is to bring out the melodic motives without interrupting the continuity of the sixteenth motion; Schumann also adds to your troubles by enriching the bass with long appoggiaturas, which produce the mental feeling of harmonic false notes. This passage, while short, is a good example of mental difficulties where the purely mechanical are of no great stress.

Velocity playing is another form of accomplishment which many players fail of, for want of proper conception more often than for want of muscular adjustment. The method of attaining this will be discussed later.

Digitized by Google

Endurance is yet another excellence which does not come by accident. It depends upon cultivation, taking care that the many repetitions requisite for developing it be so managed as to give rise to the same difficulty as in musical pieces requiring this method of work.

Up to this point good players are substantially agreed, and the question is to so manage our passage practice as to attain as many as possible of these excellencies of playing in a single sequence or practice-form.

If we examine any of the standard systems of technical exercise published in Germany, or elsewhere, such as those of Plaidy, Zwintscher, and the like, we find everywhere the same thing, succinctly as follows: First, a lot of exercises in five finger positions. The theory of five finger practice is that by this method the fingers are trained exclusively and made independent of each other and a "correct position of hand" is soon attained. Teachers differ greatly in their requirements at this point. Some, like the old school of Stuttgart, depress the back of the hand so that the fingers already exhaust their range of upward motion in avoiding to sound the keys. Then they go on and try to develop still greater amplitude of raising the finger preparatory to the blow. This of itself is a form of exercise very difficult; in the effort to accomplish it the wrist is generally stiffened, and it is impossible to develop power in this way unless the student acquires the trick of deriving his power from the arm. When he does this he inevitably establishes the wrist stiffening already mentioned, and very few students well trained in this form of exercise ever develop a musical touch or a pleasant method of playing. The confirmed five-finger practicer goes on and adds further difficulty by holding one or more tones while playing a moving figure with the other fingers. With this form of work he always stiffens the wrist, and a surer way of destroying a musical touch it would be difficult to find.

Dr. Mason made an attempt to apply rhythmic treatment and accentuation to five finger practice and succeeded in mitigating the difficulties to some extent; but after some years of experiment he has, I believe, finally decided to leave out five finger practice altogether.

After the five finger exercises, formerly supposed to be funda-

Digitized by Google

mental to the study of the piano, most technicians go on with various extensions with quiet hand; and then proceed to arpeggios, scales, etc., all treated in the same way—i. e., not treated at all. Innumerable repetitions without rhythm, tone-quality, or any kind of system, being the almost invariable rule. A few speak of the desirability of varying the touch, but they afford no systematic method of doing this; and none of them give forms corresponding in musical quality to the passage forms occurring in brilliant pieces.

Mason illustrates the exact opposite of this. Passing for the present the significant fact of his masterly and exhaustive series of exercises in tone-productions, or quality of touch, let us take his arpeggio and scale systems of work, and what do we find? First, in the arpeggio is a figure employing all the fingers, saving of course the little finger, which is saved for the top notes. He places at the foundation of his method what he sometimes calls a table of graded rhythms, meaning thereby the performance of a figure in quarter notes at the rate of 100 to the minute, then in eighths, sixteenths, and thirty-seconds in succession, at precisely the same movement, making the thirty-seconds follow at the rate of 800 notes per minute. When for any reason the student finds it impossible to attain this not inconsiderable speed he permits temporarily a slower movement, such as 84, which still brings the thirty-second notes at the rate of upwards of 675 notes per minute. Even the quite slow rate of 60 gives thirty-second notes running 480 notes per minute.

Here at the beginning of the system we have something of profound bearing upon technical attainment. First of all a rate for slow playing, and it is by no means easy to give four repetitions of the quarter note table at strict tempo. Young students experience an almost irresistible impulse to hurry the speed, which, of course, must not be done—whether the rate be 60, 84 or 100. This impulse to hasten is not satisfied with the first doubling up to the eighth note motion. This is also a slow rate of playing, and it conduces wonderfully to repose and solidity if it is carried out according to Mason's directions, forte and fortissimo in the quarters and eighths.

Even the sixteenths in this movement are not particularly difficult; but with the thirty-seconds the trouble really comes

Digitized by Google

thick and fast. In all the early practice it is probably better to slightly accent each beat in the thirty-seconds in order to insure a little more accurate perception of the measure. When this table of rhythms is applied to the scale in four octave forms and carried out at the metronome mark of 100, the effect upon the playing is remarkable. The hand adopts the peculiarly light and easy motion in which alone velocity is possible, and does not confuse the mechanism by attempting to bring into these extreme forms the heavy touch common in slow forms.

Mason is not altogether consistent in the arpeggio volume in carrying out his rhythmic tables, the one beginning with four quarter notes being the only completely logical one which he has. His second rhythmic table begins with two quarter notes in a measure and goes from this to triplets, of eighths; so far is logical enough, provided it is understood that we are working up multiples of 2 and 3 together. But after two triplets he proceeds to a 9-8 form, three triplets in a measure, which has no proper relation to the 6-8. What he ought to have had at this point in order to be logical is a 6-8 in sixteenth notes, two to each of the former triplet notes; or (in case he desired to double up with a 3), an 18, consisting of six triplets, one to each of the original triplet notes.

The application of the method of graded rhythms for developing velocity is one of Dr. Mason's most distinguished services to piano technics. It followed after his early invention of velocity exercises as first published in the Mason & Hoadley method, in 1867, and repeated with modifications in all his later publications. In this way a pupil begins with a short run, short enough to be easily grasped and performed. The player begins with a tone over one beat long and just before the time has expired runs rapidly across the intervening notes to the final tone of the series, which is played exactly upon the second beat. The run, therefore, falls between beats and is done rapidly but at first lightly. As facility is gained the run is extended until two or more octaves of scale or arpeggio are included within a single beat. In this way a familiar passage is taken and the unit successively enlarged, the attention being always fixed upon the final note, and the run falling in as an incident. The result is to develop speed to a marked degree.

Digitized by Google

The method is subject to the disadvantages that many pupils do not adhere to the same tempo but gradually extend the time as the run gets longer. The method by graded rhythms takes the problem first of all from the rhythmic point of view and avoids difficulty, provided the metronome be relied upon to keep the beat steady.

The older velocity practice (Vol. 2, Exercises 6 to 10, 12 to 14, 28, 29, 62 to 68; Vol. 3, Exercises, 9 and 40) is especially advisable whenever the pupil fails to play with sufficient lightness to accomplish the speed required in the thirty-second notes. Then go through the forms above cited.

In administering the velocity it is better to take each hand alone and beginning with a convenient run (five or six notes) play it in the movement required. Answer this by a similar run in the opposite direction with the left hand alone. Then the right hand increases the run by adding a note; the left answers again in the new distance, and so on until the complete distance is gained. In arpeggio practice the velocity has gone sufficiently far when the run extends one or two notes over two octaves. This gives the unit larger than required for the thirty-second notes.

In acquiring certain qualities of scale playing the older velocity practice is very useful, if it be carried out with a crescendo. The practice velocity tends to diminish the individuality of the notes in the run and to give the passage the character of something more like a glissando, where the finger is slid along the keys. This quality is often desirable and the velocity method is the easiest way of getting it.

The principle of graded rhythms is also applicable to any difficult and rapid passage that a student may have to work up to a high speed. Whatever the figure, take it first at a slow speed, with enough repetitions to fix it firmly in the mind, with the place of every finger accurately determined and understood. Then after a few repetitions at a slow rate, such as quarters at 100 or a little faster, exactly double the speed; then after several repetitions exactly double the speed again. This process many times repeated, so many times in the slowest speed, so many times in the second degree, and twice as many in the fastest, will bring the student to a speedy playing more quickly than any other mode of practice. The

Digitized by Google

average player commonly varies the speed very little in practicing a passage; it is a question of fast and a little faster; or of slow and not quite so slow. Often a sort of jog-trot is the only speed they have at command for a brilliant passage.

Passage work is also part of the playing where endurance becomes important, since the passages are put in for the purpose of illustrating unusual powers of the player. Endurance will follow upon a suitable preparation. First of all, the power has to be prepared so that a sufficiently strong tone can be produced upon the wholesale demand of the passage in question; then it is a question of going through the passage times enough without the mind wandering; and finally there is the question of muscular endurance of finger.

The various metrical treatments of passage work in Mason's system are the methods which will soonest bring a student to this ability. Particularly so the principle of "graded rhythms," or doubling up several times in speed, and at the same time increasing the number of repetitions in all the fast varieties.

Amateur pianists entirely fail to realize the vast number of repetitions which artists make of a given passage. While some are abstemious, working, for instance, upon Dudley Buck's rule, that a passage or a piece is learned whenever it can be played through three times at concert speed without making a mistake, others, like Godowsky, repeat innumerable times, day after day—repeat often with almost inconceivable rapidity. Godowsky, however, is no rule as to speed. His mind acts with such inconceivable quickness that he will repeat a passage several times at a terrific speed, yet change the fingering every time over and over again and be making up his mind which one of the fingerings he prefers; this question once settled, that fingering is the one he will use and never forget it. This is the virtuoso. I remember some years ago hearing him work at the Brahms Handel variations, and upon certain variations requiring speed he worked again and again, merely to obtain a finer and more even action of fingers.

After all, good playing depends mainly upon a firm mental conception of the music, in all its parts, and a deep realization of the emotional meaning of it. The artist who has fine technic but little feeling, plays everything to perfection, but he does not observe which pieces have in them that mysterious some-

Digitized by Google

thing which acts upon and controls an audience. Young Hofmann is at this point. Others, like Godowsky, are interested in nothing which is not terribly difficult or else extremely musical, or both. Given something with these qualities in it, he shines supreme; with lesser materials he fails to make an impression. It is different with Rosenthal. He is able to convince himself that it is a particularly brainy thing to be able to play, for instance, the Chopin waltz in thirds faster and louder than anbody else. While the piece is barrenness itself as to harmony and is wholly without any musical qualities beyond an external symmetry of parts, he can settle himself for days to acquire this added speed and power; and he can bring it out at concert with such momentum that the audience goes wild; yet the musical faculties as such have not been touched. To return to Godowsky, wishing to give Rosenthal a taste of his own powers, he worked one day upon this same piece, to go faster than Rosenthal, and upon the return of the principal subject, to add an entirely new melody in the tenor, at the repetition of the first part after the middle piece. Of course he accomplished it and the novelty of the problem absorbed him and justified (subjectively) the waste of time over a piece so insignificant when tried by real standards.

At different times writers have pronounced the doom of piano passages, claiming that in the good time coming artists would never seek merely to astonish, but would find their display in the passages which also contained the most of idea and beauty. Schumann worked along this line and there are few or no passages in his works. Chopin has many. I do not remember at this moment that Schubert has any. Liszt, of course, like the confirmed virtuoso *poseur* that he was, ran to passages dreadfully; for this reason his music can generally be done with less mind than most others. Fingers are what he wants, and the will to work. Brahms has hardly any passages. Even in his concertos the passage as such has become thoughtful and emotional. But I believe as long as public piano playing continues, the mere tone of the instrument and its effects as such will always delight those who have genius for them. The sensuous beauty of tone and of effects, will remain the reward of the virtuoso who will work them out; and they will give pleasure to his hearers. But as time goes on the

Digitized by Google

effects will become more and more complicated and subtle. Godowsky's later Chopin studies set the high water mark at present. Somebody will presently arise who will set it still higher, but probably not for a generation yet.

And as long as passages exist, the methods of working them out for the student will be substantially those I have here recounted.

Digitized by Google

MUSICAL WHISTLES.

BY MARY WOOD CHASE.

In not many years we are to see many wonderful improvements—the twentieth century being as much in advance of the nineteenth as the latter has been over the eighteenth. We are to have air-ships, submarine ships, and even the ocean is to be lighted by electricity, patrolled by policemen, ambulanced and supplied with hotels and relief stations—an aquatic boulevard, probably even bridged, with electric trains carrying passengers over the 3,000 miles in less than forty-eight hours' time.

All unsightly telegraph poles, all life-threatening wires with deathly currents are to be consigned to lower regions, and the earth is to be made daily more beautiful, more comfortable, more harmonious. But alas, some one suggests that aside from making noiseless wheels for all vehicles, including railway carriages, and reducing all noise to a minimum, that engine whistles should be made musical and church bells should be tuned to chime harmoniously. In fact, that all necessary unavoidable noises should be converted into melodious or at least harmonious sounds.

Will the musical profession submit peacefully, resignedly to this as well as the many other trials relative to their struggle for existence? After the deprecatory apologies for disturbing their neighbors with incessant practice and lesson-giving, after being limited to the shortest possible hours during the day for the exercise of their professional duties, shall they allow these enemies to musical progress to inflict on their brains, wearied by constant musical efforts, sounds which continually remind them of their daily and nightly toil? Think of the poor unfortunates located on street car lines, or worse still, near railroad tracks where trains pass constantly through the night, being awakened by the musical notes of an engine bell or whistle and in the half-roused condition endeavoring to determine whether the bell tone be C or C sharp and whether the whistle with its overtones gives forth the chord of G flat or whether too dead tired to be able to determine definitely. Then

Digitized by Google

the struggle to bring the scattered thoughts to a focus and the distress and restlessness caused by disturbed sleep. Think of a musical foghorn keeping up its harmonious warning every few seconds for hours!

Could a musician get any relief from his mental labors if all irregular vibrations were made regular, if all noise were made harmonious Do away with noise as much as possible, but that it should be made musical—heaven forfend!

What can be more tantalizingly monotonous than the melodious bells of the scissors grinders, repeated ad infinitum, and who with any musical feeling would not say with Robert Browning, "Why rush the discords in but that harmony should be prized"? Too much of any good thing is apt to pall.

An old, bent and weather-beaten character is well known in a certain aristocratic suburb of Chicago, as he drives an equally weather-beaten nag slowly along the quiet streets, calling out at regular intervals in a singularly nasal, harsh, almost unintelligible manner. Could all street noises be made so characteristic, so original and so entirely grotesque, it would lend the charm of novelty to even a musician's ear and repeated hearings would only increase the interest.

But if we must have musical whistles, let us petition that they shall give forth no every-day chord, but that a chord of the thirteenth or some ultra modern harmony shall be insisted upon which, when it gets out of tune, will resolve itself naturally once more into pure and simple noise.

Digitized by Google

Despite the unfavorable reception given piano recitals in Chicago the present season, Miss Blanche Dingley had the temerity to engage Mr. Leopold Godowsky for two recitals in the university hall, March 5 and 8. To dispose of the managerial part of it, the recitals were successful financially, although the second evening was rainy. The audience was large and very representative, almost every pianist in the city being present, as well as the most influential amateurs; the gallery was entirely full of students. The programs were these:

I. TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Prelude and Fugue in E Minor. Op. 35—Mendelssohn.

Twelve Symphonic Studies. Op. 13—Schumann.

Sarabande in C Sharp Minor, Courante in E Minor, Moto Perpetuo, G Flat. Op. 13—Godowsky.

Eclogue, At the Spring, Concert Study in F Minor—Liszt.

Scherzo, in E Flat Minor. Op 4—Brahms.

Ballade, No. 3, in A Flat; Scherzo, in C Sharp Minor. Op. 59—Chopin.

Paraphrases on Chopin Studies—Godowsky.

Op. 10, No. 1, C Major. (Prelude.)

Op. 10, No. 2, A Minor. (Irrlichter.)

Op. 10, No. 8, F Major.

Op. 25, No. 2, F Minor. Inverted. (Valse.)

Op. 25, No. 8, D Flat. (In Sixths.)

Op. 25, No. 5, E Minor; C Sharp Minor. (Mazurka.)

Op. 10, No. 7, C Major; G Flat.

Op. 10, No. 5, Op. 25, No. 9. Combined. (Badinage.)

Contrapuntal Paraphrase on Weber's Invitation to Dance—Godowsky.

Digitized by Google

II. FRIDAY EVENING.

Sonata. Op. 81, The Farewell, The Absence, The Return—Beethoven.

Davidsbuendler. (18 Pieces). Op. 6—Schumann.

Ballade in forms of variations on a Norwegian theme—Grieg.

Sonata in B Minor. Op. 58—Chopin.

Capriccio, Valse-Idylle—Godowsky.

Concert Study in D Flat, Waldesrauschen—Liszt.

Paraphrases on Chopin Studies—Godowsky.

Op. 25, No. 4, A Minor. (Left Hand Alone.)

Op. 10, No. 11 and Op. 25, No. 3, Combined.

Op. 25, No. 4, A Minor in F Minor. (Polonaise.)

Op. 10, No. 9, F Minor, in C Sharp Minor.

Op. 10, No. 5, G Flat. (Black Keys.)

Op. 10, No. 5, in A Major. (Mixed Keys.)

Op. 10, No. 5, in A Minor. (White Keys.)

Op. 25, No. 11, A Minor. (Tarantelle.)

These two programs contained certain important works of which Mr. Godowsky's interpretations are extremely mature and finished. They are the Symphonic Studies and Davidsbuendler of Schumann the Brahms Scherzo in E flat minor the Mendelssohn Prelude and Fugue, the Grieg sonata and the Chopin Sonata in B minor. These are all strong works, involving masterly piano playing, and Mr. Godowsky has given great study to them, so that taking conception and tonal-finish together it is doubtful whether any other artist in the world plays them so well. Of course the Liszt playing was unusually finished, as also was that of the Beethoven Sonata, in which the tonal delicacy was exquisite.

The most important features of the two programs were the illustrations of Mr. Godowsky's own original work. The Sarabande and Courante in the first program are beautiful works, very attractive and delightful. The Perpetual Motion is one of the most rapid pieces of playing on record, and it is generally liked by hearers, although I do not find myself in the same class. After many hearings I am not reconciled, but find it with very little musical interest. The Valse Idylle and Capriccio in the second program were omitted to make room for the Invitation to the Dance, which was demanded.

Digitized by Google

The Studies upon Chopin are among the most curious contributions to the literature and history of the piano of recent years. In every case he has proceeded to take the original right hand part of Chopin for the left hand and, treating it as a *cantus fermus,* has developed upon it entirely new matter. In some cases, particularly among the ten that are published, the result is very like the original—for instance, in the first form of the Black Key study (second program, G flat, and the first study in C major). In others he has taken the right hand part of Chopin and treated it along a new line, as in writing the black key runs upon the mixed white and black keys of A major, and again upon the white keys, A minor. The results always have technical validity, and occasionally they are beautiful, as in the "Irrlichter", the Mazurka, the Valse, and the lovely Nocturne with the Chopin sixths for the left hand.

In all, Mr. Godowsky now has about forty-five of these paraphrases upon Chopin, and they are no doubt destined to do a great work in technics and to influence a new and finer role for the left hand to play. Several others besides those mentioned above, are beautiful and of lasting validity as tone-poems. Technically they all make unprecedented demands upon a player and the hardest part of the pill to swallow (for the virtuoso) is the fact that the better they are done the less presuming and "difficult" they sound. The result is to discourage showy playing and to concentrate attention upon tonal effects.

Mr. Godowsky also played his so-called "Contrapuntal" paraphrase of Weber's Invitation to the Dance, which is the most stupendous piece of virtuosity as yet produced or played in public. I was pleased to observe the unanimity of pianists upon this subject. Mr. Liebling, who always, so far as my twenty-five years' acquaintance with him goes, recognizes virtuosity and finished art upon hearing, remarked to me that no one would have been so wild concerning this playing as Liszt would, could he but have heard it as it now is. It represents an entirely new standard for the virtuoso. While all standard readings are strong and musicianly, the tonal finish is of unprecedented smoothness and refinement; and this in passages which tax even the Godowsky technique.

One of the Chicago daily papers naively remarked that Mr.

Digitized by Google

Godowsky's success was still too new to permit our calling him a great artist, but the Berlin critics do not seem to have felt this scruple, and the saying only marked one particular of the very inadequate recognition given this pianist by the Chicago press, always excepting the Tribune, in which Mr. Hubbard wrote most beautifully of the first recital.

During my own experience of about thirty years in Chicago, I have never heard (either here or elsewhere) a recital upon the piano played as well as that of Tuesday; Friday was played as well, only the program was too long. Neither have I ever heard in any piano recital a more intense quality of listening than Godowsky commanded in the Davidsbuendler, the Beethoven Sonata, the Greig Ballade, and the Chopin Sonata. The same was true of his own works, though these need to be heard several times before one quite realizes how remarkable they are.

As this recital probably terminates Mr. Godowsky's Chicago career, which began with his appearance here with Musin, about fifteen years ago, and continued with six years' residence, it is interesting from a Chicago standpoint to guess at his future. As our readers know, he broke all debut records in Berlin, December 6, 1900, and repeated the record in his recital, January 16, which also had a house sold out completely and enthusiasm galore. His European rank has been established upon so high a plane that his future is safe enough. But the question is where he will eventually stand in popular estimation, aside from the unconcealable fact that his technique surpasses all previous records and places him in this respect at the very head of the line. He has two other giant competitors, Busoni and Rosenthal. Both of these great artists are more one-sided than Godowsky; Busoni plays for broad tone but makes little attempt at delicate tone color. He is therefore a pianist to command but not always to please. He limits his repertory almost entirely to Bach (of whose organ works he has made epoch-marking transcriptions) and Liszt, for whose works he has a superstition and brings out many of the old concert paraphrases which the admirer of Liszt would be willing to let die. As for Mr. Rosenthal, we all know his magnificent art and admire it; while playing mainly for power

Digitized by Google

and speed, he is also capable of making a Mozart Sonata sing delightfully.

My own judgment of Godowsky is that for a while he will rank mainly as a technician, and will derive well-earned fame from his Chopin paraphrases; but that ultimately he will take the place of Pachmann, when that artist retires, as the supreme exponent of a smooth, finished and always musical pianism. Godowsky has larger powers than Pachmann ever had, as that queer genius will go a mile himself to tell you, but the form of his play is very similar, and it is the recognition of this quality in his playing, no doubt, that stirs up the inner harmonics of the emotional Pachmann to his unwonted enthusiasm.

As for myself personally, I have only to say that after hearing Mr. Godowsky now very often for about five years, I am not able to think of any single piece which someone else plays better. He marks a piano epoch. His technique is finer than Tausig's was, and he has far more creative musical power, and this reacts upon his interpretations and gives them an authority which without this inner musical light they would not have. It is certainly to the credit of the Berlin musical public that two hearings of an artist so new should have resulted in establishing his rank so decidedly. But then Berlin was tired of hearing over and over the same things, and of hearing certain one-sided types of playing to the exclusion of others. Godowsky opened a new source of sensation and played in a manner new to Berlin. He has done the same thing here, but the public has never quite grasped the fact, and musicians, with a few honorable exceptions, have been somewhat grudging in recognizing it.

* * *

I have rarely been more pleased than to find in a recent number of the Concert-Goer a short letter from the esteemed master, Mr. Emil Liebling, apropos to the recent Godowsky appearances here. He begins by deploring the fact that a much larger hall should not have been required to afford room for the audience, and goes on:

"Godowsky is not only by all odds the greatest living pianist, but undoubtedly surpasses all previous players in many specialties. His perfect artistic poise, transcendent execution,

Digitized by Google

and vast musical knowledge are admirable and serve to give to his performance a satisfying completeness which places him *hors de concours*. He is classic in Beethoven, romantic in Chopin and Schumann, imbues a Grieg Ballade with new meaning, infuses life into the abstruse Davidsbundlertanze, and completes his victory by dazzling the listener with a colossal technic which knows no boundaries, and is replete with *finesse* and brilliancy."

This from such a master as Liebling is very distinguished praise. It is to be noticed further that Mr. Liebling publishes this opinion after just one hearing of Mr. Godowsky in material affording ground for the sweeping positions of his letter. In other words, Mr. Liebling knows a good thing when he hears it. He always recognized the technique and the musical mastery, and if last year he did not quite know whether Berlin would see it, judging from the many inferior pianists whom they send us, he does know now.

* * *

It is curious how performing artists overestimate the hearing capacity of listeners. Even so experienced a conductor as Mr. Thomas often overdoes the thing, and rarely so much as in these Beethoven programs. The most tiresome that I heard was the one in which the fourth and fifth symphonies, the second and third Leonore overtures and the fourth piano concerto were placed upon one program. This was a case for the activity of the society for preventing cruelty to animals. The two Leonore overtures together were a dose indeed. I do not think that the same objection applied to this last program, excepting I would have supposed that a better example of choral work might have been given the singers than the Benedictus; why not the "Hallelujah to the Father" from the "Mount of Olives"? Or perhaps this was intended as a sop to the quartet—in which case I leave them to their own consciences. I do not go so far as the western editor, who, in commenting upon a very, very bad "Hamlet," said: "There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether "Hamlet" was written by Shakespeare or Bacon; now is a good time to find out. Have their graves opened; the one who turned over last night was the one who wrote the play."

So also, with the two programs by Mr. Godowsky; the last

Digitized by Google

one illustrates this quality in a striking manner. Anybody who will think carefully of the Beethoven Sonata, "The Adieux, the Absence and the Return," the Schumann Davidsbuendler and Grieg Ballade, following one after another for at least forty-five minutes will see that during this whole time there is no chance to get an audience warmed up. One short piece after another gives a variety of very delicate and expressive moods, but nowhere is there anything at all sensational or even a persistent cumulative rhythm. It is like an accommodation train which makes stops every half mile. When the Chopin Sonata was reached the recital had been in session about an hour, and here was where the audience began to find what they had been waiting for. The situation was so evident that in response to a demand for his "Invitation to Dance," Mr. Godowsky omitted his "Capriccio," "Valse Idyll," and the two Liszt works.

I can well understand how this overdoing came about. Mr. Godowsky, who for several years did not pay so much attention as some to tone-quality and occasionally found himself playing upon instruments which were not congenial, now finds himself upon an instrument singularly sweet and pure of tone, and upon it he likes to illustrate his ideas of Beethoven and Schumann, and it is not too much to say that tonally considered these works upon the first part of the program were played to perfection. Still it would have been better to have given three recitals and so divided the job. The program was too long. Moreover, in the case of an artist like Mr. Godowsky, who holds the unique position of author of works of prodigiously advanced virtuosity, the public naturally likes to hear him in these, and in older works which lie beyond the technical powers of most players. This is but natural; later on a taste will assert itself for this exquisite tone-production and nuance in the older works. It is a mistake to make programs so long. It is also a mistake to keep an audience waiting too long before coming at the real thing.

* * *

I note with pleasure that Mr. Harold Bauer has received the homage of the generally rather morose Boston critic, Mr. Philip Hale. I do not go so far as Mr. Hale, for while Mr.

Digitized by Google

Bauer is an estimable and interesting appearance, particularly as he is mainly a self-made pianist, and a very good artist, he is by no means a phenomenal appearance, except in the particular of having mainly made himself. Many others surpass him in technique. Few surpass him in tone—and for this I give him honor.

It is a curious illustration of the overlapping of two standards of technique that we are having this season. Here is Bauer who played the Brahms first concerto in Boston, with not complete success. This was natural, for Bauer has been only about six years developing his piano playing and has not played very much of Brahms; he is too new for this work, which is capable of being played with great beauty of tonal effect and great power upon the audience. Look at Godowsky, who at the age of twelve was already playing the Listzt "Don Juan" and the "Tannhaeuser Overture" by the time he was fifteen. I do not think he played much Brahms until about eight years ago, when he learned the two books of the Paganini variations and the Handel variations for his Philadelphia recitals. Ever since that time he has kept these works within easy reach and has played them a great deal. For instance, after being six months without a piano last summer and fall (at Paris and in traveling) and then being obliged to concentrate his attention upon his own studies and the Brahms and Tschaikowsky concertos for his Berlin appearances, he found that Phoenix, Arizona, demanded the "Tannhaeuser Overture," the Brahms-Paganini variations, Schumann Fantasia, and like the man he is, he played them with only an hour or two for practice. When Godowsky took up the Brahms concerto in D minor, he had already written and played part of his own studies and had formed his hand to the virtuoso things of Brahms for eight years. No wonder he made an effect with it. Speaking of technique in this extreme sense, I fancy it will turn out that Bauer began too late. He is, nevertheless, an interesting artist and produces a fine tone and plays music. This is great honor.

Many of the critics speak of Mr. Dohnanyi and Mr. Gabrilovitch as if they belonged to the category of high techniques. So they do from the old standpoint, but not from the new. Mr. Dohnanyi played the Brahms-Handel variations here in

Digitized by Google

a way which showed better intentions than realization. He neither had mastered them technically nor aesthetically. Later he owned that even the Schumann Etudes Symphoniques are still rather trying for him technically. This signifies that his teacher kept him almost exclusively upon classical music. He plays Beethoven beautifully, but the romantic technique is not yet sufficiently plastic. He played some small things of Brahms also beautifully and in a few years he will be playing Brahms also well in his larger works, no doubt. So also Mr. Gabrilovitch; he has only begun to play Brahms and this part of his culture he has still to acquire. Even his classical playing leaves something to be desired.

Thus two epochs come together; had Gabrilovitch and Donanyi appeared twenty years ago, they would have seemed epoch-marking virtuosos, for at that time the public knew nothing of Brahms and his name was not mentioned upon programs. And now we have the Godowsky technique, which is illustrated in about twenty works printed, and about forty still in manuscript. In the natural course of things we would not have heard the Godowsky advance in this country until a generation later; but by good luck we got it when it was new.

* * *

Musical degrees of unknown potency are in demand in some parts of the country, and Chicago, so long pre-eminent in the manufacture of other kinds of agricultural machinery, is not behind in this. The following item from the Des Moines (Ia.) *Daily Capital* is a case in point:

"It is 'Doctor' Arthur Heft now, and anyone found guilty of calling the talented violinist 'professor' hereafter will be condemned to the tortures of a Scottish bagpipe or a little German street band for one year to come.

"Arthur Heft passed the examination for the degree of 'Doctor of Music' in Chicago, before Dr. M. L. Quinn, this week, and is now reveling in his new title. Dr. Quinn is the American representative and examiner of Oxford College of Music, of Oxford, England, and Dr. Heft's successful passing of the strict examination places him in direct line as a possible candidate for admission to Oxford College, the recognized center and seat of musical training. Arthur Heft was a

Digitized by Google

'Bachelor of Music' prior to this week's examination, but now has a new handle to his name.

"Having won the honors from Dr. Quinn in this country, Dr. Heft proposes visiting Oxford as soon as possible, although no definite arrangements have yet been made, and there completing the honorary course in which he already ranks so high."

It is not the design of my comments to try to throw any doubt upon the musical attainments of the "Dr." Quinn mentioned in the foregoing paragraph. According to reports he has desk room in a business building downtown in Chicago. He conducts examinations for any sort of musical degrees and undertakes to prepare the student for passing them successfully, upon terms arranged in each individual case. In all likelihood the degrees of "Dr." Quinn are less expensive than those of the celebrated musical faculty of Oxford University, England, where it costs practically about fifteen hundred dollars to pass the degree of doctor of music. This money is not paid for the degree, but the candidate has to present a cantata or other work for soli, chorus and orchestra, involving double counterpoint, good orchestration, some fugue, and so on, lasting at least forty minutes in performance. When the candidate succeeds in composing such a work, sufficiently correct to pass the examiners, he must then give a complete public performance of it, for which purpose he has to hire a hall, singers and an orchestra. The whole generally costs fifteen hundred dollars, it is said. Besides there are some fees to the examiners. And all this after the candidate has made his studies and has become a first-class practical musician. It is of course conceivable that our own "Dr." Quinn may have passed an examination of this sort. Possibly he did.

Still, in that case, how are we to account for his hailing from the "celebrated college of music" in Oxford, England, in place of the musical faculty of Oxford University? Is there a "college of music" in Oxford, England? Not that we know of. Is it celebrated? No doubt it would be if it were there.

There is no objection to anyone, good musician or poor musician, having one of "Dr." Quinn's degrees, if he thinks it will do him any good. The name of a truly good man signed

Digitized by Google

to a degree is a good thing. Still better if it seems to relate one to that venerable seat of learning, the University of Oxford; unfortunately, however, it is to be feared that should "Dr." Quinn visit Oxford with the idea of renewing his old attachments, he might find himself in the fix of some pretentious apostles of old who tried to cast out devils in the name of Paul and Barnabas. The devils owned up to an acquaintance with the names mentioned, but they utterly refused to budge upon the charge of the unknown representative. It might be so here.

Moreover, there is this to be said of Oxford and Cambridge that they do not grant degrees to candidates practically strangers to them. One has to go there; be thoroughly examined and approve oneself, and be authenticated by his social and scholastic sponsors. Even then it costs.

There is also a so-called "interstate university" which is conducting musical education and degree selling at arm's length. This work very likely has some points of merit; at least one infers as much from its supporting a "president" able to devote his whole time to the work. The degrees, however, are worth precisely the paper they are written upon plus the value of the name of the man who signs them, there being no legalized institution authorized to confer degrees bearing this title, except indeed it may have been authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

If readers of this magazine desire a musical degree there are several ways of going about getting one of some recognized value. For example, there is the so-called "American College of Musicians" operating under the authority of Mr. Albert Ross Parsons, and the so-called University of New York, which will examine and give a degree.

Several of our local musical conservatories give degrees, even the bachelor and doctor degrees, under conditions not very arduous. With one of these one gets at least a good looking diploma with a well-known name or names at the bottom. All our large universities confer the degree of doctor of music for honorable cause (but rarely) and by examination. Such a degree is worth precisely the value of the name of the musical professor signing it. Should such a name be that of John K. Paine, it would mean that the most distinguished of university

Digitized by Google

instructors in music and the most successful in forming good, practical composers, had approved the work of the candidate. Something like this would hold were the name that of Albert A. Stanley, at Ann Arbor; Edward MacDowell, at Columbia; Horatio W. Parker, at Yale. In short, in the matter of musical degrees as well as in all other good American things, the motto should be, "Get the Best". As for gold brick degrees—they have a commercial and a bucolic value, but no other.

* * *

March 30, Mr. Josef Hofmann gave a piano recital at the Auditorium with the following program:

Sonata, Op. 101—Beethoven.
Impromptu, G Major—Schubert.
Scherzo a Capriccio—Mendelssohn.
Variations—Hofmann.
Two Preludes—Chopin.
Nocturne, Valse, A Flat, Op. 42—Chopin.
Zur Guitarre—Moszkowski.
Gnomenreigen and Pesther Carnival—Liszt.

The playing was remarkably fine; the program wholly insignificant. Mr. Hofmann was best in the Beethoven Sonata, Mendelssohn Scherzo (and a charming thing it is, though drawn out a little and very Mendelssohnian) and the two things of Liszt. He has a beautiful touch, rather a bad arm mechanism for heavy playing, occasionally imperfect application of pedal, and apparently very little sense of the emotional capabilities of music. The latter conclusion, of course, rests mainly upon his willingness to offer so insignificant a program upon so important an occasion. I have no knowledge how far Mr. Hofmann has progressed towards the modern technic of the piano, but I suppose he must have played at least some of the heavy things of Brahms and no doubt has taken at least a look at some things by Balakireff. As he lives in Berlin a few doors from Mr. Godowsky, it is likely he has heard that artist, and so has begun to make acquaintance with the epoch-marking studies of his.

* * *

The nineteenth concert of the Chicago orchestra deserved to be marked with a white stone, for it was one of those rare ones in this series which really stir the pulses and give one some-

Digitized by Google

thing to think about for long afterwards. It opened with Spohr's overture to "Jessonda," a bright and enjoyable work, despite its three-quarters of a century of service. This was followed by the great symphony in C of Schubert, one of the most beautiful works in the repertory, and one which Mr. Thomas plays extremely well.

On the present occasion the playing was perhaps well up to the very high standard which Mr. Thomas has established for this work these twenty-five years. To my ears the wood-wind seemed a bit rancous in places, but perhaps this was Schubert and not Thomas. The balance of tone was generally exquisite and beautifully modulated according to the demands of the voicing. As for the work, after a great many hearings I found it even more beautiful than I remembered it. Not alone beautiful with melody, like so many other works by Schubert, but also beautiful in its fancy, its coloring, the dream-like changing from one idea to another, and so on. I should say that the introductory horn melody was played too slowly, unless indeed Mr. Schubert wrote "andante" when he meant "adagio." As for the Allegro, I do not know where it would be improved. The slow movement I have heard sound better, less pronounced and smoother. I think I remember that Mr. Thomas used to play it in this way years and years ago; the scherzo was as good as possible; and the finale went splendidly.

Beautiful as the Schubert symphony was, it was not the sensation of the concert. The place of honor must be reserved for a new work. It was a Fantasia for organ by Liszt, scored for organ and orchestra by Mr. Hugo Kaun, of Milwaukee, one of the very best composers resident in America. It was played by Mr. Middelschulte, who also contributed an original solo cadenza before the finale.

The Fantasie is in one of Liszt's meditative and rhapsodic moods. The work is founded upon a chorale, one of the melodies of the Roman antiphonarium, the *"Ad nos, ad salutarem undam"* to which Meyerbeer has composed the trio of the three Anabaptists in his opera of "The Prophet." Liszt has treated it with wonderful cleverness, and Mr. Kaun has made out of the work a most effective and imposing organ concerto. The best is that the organ is given real things to do, even the cadenzas, of which Liszt contributed several after the manner of

Digitized by Google

his cadenzes upon the piano, with only the adaptation necessary to compensate for the organ tone, ceasing when the fingers are removed from the keys; and the orchestra, being developed in a thoroughly modern manner, the two instruments work together most effectively. Then the playing of Mr. Middelschulte was about everything that good organ playing need be. All desirable technique, most judicious and masterly registration, a command which enabled him to perform the difficulties appertaining to his part, and control the intricacies of the very unusual Auditorium organ, and at the same time work rhythmically and in perfect touch with the beat of Mr. Thomas. This to be done without notes just like any pianist in the much less complicated work they have to do, was just what I have been wanting to see and hear these many years.

Mr. Middelschulte is a most authoritative organ virtuoso, and his playing this time was artistic—the best on the whole I have ever heard when an organ co-operated with orchestra.

The sensationalism of the work and the masterly playing made a great effect, and the organist was recalled again and again; later he played yet another piece, apparently modern, but fortunately a manly something and not one of those objectionable and sickening yearning upon the vox angelica or vox humana, which organists too often consider the only suitable thing for a recall. This one was strong and it had a good rousing cadenza of its own. The player was recalled many times more.

* * *

In spite of the many criticisms upon the exclusive devotion to symphony, classical composers, and the lack of popular programs in our Chicago symphony concerts, Mr. Thomas occasionally has a fact or two upon his own side. For instance, the closing program of the Beethoven cycle contained the eighth and ninth symphonies, and the benedictus from the great Mass in D minor. The Benedictus, as elsewhere recounted, proved rather disappointing and ineffective. The quartet for the symphony was not suitable—all the voices except the bass, being inadequate to the demands upon them. Nevertheless this long program had the largest attendance of the season, not alone in the afternoon, but also in the evening, more than three hundred standees having been sold after all seats were disposed of. This

Digitized by Google

can be accounted for upon one supposition only, namely—that the public took this amount of interest in the celebrated ninth symphony of Beethoven and in learning as much as possible of Beethoven in general. The previous programs of the cycle, while not so largely attended, had drawn more than the usual programs of the season.

To judge from this one incident, it would be open to Mr. Thomas to reply to those who declare popular programs to be the one condition for making the concerts self-supporting, that, on the contrary, if he could go on giving great programs every time the house would be full.

The truth, of course, is that the public desiring to hear classical music exclusively is not large enough to support so many symphony concerts. It is open to question whether some special occasions devoted to the American composer, in a large and liberal spirit, would not awaken a certain amount of interest beyond what we now have; and a certain number of popular programs—perhaps upon some other evening of the week. There are many who think that a popular program every week, upon a Monday or Tuesday night, would draw full houses. Naturally the best night for popular programs would be Saturday or Sunday when there is a demand for amusements that are enjoyable and innocent. We get too little out of our orchestra.

As to the number of symphony concerts, it is to be remembered that here and in Boston the number is greater than elsewhere in the world, except at Leipsic. In Berlin there are ten symphony concerts of each series (Nikisch and Weingartner). The other concerts have light programs. And in Berlin the lighter programs compete with numerous garden orchestras, some of which are very good indeed.

* * *

The Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs offers in its Year Book for 1900-1901 a course of ten musical subjects with the necessary references to sources of information. The following are the subjects and the references:

1. Primitive Music.

The development from crude beginnings among the savages to the Attempts of Early Christians. Beginnings of folks music. Develop-

Digitized by Google

ment of the scale. Evolution of notation from Greek letters to Franco of Cologne.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Naumann, History of Music, Vol. 1; Parry, Evolution of the Art of Music, Chap. 1, Grove, Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Article on Scale and Notation. Fillmore, Lessons in Musical History; and any General History of Music.

II. Music of the Chinese, Japanese and Hindoos.

Their Scales. Musical Instruments and Musical Superstitions.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Naumann, as before; Elson, Curiosities of Music; C. R. Day, Music and Musical Instruments of Southern India: J. A. van Aalst, Chinese Music; F. T. Piggott, Music and Musical Instruments of Japan.

III. Music of the Greeks.

The Greek Dramas. The Greek Music System. Principal Scales.

References: Naumann, Parry, Mathews, Rockstro, Grove's Dictionary, Elson.

IV. Music of the American Indians.

Indian Legends. Superstitions and Sense of Musical Rhythms.

Authorities: Washington, Mathews, Alice Fletcher.

V. Church Music.

Development of Church Music from period of Ambrose and Gregory to beginnings of Netherlanders. Music of the Bible.

VI. Epoch of the Netherlanders.

Rise of Polyphony, the Canon. The Madrigal. Abuses of Church Music.

(Special forms considered: Canon, Fugue, Motet, Madrigal, Mass.)

VII. Folks Music, Songs and Dances.

VIII. Minstrels, Minnesingers, Mastersingers.

IX. The Opera. Peri to Verdi.

X. The Oratorio.

Each of the foregoing subjects.

Ample Bibliographies are given under each topic; omitted here for lack of room.

This list was prepared mainly by the chairman of the music committee, Mrs. George E. Coe, of Evanston, and no criticism is to be made upon it except the following: The material for the second subject is misleading. In point of scientific fact it is doubtful whether there is any reliable information concerning the scales of barbarous nations. The authorities upon the subjects of the Chinese, Japanese, India, and so on, have given, no doubt, the best accounts they could, but all are unscientific and belong to the category of the unproven. For instance, no one knows for certain whether the minute divergencies from what a western musician would regard as the correct pitch, occurring in the barbarous scales, are intentional or accidental variations from the actual scale pitch. We do not

Digitized by Google

know whether the twenty or more subdivisions of the octave in Hindoo music were used in the same key or whether they take the place of what we know as "temperament". It has been the fashion to accept all that is found in the standard histories of music upon this subject as fully established. There are reasons, however, for doubting the justice of this wholesale acceptance.

During the past twenty years several observers have been engaged in trying to recover as much as possible of the liturgic music of the North American Indians, and one observer at least, Prof. John C. Fillmore, enjoyed unusual opportunities for ascertaining the impression made upon the Indians themselves by his supposedly accurate reproductions of their songs. He found, to his surprise, that the variations from scale pitches were involuntary, and that the Indians rejected all transcriptions in which these variations occurred. He found, moreover, that while they sang in unison or octaves only they appeared to feel harmony and preferred the versions of their songs in harmonized form. The conclusion of many experiments was that the Indians had a rudimentary harmonic feeling and that their natural tracks of melody lie along the lines of the common chord, and that when they forsake one chord they follow another. The symptoms in the case of the North American Indians are practically the same as those of the oriental nations all sorts of sliding intonations, embellishments and so on, with but few tones unmistakably those of the scale of a given tonality. Prof. Fillmore concluded that the history of musical development would have to trace the development of a melodic sense from the natural harmonics of fundamentals and the harmonic sense proper, up to a gradual enlargement of radical harmonics in a group, arriving eventually at our advanced sense of tonality.

This underlying common ground of origin for musical sense had never been suspected before the investigations of Prof. Fillmore. Several observers have tried to test this theory by reference to the musical scales and melodies of other barbaous races, and, so far as the effort has been adequately made, the evidence appears to confirm the foregoing postulate. It is not unlikely therefore that later knowledge will discover in

Digitized by Google

the music of the oriental nations the same underlying groping after true harmony.

The great difficulty with musical progress among oriental nations was the lack of instruments of determinate intervals and the consequent impossibility of repeating experiments with accuracy. The Vina perhaps furnished something of this sort, by means of its frets, but the Vina went out of use before the present century. Between the falsifications of intervals due to sheer lack of good workmanship in the instrument makers (the flutes, oboes, etc.), the lack of resonance and sustaining power in many of the violin tribe of makeshifts, the preponderance of the lyre in ancient Greece, and so on, the sense of hearing lacked an adequate tonal incitement for developing naturally. Hence, if it be granted that the minute intervals described by purely empirical observers were actually present, it still remains in doubt whether they were present as accurate expressions of tonal ideals or as approximations to an ideal entirely other.

A good example of unreliable empirical observation is to be found in the account of Egyptian music given by Villotteau, one of the scientists who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt. His account is found in the Napoleon Description of Egypt and is mostly reproduced in the Historie Generale of Fetis. It is absolutely without scientific value. For these reasons all studies and conclusions based upon such evidence are without validity other than that of mere curiosity.

* * *

It is a very attractive musical excursion which is offered in Europe this year, under the direction of Prof. Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin. The tour sails from Boston June 19, proceeds direct from Liverpool to Paris, thence Cologne, the Rhine, Luzerne, through the St. Gothard, the Italian Lakes, Milan, Venice, Rome, Naples, Florence, Sienna, Milan, Zurich, Munich, Bayreuth (one week) Dresden, Berlin, London, Gloucester festival, the Shakespeare country, arriving at home in Boston, September 21. The cost, including all expenses except concerts and operas, washing and table extras, for the ninety-four days, $625. The tour is remarkably comprehensive; it provides opportunities to hear church music in Paris, Cologne, Rome, etc., the entire Ring, Flying Dutchman and

Digitized by Google

Parsifal at Bayreuth (the fare includes tickets to these), the art galleries of London, Paris, Dresden, Berlin, Munich, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples, the beautiful scenery along the shore as far as Amalfi, and so on—in short, a summary of European travel. Considering the auspices and the accompanying lecturers (if one likes in struction *obligato* while upon a journey) this is one of the most desirable tours ever offered. All ocean and steamer travel first class; rail second-class, except in England, where the second-class has now given place to third. An invaluable tour for a young man or woman, happening to have the necessary amount of means.

* * *

I hear that Mrs. Hannah (Miss Osborne) is making a great success in Paris with her beautiful voice and style. She has mastered the French so that she is able to sing acceptably to the most exclusive circles of French hearers. She is in great demand for private musicales. All this, while perhaps her gain, is much loss to Chicago, for she was by far our best soprano.

* * *

An American girl who lately went to Paris to study called upon Mme. Marchesi and was quite disenchanted at her manners; later she took the advice of Mrs. Sara Hershey Eddy (Mrs. Clarence Eddy) and entered with Mme. Marchesi, for the sake of her work with a high soprano voice. After some months she has now left that irrepressible old lady and finds herself studying in the conservatory with Professor Duvernoy. Mme. Marchesi's nerves were too much for her. Old age sits lightly in singing circles. Mme. Marchesi is seventy-five years of age; Professor Duvernoy is eighty. Maneul Garcia was but lately giving lessons at the age of ninety-five.

* * *

Mr. N. J. Corey takes five columns in a recent issue of the *Musical Courier* to say that he does not agree with an opinion concerning Professor MacDowell's third sonata, some time ago expressed in MUSIC. The *Courier* is to be congratulated on securing the right kind of an opinion on so difficult a subject.

Digitized by Google

MRS. THEODORE WORCESTER.

Among the younger concert pianists of this vicinity few are more successful or more meritorious than Mrs. Theodore Worcester. This estimable musician was, for many years, a pupil of that great master Mr. Leopold Godowsky, from whom she acquired the distinguishing qualities of her work, which are ease, smoothness and refined intelligence. Mrs. Worcester makes a specialty of recital work, giving preference to the modern composers, of which her knowledge is very unusual. She plays well the most of the standard repertory of the instrument, but latterly she has been making a great deal of the Russian school, from which she plays one or two entire programs. Her range is unusual, and one of her best interpretations is that of the great Tschaikowsky Concerto in B flat minor.

In her Liszt interpretations she has profited from her work with Mr. Godowsky, bringing out the more refined and musical qualities of this composer, in place of emphasizing his sensationalism, which at times approaches vulgarity. In all this her beautiful finger work gives her resources of great value. She is also very agreeable in the compositions of the romantic composers, especially in those of Chopin and Schumann, the former being more to her own personal taste.

It is pleasant to observe a new player coming forward with programs composed mainly of pieces which are less common. Despite our reverence for the masters of the classical school and for the first romanticists, it is folly to suppose that the world has been standing still ever since Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Schumann died, about fifty years ago, and Liszt ceased to compose piano music soon after. The masters since are not inferior to those great names, and later on they will certainly come to

Digitized by Google

MRS. THEODORE WORCESTER.

Digitized by Google

their true recognition. Mrs. Worcester also plays a number of the compositions of Godowsky, including some of his world-famous left-hand paraphrases.

ETHELBERT NEVIN AND FRIENDS.

Taken at Edgeworth, Pa., in September, 1899.

(The driver is Mr. Ethelbert Nevin. With him in the wagon, Mr. John Philip Sousa; behind Mr. Sousa, Mrs. Nevin; behind Mr. Nevin, Mr. Winton, Sousa's Manager; to the right of Nevin, Mr. Ad. M. Foerster; to the left of Mr. Sousa; Mr. Eugene C. Heffley.)

Digitized by Google

MUSIC IN THE INDIANAPOLIS SCHOOLS.

BY HELEN M. PLACE.

In response to your request that I write you something about our work in music in the Indianapolis schools, I want to say at the outset that I am fully conscious of its present crudities and imperfections. This shortcoming, however, is one which time will overcome, and whatever there may be in the work which is worth consideration, lies in the attempt to mould the course on lines more consistent, simple and true, musically and educationally, than the stereotyped course of the traditional regime.

All teachers of music start with the same assumption, in theory at least, that the deepest and broadest value of musical experience lies in the appeal of music to the higher nature, as a matter of ethics and of æsthetics.

If this is true, this phase of influence is the one above all others to be utilized in musical training, for we must put into the process what we expect to find in the result.

We therefore put great emphasis upon the song singing. Every building, nearly, has one or more choruses, formed of two or more grades, which meet for weekly rehearsals on songs selected with the double object of providing a rich repertory of the best music which is at the same time such as appeals to the interest and taste of the children. These songs are learned almost entirely by rote, in the higher grades the notation is often in the hands of the children, but the ability of the children to read the music independently is not taken into consideration.

We select the best talent among the teachers for directors

Digitized by Google

and accompanists of the choruses, the work for which is outlined in meeting and carried on under supervision. We try to avoid making this a burden to the grade teachers, as it is simply an attempt to utilize such talent as we have. There is, of course, however, a spirit of pride and friendly rivalry among principals and teachers, and many prefer to secure the help of musicians from the outside, rather than let the work lapse on account of lack of talent in the teaching corps. Out of this interest in chorus singing have sprung little glee clubs, orchestras and bands.

I feel that teachers appreciate quite thoroughly that this chorus singing is not only an individual opportunity for each child, but that it is doing a great deal toward forming and giving tone to the social atmosphere of the schools, and toward preserving a stimulating *esprit de corps.*

This connection is perhaps the best one in which to touch on the work done in the truant school for boys. Here the social problem presents itself in no uncertain form. I found that there were too few boys to make possible that feeling of confidence and lack of self-consciousness which numbers inspire, and this fact, together with the fact that the voices were rough and many of tnem monotone, conspired to make the singing a half-hearted affair. Instead of this I furnished the boys with toy instruments, and we began work upon Haydn's "Kinder Symphonie." None of the boys could read, but they soon learned how to follow the music by counting of measures by the rhythm, and for specially hard time problems I invented little sentences to whose rhythm they fitted their playing. I have never seen more interested and delighted work than these boys put upon the symphony and we now are at work upon one by Reinecke.

At the first lesson, the necessity of music racks was seen, and upon my next visit I found wooden racks in all stages toward completion. These served a short term, but too soon developed a tendency to fall to pieces. To-day I found half a dozen new ones with firm standards and "patent" folding racks, devised by one of the boys. The strangest thing, however, was that after finishing the first symphony, I suggested taking up singing again, and the boys fell upon this now with enthusiasm; some of the monotone singing had disappeared,

Digitized by Google

and most other cases yielded readily to special work for this defect.

To return to the regular schools. I have been able at odd times to give what I call for want of a better name, "listening lessons." I use for material something short, more or less descriptive and full of human interest and appeal, such as Mendelssohn's so-called "Regret," Schumann's "Wintertime," etc.

The idea in these lessons is to encourage and guide children into putting their own interpretation on what they hear, and to lead them to look for the source of these impressions, in the form of the music. I take especial care to avoid suggesting beforehand any program for the imagination to follow, preferring to get all I can from the children before I give them my ideas.

There are endless ways, of course, for varying these lessons. I remember, among other things, playing "Regret" and asking the children to give it a name. Here are three that I recall, "Now I Am Lost," "A Gray Day" and "Poor Thing."

Another time I wrote the following names on the board, and then played them in a different order, asking children to fit the names to the right pieces.

"Rocking Horse," Schumann.
"Happy Peasant," Schumann.
"Wintertime," Schumann.
"Soldiers' March," Schumann.
"Cradle Song," Schumann.

Invariably, where a mistake was made, it was in taking "Wintertime" for the "Soldiers' March," or for the "Cradle Song." This led to a little talk, in which we spoke of the essentials of lullaby music, from which we excluded sadness, etc. We also discussed the ethics of soldier music and concluded that "Wintertime," after all, was the last thing which would be suitable to play to soldiers. The matter of form also came in for consideration, and the children saw that the piece could not be the "Soldiers' March," because it was not a march at all.

This is really fascinating work, especially if one finds unalterable delight, as I do, in the delicious human nature of children.

Digitized by Google

The improvement of the march music has seemed to me a very legitimate part of the music work, and I have furnished to schools such marches as those from Faust, Lucia, etc.

Altogether, I think it is evident from the foregoing that we attempt to give plenty of opportunity for the exercise of the receptive and expressive sides of musical enjoyment all along the course.

There is another phase which seems to me of equal importance with the matter of purely musical enjoyment and experience. This is the matter of "correlations." For lack of the necessary materials, I have been compelled to defer this part of the work and will likewise defer the discussion of it until after taking up the other phase of the work which has been put into practice.

This brings me to the matter of the formal side of the training in music.

It is certainly quite proper after leading children to love music that we should not be oblivious to the fact that it is only fair to give them the ability to get music at first hands from the text itself. But if one had to choose between creating a taste and hunger for music, and the mere learning to read it, I cannot see how one could hesitate for a moment. Fortunately such an alternative is not necessary. But if music teachers all had the breadth which would enable them to detach themselves from tradition and dogma, they would be compelled to admit that actual conditions of average life do not call for the ability to read music with anything of the frequency and insistency which would be necessary in order to justify making note reading a paramount issue of the course. And it is just these conditions of average common life for which it is the business of the public schools to prepare. There are special schools for the preparing of specialists and professionals, surely public schools are under no obligation to prepare pupils for the violin or piano teacher in the rudiments of the science, which have vital meaning only from the professional's point of view.

I do not mean by the foregoing that I do not place a definite value on music reading; its value to me, however, has little or nothing to do with the values commonly assigned to it. I see it from quite another angle of vision and prefer to defer

Digitized by Google

further discussion of reading until I reach the point from which I naturally approach it in theory and practice.

Legitimate formal work it seems to me, revolves around "ear training," the accustoming the mind to conscious familiarity with the forms which the composer uses to convey the content.

The appeal of musical content is oftenest a mere matter of direct emotional susceptibility. But when the mind consciously recognizes the forms, and further perceives the harmony between the form and the content, the total impression made by the music is the original emotional susceptibility plus an artistic appreciation.

This point in æsthetics is by no means too subtle to apply to children's interpretations within the area of their capabilities. I have noticed that children's enjoyment of a certain little spring song was enhanced by finding that the interval 5.3, the cuckoo call, occurred there five times; it is the same with their appreciation of a hunting song when they recognize the bugle call—5.8. Numberless other illustrations might be cited.

With this view of ear training, then, the form must be studied in the closest possible relation with the music where it may be heard performing its natural functions.

These forms, too (measure forms and melodic successions) must be presented in the psychological, rather than the merely logical order; that is, more as a matter of sense impression than of calculation, of relations between details rather than of isolated details, of typical and usual forms rather than the unusual.

As an aid to fixing the impression of the forms upon the mind, their pictures and names are used, and a valuable test as to whether the forms have been made a part of the subconsciousness, is to analyze music by ear, hunting for these forms; no less valuable is the synthesis, building up coherent music by the voice, from looking at the symbols as they are seen, organized into a complete musical whole.

Sometimes passages from rote songs are written with alterations made by substituting other forms of measure and melody for the original ones, and again entirely new passages are made by a fresh combination of familiar forms. The readiness with which the voice automatically responds to the visual

Digitized by Google

stimulus of the notation proves to what extent the forms have really become familiar things in consciousness. *This vocal response to the visual stimulus of the musical text is "reading," and to my mind it is of great value as being the synthetic half of ear training.* Taught in this natural way as the corollary of the larger proposition, one is not compelled to resort to the effete theory of the moral uplift of drudgery, nor to distort out of all proportion the intellectual possibilities of music study, in order to justify the teaching of reading, as under the old regime of strain and rigid effort.

And now to return to the matter of correlations. To be complete, musical training must establish the connection between purely musical experience and general experience. And more than this, it must enrich this purely individual experience by the experience of the race which is every child's by inheritance. If one were to define a broad culture, one might say that it reveals itself by a consciousness of the great and primal identities that lie underneath the seeming contrasts of superficial experience and of arbitrary classifications of that experience.

The difference between what is possible to little children, and what is possible to grown people in breadth of culture, is not a matter of its mode and quality but of its quantity and its length of perspective.

If one doubts this as a theory, let him observe the delight with which children seize upon a fact which shows them a connection between facts hitherto supposed to be without relation to each other. I remember for instance telling a class about the wandering minstrels of Europe, in connection with a little song called the "Young Musician." This was very interesting of itself, and when it dawned upon the children that our hand-organ grinder with his monkey, and the fiddler with his bear, are the historical descendants of this vagabond musician, the effect was well worth going some distance to see.

The only legitimate correlation of the music work with the work of the school so far, is in the matter of season songs. This is only the most obvious of the many that are possible.

Nature study should include listening as well as looking. Folk music especially, if its peculiar forms were understood, would be quite as useful and fruitful a help toward the study

Digitized by Google

of history and geography as the use of pictures of typical works of the plastic arts.

At Christmas I furnished supplementary reading matter relating to the pastoral effects and imitation of bell music so often used in Christmas music, with a little history of the carol and of "waits." In October I sent a little monograph on autumn folk music and autumn customs in the old world, particularly of the "harvest home" in England, while at another time I sent an article on Chinese music, and matter relating to sound phenomena in nature.

This material I took from an unorganized mass of data which I spent last summer in collecting. It has taken all this year to put this into form, and I find to my surprise that I now have a manuscript of some thirty-five chapters, enough for two books of the must interesting facts for supplementary reading of this character.

Not all of such work could be given with advantage in the music lessons. Much of it belongs as properly to history, geography or the reading class, and even to the industrial work.

I hope by next fall to have this material in available form so that I can attack this side of the work seriously and systematically.

Putting it in another way, such a course as is outlined in the foregoing attempts first of all to provide all along a rich musical nutriment, and at the same time to give two aids to its assimilation—formal training on the side of absolute music and correlation on the side of general experience and culture.

This certainly inspires the children with a hunger for music, gives them a power to listen with more vivid and intelligent enjoyment, bestows upon school life more "sweetness and light," and ennobles character—ends which the old regime has never accomplished and never will accomplish.

If this much is actually proved possible in the lives of children, it must follow that something of all this must remain as a permanent part of the life of men and women so trained in childhood, which brings one to the end we all acknowledge as "the consummation devoutly to be wished."

Digitized by Google

SCHOOL MUSIC IN CALUMET, MICHIGAN. AN INTERVIEW.

From a most capable and authoritative source it had come to our attention that some superb work in public school music was being done in Calumet, Mich. The statements of superiority were based on the ground that definite aims were sought, and that a great deal of ability and industry were combining to accomplish these aims. The principal result was that children of the Calumet schools had no difficulty in demonstrating that they were studying music. They were able to take up their parts in new songs and exercises, and read them, if not as to the manner born, then as to the manner taught.

At the time of the late meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association, Chicago, it was the privilege of a representative of MUSIC to get an interview with the superintendent of schools in Calumet, Mr. F. W. Cooley. He was asked to account for the reputation that had preceded the music department of his schools, the scribe's first desire being to know something of the size of the city in question, and how long music had been taught there. Mr. Cooley said:

"Calumet is a place of forty thousand population, having six thousand school children that are presided over by one hundred and twenty teachers. Music has been taught in its schools for about fifteen years, but the work never took much shape until five years ago. Miss Minnie Hodges is our present supervisor of music, as she has been for some years. She does a great deal of work by way of systematizing everything. She sees her teachers in their respective rooms twice per month, where she either teaches or watches their work with the classes. The teachers also come to her twice per month in special meetings, where the work for a single grade or for two grades is carefully considered.

"By way of creating special interest among the pupils, those in the grammar grades are got together at the close of each

Digitized by Google

year to give an operetta, and on these occasions they call in an amateur orchestra of fifteen or twenty pieces to lend assistance."

Being next asked what nationalities were represented among the pupils, and what musical life was found in Calumet outside of the schools, the superintendent said that in addition to Americans, there were many pupils of Italian, French, German, Finnish, Swedish and Norwegian extraction, and strangely enough, they all claimed themselves Americans. As to the general musical culture in Calumet, Superintendent Cooley thought that it was very good for such a city, as there was generally a musical club that exercised some influence in bringing various musical attractions from the outside, and there were several private teachers of music who had more or less following in their respective branches.

Digitized by Google

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN AN ENGLISH SCHOOL.

The head master of a Birmingham school has written a letter to *Tit-Bits,* telling of his own experience in organizing an orchestra from among his pupils. He calls attention to the varied instrumental talent found in a school of 250 pupils and wishes that every school might have a band to make music for the school on fixed occasions. His argument is that this sort of pastime should have a place along with the gymnasium, the football and the cricket playing. Of his own band he says:

"In a small way I myself have tried the experiment of establishing a school band, although my scholars only number about 250. In spite of this, however, our scholars' string orchestra is composed of over twenty performers, whose concerts, of which they have given three during the past four months, have been a huge success both financially and otherwise. Moreover, every Friday we have a musical afternoon when the band entertain the remainder of the scholars with music, and accompany them in their singing. And it is really astonishing what a great delight and pleasure the orchestra affords to the boys and girls.

Do you not think, sir, that the idea is one which might very well be more generally adopted?"

The pupils get their practice together by remaining after school or an hour, and this would seem a very easy plan for any school that would wish to try the experiment.

Digitized by Google

PREPARATION FOR PART SINGING AND ASSIGNMENT OF PARTS.

BY J. M. THOMPSON.

It is commonly observed, where music is specially directed, that two-part song justly receives attention, to a limited extent, in third grade. To be *good*, this material must be written in free counterpoint, both parts definite melodies, and covering practically the same range. A scale exercise with two pointers works nicely with this grade and leads into two-part song. Since children come to us (as most physicians claim) with good habits of breathing, and generally a natural production of tone, hampered only in a few cases by defective hearing or difficulty in speech, it should be considered criminal for any teacher to harm these voices through ignorance or neglect—or further, to use two-part songs that will force the voices in the exchange from first to second part in two divisions of a room. Occasional two-part work in the fourth grade in free counterpoint should continue.

In the fifth grade, the average age is about eleven and three-quarter years, the ripest age for the child-voice in the period of growth known as childhood. If the voices have been used carefully, heretofore, the vocal organs are void of congestion and no reluctance is shown toward singing anything that the teacher may require. With due consideration the teacher can give the greater portion of the singing lesson to two-part work, alternating parts in two divisions of a room.

In the sixth grade appears symptoms of mutation, and a diffidence in manner, especially marked on the part of the boys. The girls, too, are found to be more or less self-conscious, and much tact, and even strategy, is found necessary in order to retain perfect freedom on the part of the class, in order that individual tests may be secured.

There is no "royal road," possibly in making these tests, as various circumstances and conditions call for the exercise of our best judgment in the class at hand; but the following para-

Digitized by Google

graph will give, in brief, a plan that works well, though it is somewhat strategic.

After having sung a two-part song of considerable range it is well to express the fact: "I must be careful now, and not force your voices too high or too low. Let us try the scale for a moment to test the range of the voices in this room." Second c, or twice marked c, may be sounded from the pitch pipe, and one division of the room requested to descend the scale to tone one. Further, have them sing do, si, la below, in the small octave, then do, si, la, sol, and back. All that can reach sol in the small octave are requested to stand, and this group, while standing, will be carefully tested from sol in the small octave to sol in the second octave, collectively and individually. Thus we continue with the remainder in the room, grouping according to the quality of the voice as well as the range. Weak soprano voices are generally safer on the alto, and I think the majority of us commonly concede that the quality, rather than the range, will decide the part to be sung.

It is our plan to make a general test in the fifth and sixth grades twice a year. We exercise special care in the advanced sixth grades for three-part song, regarding the mutation stage of the voices.

I trust that this brief paper, which possibly contains nothing new but my phraseology, will be considered a testimony in behalf of our efforts in the Joliet public schools.

Joliet, Ill.

Digitized by Google

TEACHING THE "MONOTONES."

BY THEODOSIA HARRISON.

Many people are of the opinion that it is idle nonsense for children who have neither ear nor voice, to study music in the public school.

The power of song lies within us all, although we may not all express it equally well. Expression is a matter of cultivation. It is true that many children seem deficient in the sense of pitch, but it is rare indeed to find a child who cannot learn to sing, if the training is begun early enough.

One of the most vexing of all questions in school music is how to teach the monotone. I will try and outline our method. It has been successful with us, but is not by any means the only way. We do not let them know by word or sign that they cannot sing; the remainder of the class are taught to help them and not to laugh at them. We do not allow anything to happen which might tend to make them timid or embarrass them. They rise and sing alone when called upon with the same confidence as those who sing correctly.

THE METHOD.

The first day the children come into school we begin to teach them a rote-song—an easy song that appeals to them. The monotones drone along on their own little notes, innocently unconscious of their inability, and hugely delighted with their efforts. After a few days we pick out these little growlers and give them seats in front where they will not be so likely to influence others, and where the teacher can help them better. Then we begin a process of tone matching, which is an effort to unite all the voices on a single tone, given by the teacher vocally or with the pitch pipe—in either case it must a soft, musical tone. If the pitch pipe is used, blow softly. If the monotones cannot sing the tones given, we take one of their tones, calling it loo or lo, repeating the words many times slowly, quickly, sustaining them singing them softly, and a little louder, and at last putting familiar words to the tone.

Digitized by Google

Some nursery rhyme the children all know. From this natural note of the monotone we begin to build—building up if the tone is low, and up and down if the tone is medium. We call the first tone do. Teacher then asks for the pitch of 3, class singing and calling loo or lo, as before. Monotone tries it, gets it a little too low or too high, as the case may be; calls upon class to help. They give the tone—monotone tries it, gets a little nearer. Say to class, "Help your little schoolmate."

Class sings again—monotone tries, each time getting a little nearer; children watching, listening and helping until monotone finally gets the tone, and the children are all delighted. We then name that tone mi, and proceed as with the do, also alternating the two tones, do and mi.

We do not always give 3 after 1; we are governed entirely by the monotone. In this way we proceed until all the tones of the scale are accomplished by the monotone. The class, however, are not kept back for him; they go ahead as fast as they have the ability. This is but one feature of the work. We have the monotones listen a great deal to the work of the other children. The class does the actual work of teaching the monotones; we frequently have to caution them to give a sweet, musical tone, for they get so interested and feel such a desire to help that they are sometimes apt to sing a little loud. During this work the teacher should keep her chromatic pitch pipe close by and refer to it frequently. We find it very successful to have the class help the monotones for it keeps their interest, trains the ear to discriminate between perfect and imperfect pitch, and fosters a feeling of helpfulness and kindliness in the school room.

The most hopeless monotone that has ever come under our observation is that of a little Arabian. He came to us at six years of age, and was a monotone in the strictest sense of the word. He had one tone, pitched about F, first space, and he could neither go up nor down and could not distinguish between his little note and the correct singing of the class. This is his second year in school; he sings all the songs correctly when singing with the class. His ability to read is equal to that of the bright pupils, and last week, while giving a lesson in tone recognition, he named the tones, sang them, and wrote

Digitized by Google

them—a surprise that gave the grade teacher and myself the greatest delight and satisfaction. We have made a test case of this little child, and are now firmer than ever in our belief that all children may be taught to sing when beginning early enough.

We intersperse our work with many rote-songs, the monotones singing as well as they can—always softly. While this branch of the work requires much patience and perseverance it is one of its most interesting features, and certainly opens to the child a world of delight that would otherwise remain forever closed.

It is our custom to test individually all primary grades in the scale the first of the year; it may be argued there is not time for this, but it is really a saving of time, for we cannot have good singing until a perfect scale and its skips are accomplished, and to do this in the primary grades saves no end of trouble in subsequent grades, besides purifying the tonal quality of all songs and exercises.

Good position, soft voices that are alive, a perfect scale—these are the fundamental principles of music in public schools.

Fargo, N. D.

Digitized by Google

SUBSIDY FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC.

At the meeting of the New York State Music Teachers' Association in June, 1900, Mr. John B. Shirley read a paper in which he hoped that school music would be finally added to the curriculum of the regular examinations conducted by the New York State Department of Public Instruction. He thought it should be made compulsory for singing to be taught in all normal schools and colleges, and in every institution where public school teachers were trained. The examinations should not be compulsory at first, but certificates should state that the holders had passed in music. This being a beginning, music could finally come to take a regular place in the curriculum.

In the further discussion of the subject, the gentleman called attention to a certain phase of help which the Department of Public Instruction was already furnishing, this being practically a subsidy aiding district which had not regularly adopted music as a branch. He says:

"The Department of Public Instruction issues special music certificates for supervisors, which permit the holders to teach in the public schools, and for whose services the school trustees receive $100 per annum, provided that the teacher is employed during the full term of forty weeks. If two small districts join together in the employment of the same teacher, they would receive $50 each. If four districts, they would be entitled to $25 each. There is also an arrangement by which a school district which employs the singing teacher for twenty weeks is entitled to $50, and for ten weeks, $25. To obtain one of these certificates it is necessary that the applicant should be of good moral character, and have experience, for the department grants them only to those whom it knows are successful, and who hold diplomas as musicians from reputable sources. No examination is required. This all goes to show that the authorities in our Department of Instruction are not only interested, but are anxious to do all in their power to further the cause of music and singing in our public schools.

"I am certain that if our N. Y. S. M. T. A. were to formulate examinations for the office of School Music Supervisor, and

Digitized by Google

grant certificates to successful candidates, that the Department would recognize them and grant the license accordingly, provided, of course, that the examinations were conducted in a proper and legitimate manner. In this short paper I have endeavored to put before you some of the conditions which exist in connection with the teaching of vocal music in our public schools, and while it is very gratifying to know that there has been so much accomplished, yet much remains to be done. I strongly urge that we, as an association, will take up this matter, which beyond all others, ought to take the precedence."

Digitized by Google

SCHOOL MUSIC NOTES.

A helpful meeting is promised public school music teachers at the thirteenth annual convention of the Illinois Music Teachers' Association, Springfield, June 18 to 21. The announcement says that "a large percentage of the music supervisors in public schools are already members with us, and the subject of music in public schools fills an important place on our program. In fact it was one of the most interesting topics of last year's meeting and was most widely discussed. We cordially invite all teachers to attend the Thirteenth Annual Convention as we feel confident that the papers and discussion on the subject of music in the schools will be most interesting and beneficial."

* * *

The Detroit school children who sang on March 16 to create a fund for the entertainment of the National Educational Association which meets in Detroit in July, were assisted by the Detroit Conservatory Orchestra, and the Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo clubs from the University of Michigan. It is estimated that about $2,500 was realized from the afternoon and evening concerts.

* * *

About a year ago the Iowa Legislature passed a law providing that all public school teachers holding county certificates should pass examinations in music. All county institutes must teach vocal music this summer, and give examinations in this work, so that teachers may begin such instruction in September. While it is thought that this will result in some very bad music teaching for awhile, it must be considered a great step in the promotion of musical knowledge.

* * *

The Teachers' associations of Peoria and Marshall counties, Ill., met at Chillicothe on Friday and Saturday, February 15 and 16. Music for the four sessions was furnished by pupils from the High School, and the eighth and seven grades of the Chillicothe schools, all under the direction of Mrs. Lyeth, music supervisor in that city. The numbers were as

Digitized by Google

follows: "Drift On, My Boat," by Berthold; "The Ambitious Clover," by Mendelssohn; "Butterfly Waltz," by Fr. Arn Kertner, a boy quartet; "Monkey Said to the Chimpanzee," by Nevin; "Peacefully Sleep," by Donald; Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin, by Wagner; "Praise to the Waltz," by McLaughlin; "Whither," by Schubert, and the Gypsy Chorus from Balfe's "Bohemian Girl."

* * *

Since the appearance of the March issue of MUSIC, the dates for the American Institute of Normal Methods to be held at Northwestern University School of Music have been fixed to include July 9 to 26, instead of July 26 to August 2, as was formerly announced. Changes and additions to the faculty leave the announcement as follows: Superintendent Emory P. Russell, of Providence; Joseph Mischka, Buffalo; Mrs. Gertrude B. Parsons, Chicago; Miss L. Marie Hawn, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Marcella Reilly, Chicago Normal; Mrs. Jesse L. Gaynor, Chicago; Miss May Louise Harvey, Boston; W. S. B. Mathews, Chicago (two lectures); Prof. P. C. Lutkin, Northwestern School of Music; President John W. Cook, DeKalb State Normal; President L. C. Lord, Charleston (Illinois) State Normal.

* * *

There are two propositions now before the school board committee of Rochester, N. Y. They are medical and musical. It is suggested that there should be daily medical examinations and daily musical exercises. Mr. Perley Dunn Aldrich said that there were many reasons why music in the public schools should be introduced, but that he had no axe to grind, nor personal interests to advance. No matter the reason which inspired Mr. Aldrich, music in the schools is a necessity, and Rochester is a long way behind the times if the introduction of music is only now being suggested.

Digitized by Google

MUSICAL ACTIVITY AT TAYLORVILLE, ILL.

In the Public School Music Department of MUSIC, for December, a writer called attention to the school music in Taylorville, an Illinois city of 5,000 inhabitants. It is our privilege now to quote extensively from a letter just received from Mr. T. L. Rickaby who has been practically "evangelizing" that place during the past five years.

This gentleman teaches piano and some classes in harmony, and last year he organized a choral society. He says:

"As to our choral concert, I can only say that it was successful musically. Financially, I dropped so far into a hole that I could not see my way out for quite a while. This was on January 15. On February 14, I gave another concert, but this time brought the Interstate Concert Co. This is a $150 company, but I am personally acquainted with the manager, and by dint of tears, prayers, and a rabbit's foot, I persuaded him to give us a date in Taylorville. They were to have sixty per cent of the proceeds. On this deal I was one dollar ahead or behind. I haven't it quite figured out. The next enterprise is a Mendelssohn concert which will be given in a few days.

"Then the choral society will give its second concert immediately after Lent. Its third and last concert of the season will be on June 5, given in connection with the High School commencement festivities. Now, while I am making no money, I really believe I am doing some good. I get all the credit (not at the grocer's or butcher's, however), that the work deserves, and so I am trying to be content. I expect a very fair return from the commencement program, and for the whole series, a great musical gain.

"There is undoubtedly a musical progress both among the pupils and the choral society, as well as in the appreciation of those who attend. I have no assistance practically from the High School yet. A few, three, four or five members of the society are High School pupils, but there is no specific and organized help from the High School chorus at this time. For the commencement program I expect Miss Kennedy will furnish about twenty voices. The great lack is in men's voices.

Digitized by Google

The chorus numbers fifty-six, and we are working away diligently, though we have not yet begun anything of a really serious nature and will not before the second season. There is no orchestra talk yet, and I doubt very much whether, under existing conditions, there will ever be one. The union acts as a stumbling block to any real progress in orchestral work.

"I still continue my three theory classes each Saturday. Every other Saturday I give a lecture on some special matter. For instance, I heard Lohengrin some time ago, and gave the senior class a talk on opera; what it was, and of its origin and development, and of Wagner's work especially. Then when Thomas' orchestra played in St. Louis (eighty-six miles away) I attended again and afterwards gave the class a talk on orchestras in general, their uses, their origin, and the instruments composing them. Of course I know nothing about these things, but that is no bar to a man's talking about them.

"Here you have some idea of my work, my prospects, my aims, and the results so far. If you can, by any reportorial alchemy, extract a few facts for a report in your excellent magazine, I shall be more than pleased. I thank you for the interest you take in the musical work here. If you get nothing for it here, in this vale of tears, I hope that you may get an orchestra chair in heaven."

Of the program accompanying the above, we print the following by the choral society:

First concert, January 15.

National Anthem.

Spring Song—Pinsuti.

Good Night, Beloved—Pinsuti.

Vocal Waltz—Menturch.

Merry Gypsy Band—Barret.

Violin: Hungarian Rhapsody—Hauser; Fantasia Militaire—Leonard.

Piano Solo: Third Ballade—Chopin.

Soprano Solo: Villanelle—Dell 'Acqua.

At the concert of February 14 the chorus sang, in addition to numerous part songs, the Bridal Chorus from Cowen's "Rose Maiden." On June 5 the chorus will give a number of part songs, "The Heavens Are Telling," by Haydn, and the Bridal Chorus from Wagner's "Lohengrin."

Digitized by Google

Things Here And There

PARIS LETTER.

Not long ago I went to hear "Louise" at the Opera Comique. It is a comparatively new opera, having had its first presentation in February, 1900. The music and text are by Gustave Charpentier. Mlle. Martha Rioton created the role of Louise, and there is a story to the effect that Charpentier occupied ten years in finding his ideal for the part. This may be somewhat exaggerated, but it is true that it requires a peculiarly gifted actress and very much of a singer to take the role. In some places the music is decidedly heavy, and beautiful as is Mlle. Rioton's voice, it was not large enough to meet the demands in these passages. On the whole, her voice is beautifully suited to the music and she is a very wonderful actress.

The text of the opera deals with Parisian life of today, and it seemed strange to see the dress of every-day life in opera. The music must be all the better to make up for the absence of the romantic element in the costumes. This lack in costume was most surely felt in the case of Mons. L. Beyle, who took the tenor role of Julien, the lover of Louise. He manipulated his somewhat lengthy limbs in a most amusingly awkward way, and I was under the impression that he had at least a dozen feet. It is certainly no easy matter to sing serenades with all the fervor you possess, gesticulating from a balcony just big enough to stand in, no room to move about, no cloak to swing around your shoulders, nor sword to dangle pleasantly at your side, a la Romeo. So one must make allowances. Nevertheless, until one can be Romeo without help of sword, he can never be Romeo without help of costume. So far as concerns the voice, M. Beyle has been given a little praise, but he failed to please on account of his singular awkwardness.

The story of the opera is rather depressing, but strictly true to Parisian life. Louise lives with her father and mother in the suburbs of Paris. Her father is an honest workman who loves his home and his daughter more than his life. Louise has the same affection for the father. Opposite their little home an artist has his abode, and he sees Louise only to fall in love (?) with her. When she is alone he speaks with her from his balcony, which almost touches her window. Louise loves him, but cannot consent to his pleadings to go to Paris with him, since her father and mother object to the artist on account of the loose life they believe him to lead. Finally she goes to Paris in spite of

Digitized by Google

everything. On the first evening of her happiness with Julien her mother finds her to tell her that her father is very ill. The mother implores Julien to allow Louise to go home. Julien consents after having the mother's promise that Louise shall return. At her home once more, Louise finds her father completely broken by her disgrace, but to see him so sad, who had always been gay, does not soften her heart when she learns that they will not permit her to return to Julien. The father uses every sort of means to make Louise her old self—entreaties and commands—but she is obstinate and will not be persuaded that Julien is not honest in his love for her. Finally the father, shocked and enraged beyond measure by the voluptuousness and horror of Louise's words, sends her from home just as the awful mistake she is about to make dawns upon her. But she goes, frightened and disheartened.

Just here is the finest and final moment in the opera. The father realizes his mistake and rushes out after Louise, who is lost in the streets, and he comes back broken down completely. With the most heartrending cry I have ever heard, he sinks into a chair, saying, "Oh, Paris." The role of the father is a wonderful work of art, both vocally and from the actor's standpoint, as taken by M. Dufrane. The role of mother to Louise was taken by Mlle. Dhumon.

We have had the privilege of hearing Weingartner conduct the following program at the Lamoureux concert:

Overture to "Rob Roy".....Berlioz
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz
Symphony No. 2 in E flat major.....Weingartner
Venusberg (Tannhauser).....Wagner
Siegfried Idyll.....Wagner
Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner

It was the occasion of the first audition of Weingartner's Second Symphony and was an opportunity not to be missed. I was surprised to find so young a man so great. His conducting is full of charm, especially fine for the wind instruments, waking them up and having them play in a straight-from-the-shoulder way that is strictly German. I liked immensely the Allegro Giocoso in Weingartner's Symphony, and to me it was far superior to the other movements. The character of the composition is distinctly German, the brasses playing a conspicuous part throughout. The audience was very appreciative, being composed of the elite of the Paris musical world. F. D.

SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

I believe it was the French writer Amiel who said "the promised land is the land where one is not," and yet this is not always true. Despite the prejudices of Eastern people in regard to California (it is even pictured by some as a semi-barbarous country where the benighted inhabitants dig for their own gold and spend it vulgarly), there is to be found here at least one ideal musical club. It is not large (only about

Digitized by Google

fifty persons meet in this intimate musical circle), it is not composed of women of genius, it is not supported by the lavish fees of wealthy people who come in when the program is half over to patronize Bach and Schumann and discourse upon the "future of music." It is a small group of women, some of them talented, and all desiring to experience that expansion and growth which always comes from a reverent study of the best music. It is called the "San Francisco Musical Club," and the president is a young society girl, Miss Maud A. Smith. She is accomplished and studious, presiding with a grace that many an older president might envy. At her beautiful home, in a music room with two good pianos and all the artistic accessories that minister to the refined taste, the club convenes every two weeks. The programs are always preluded with explanations, and rare skill is manifested in giving the best works intelligently grouped, or with some clever arrangement which will intensify interest. Ensemble work is done by members every week, and when ready such members are presented to the club.

Sometimes there are readings from Schumann's Letters, occasionally artists are engaged; and whatever the program, there is in the listeners a simplicity, an earnestness and responsiveness which proves them music lovers. Other cities have agonized over music clubs. Some have been successful and some otherwise, but it is improbable that one should be a member of this organization and not be elevated and improved by it.

Perhaps its success in a purely musical way is largely due to one source, and this is the superiority of its vice president, Mrs. Oscar Cushing. She is a pianist of fine ability, having studied with Oscar Raif in Berlin for five years, is a musical theorist and altogether the broadest woman musician whom I have met. Her talent is evidenced in everything. She arranges many of the programs, practices with the ensemble classes and fills all vacancies with an infectious gayety and unconsciousness, and yet underneath is the woman's refined understanding and the artist's soul. I quote the following program which may be interesting to those who are working in clubs. It is designed to show the treatment of similar subjects by various composers:

Paper.....Mrs. Wm. A. Deane
Piano—Gondellied—Op. 63.....Philip Scharwenka
Gondoliera.....Moszkowski
Songs—Du Bist Wie Eine Blume.....Schumann
Du Bist Wie Eine Blume.....Rubinstein
Piano—Night.....Jensen
In der Nacht.....Schumann
Songs—The Clover Blossom.....Stephen Townsend
The Clover Blossom.....Kathleen Rogers
Piano—Love Waltz.....Moszkowski
Love Song.....Henselt
Songs—Zuni Lullaby.....Harmonized by Carlos Troyer
Chantez, Riez, Dormez.....Gounod
Recitation with Piano Accompaniment....Thenriet-Thome

Digitized by Google

Piano—Romanza.....Moszkowski
Romance ..... Rubinstein

The above was given on March 21. On March 7 a program was devoted to ballades and novelettes, the ballades including one by Reinicke, two by Brahms and one by Chopin. The novelettes were Nos. 4 and 7 by Schumann and the opus 46, No. 1, by E. A. McDowell, and these were supplemented by vocal numbers.

There is a vital interest displayed in the literary clubs in which this city especially abounds. Often entire musical programs are given, at which the singing as a whole is excellent and the instrumental music quite unusual. It is a surprise to find in a city which is remote from large musical centers such activity in this art.

March 23, 1901. Flora B. Arndt.

BOSTON.

The Bendix Quartet gave a recital in Steinert Hall on March 20, when they had the assistance of the composer-pianiste, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, in the following program:

Quartet in A minor, opus 29.....Schubert
Sonata in A minor, opus 34 (piano and violin).Mrs. Beach
Quartet in E minor—"Aus Meinem Leben".....Smetana

The quartet made a remarkably good impression by their really beautiful and soulful playing, the Schubert being especially charming. In the performance of Mrs. Beach's sonata Mr. Bendix astonished his audience by the brilliant and wonderfully pathetic tone. It was a rare combination of dazzling technique and deepest pathos. Mrs. Beach's own playing is also spoken of as being very fine on this occasion, it having clearness, solidity and much beauty, and the audience was aroused to a fine enthusiasm.

DEATH OF CLEMENT TETEDOUX.

This eminent master of singing died in Pittsburg March 22, after a short illness with pneumonia. The following notes concerning his life are from the American Art Journal: "Pierre Louis Clement Tetedoux first saw the light in Paris Dec. 6, 1825. He studied at the College Charlemagne with Edmond About, Francisque Sarcey and Alexandre Dumas, Jr. He became an accomplished linguist and scholar. Revial of the Paris Conservatory was his master in voice cultivation and lyric demlamation. Piccioli, the Russian court professor, taught him the Italian method while in St. Petersburg with his mother, and he completed his studies with Romani at Florence on the advice of Tamburini In Paris he married Mrs. Guilford, a Cincinnati lady whom he had met in Florence, where she was under the protection of the American poet, James Russell Lowell. At the urgent request of his

Digitized by Google

father-in-law he came to America in 1855 and settled in Cincinnati. In 1857 or '58 he went to Pittsburg and devoted twenty-seven years to teaching. In 1880 he went to Chicago and remained four years, returned to Pittsburg for a year, then went to New York, where he remained until 1893."

Visiting the World's Fair in 1893, he was again persuaded to remove to Chicago. He remained active as a teacher and writer in this city until September, 1900, when Mr. Webster of the Pittsburg Conservatory placed him at the head of the vocal department of that institution and did everything to make him comfortable in that position, where he taught until a week before his death. His writings during the past few years have made his name respected the world over as a sound musical thinker and a philosopher withal.

A CAMILLA URSO PROGRAM.

The famous violinist, Camilla Urso, has been making an extensive visit in Minneapolis. She was persuaded to appear in concert in that city on March 26, when she was assisted by local artists. We give her numbers below as a matter of interest:

Mendelssohn Concerto (first movement).
Bach, Bourees from Second Sonata.
Guiraud, Andante (new).
Chopin-Urso, Transcription of theme, opus 64, No. 1.
Paganini, Cappriccio for violin alone.
Lalo, Guitarre (new).
Urso, Variations Brilliante on Chopin theme, opus 6, No. 2.

HISTORICAL ORGAN PROGRAM IN ST. PETERSBURG.

On February 22 the organist W. Hlavatsch celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his musical life in St. Petersburg by giving a historical program for his instrument. The critic on the St. Petersburg Herold wrote as follows:

"It was a happy thought to make the jubilee concert a historical one at the same time. Naturally enough, it was not possible to outline all branches of musical historical development in a single program, but the gentleman was able nevertheless to furnish many moments of fine historic interest and to make a very interesting concert at least. Here were the names of Adam de la Hale, Andrea Gabrieli, Palestrina, Merulo, Bird, Frescobaldi, Monteverde, Cavalli, Buxtehude, Pachelbel, Dondrieu, Corelli, Handel, J. S. Bach, Padre Martini, Tartini, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Glinka, Widor and Guilmant, in addition to the song of the holy Woitech and the Taboriten hymn, this being a program ranging from the tenth century to the present day.

Digitized by Google

"If it was, according to foregoing reasons, a program of wide historical skips, it was a most instructive one. The educational importance of such a concert, especially in our present time of musical activity, is not likely to be overestimated. In some foreign communities, especially Germany and Belgium, we notice a reaction in favor of the time-tried classics. The sooner this becomes general, the sooner healthier elements manifest themselves in musical art, the better it will be for the art. With Wagner in the dramatic and Liszt in the symphonic music, a great chapter was concluded, after musical realism had earned a place for itself. All that has appeared since then is more or less interesting, some even inspired, but oftener unavailable."

Since the playing of the above recital further advices are to the effect that the Shah of Persia has bestowed upon Herr Hlawatsch the orders of the Sun and the Lion.

LOUIS C. ELSON ON NATIONAL MUSIC OF AMERICA.

Before the music section of the Evanston Woman's Club on March 12, Louis C. Elson of Boston gave a lecture on the "National Music of America." The lecturer introduced his subject by rapidly reviewing some foreign national songs which have exerted a direct influence upon American music. He showed also how some songs of purely local character became national through combinations of events, citing among other instances the "Marsellaise," "La Carmagnole" and "Ca Ira." A peculiar feature of the music of France during the reign of terror was its light and frivolous character. Scenes of massacre and bloodshed were accompanied by rollicking songs and potpourri of jovial opera tunes.

The speaker then traced the beginnings of American music from the time of the Puritans and the Pilgrims—the latter bringing with them to America in 1620 a hymn book, the tunes of which included but five familiar ones. This latter gave place to the Bay Psalm-book, from which some amusing extracts were read. Then followed in succession the establishment of choirs, singing schools, books of music, building of organs, and the growth of secular music.

Mr. Elson then took up in detail our popular national song, tracing as far as possible the authentic origin of each. "Yankee Doodle" began and ended the American Revolution. It was played at first by the English to satirize the peculiarly garbed New England regiments. During the remainder of the revolution it was frankly accepted by the Americans as their own, and it was played by the American bands at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781.

In this way the lecturer treated of "Hail Columbia," "Star-Spangled Banner," "America" and various war songs. Mr. Elson closed his lecture by expressing the wish that the coming national hymn, though not without the reverberations of the trumpet in its harmonies, should not be born in the midst of carnage and desolation or cradled in dis-

Digitized by Google

tress and dipped in blood. The services of Mr. Elson were secured to the Evanston Club through the efforts of Mrs. George A. Coe.

This lecture is regarded by those who heard it as the most enjoyable artist-work in the experience of the club. Mr. Elson's strong and highly gifted personality made a most agreeable impression.

THIRD SPIERING QUARTET CONCERT.

The third concert of the Spiering Quartet season was given in University Hall February 21, when the regular organization had the assistance of the pianiste, Mary Wood Chase, in the Sinding E Minor Quintet. Here is a form of music-making that is not so much indulged as it should be, but in view of the very remarkable strides now being made by its sister divertisement, orchestral music, we can hardly have the heart to complain.

For the concert occasion noted above selection was made of the Beethoven Quartet in F major and the variations from the Schubert Quartet in D minor, in addition to the Sinding Quintet. As to the performance of these works, it was generally superb. With the first movement of the Beethoven the players had already reached some fine effects in dynamic shading, and with the conclusion of the entire work we easily figured that as a body they were possessed of much vigor, even in the most complex passages. Their results indicated that they had previously done much hard work together.

Miss Chase's playing with the quartet was very enjoyable. Much precision, force and intelligent reserve when necessary are shown when she plays, and there is a grace about it all that recommend her warmly to the audience. A lengthy characterization of the Sinding Quintet is not possible here, but a few remarks may indicate its style. The first movement is vigorous and business-like, and contains lots of invention. The Andante opens with a four-voice, song-like theme of great intensity. It is answered by the piano in a style not unlike a recitative. The third movement is fine sounding, it having an activity in six-eight time that gives it almost a popular flavor. The last movement is quite like a race, with all sorts of "go" in it for the piano, while the strings get much bow exercise. A long solo for the piano finally results in giving out a chorale in Norwegian style. The piano then begins a flowing variation, with the strings following in the manner of an obligato, making a most pleasing conclusion to a fine composition.

VILIM ORCHESTRAL CLUB.

As was the case last season, the Vilim Orchestral Club has been giving concerts lately in parts of Chicago where the people are practically reached for the first time with this kind of music. In the French Evangelical Church at Center avenue and Taylor street on February 28 they played a program containing the Grieg Peer Gynte Suite, the Schubert March Militaire, the Lustspiel Overture by Kelar-Bela and an

Digitized by Google

overture by Schleppergrel. They had the assistance of Monsieur Louis Amato, 'cellist, who played a Berceuse and La Filleuse by Dunkler and the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria, and the pianiste, Miss Sarah E. Wildman, whose numbers were the Schumann Nachtstueck in F and the Schubert-Liszt "Hark, the Lark." This being a miscellaneous public, generally unaccustomed to hearing works of this sort, the program was made to last but an hour and a quarter. The result was that at the conclusion of the last number, the Schubert march, they heartily demanded a repetition, and this was granted. As a director Mr. Vilim gets very good results and has very legitimate conceptions of the works he plays. As with many amateur orchestras, the tempi were rather slow at times, especially in the first movement of the Grieg, but they improved with some wear, and there was a great deal of bustle in the last movement of the same composition.

At Libuse Hall on March 27, about two miles west of the above named church, this orchestra played the same selections and assisted in various scenes from the second act of Weber's "Freischutz."

If the four or five student orchestras of Chicago can fall into this habit of going out to find their public, the public will soon become sufficiently in love with the business to follow them back to town, when all will be lovely as a day in June. E. E. S.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.

The well-known American composer, Ethelbert Nevin, died of heart disease at his home in New Haven, Conn., February 20. The following notes on his life are from the Concert-Goer:

Ethelbert Nevin was born at Edgeworth, Pa., in 1862, and was a very precocious infant, showing early signs of a love for music. During his early childhood his musical education was begun in somewhat desultory fashion. The bent of his talent was plainly shown by his writing, at the age of thirteen, the serenade "Goodnight, Goodnight, Beloved." The song, while it has no great individuality, is graceful and melodious, and became widely popular. Nevin's first intention was to study with the purpose of becoming a piano virtuoso, and with that end in view he went in 1884 to Klindworth in Berlin, with whom he remained as a student for three years. But he had already published his "Sketch-book," and Klindworth, recognizing the promise it contained, advised the young man to devote himself to composition. After studying for a short time with Von Bulow the young musician returned to America and for a time he made his home in Boston. He was always of a restless disposition and seldom remained long in one place. Pittsburg has been his home for a longer time, perhaps, than any other city. But he went to Paris in 1892, and from there to Algiers. Subsequently he spent considerable time in Italy, where many of his more recent compositions were written. He removed from Pittsburg to New Haven

Digitized by Google

only last December. Nevin was married several years ago to Miss Anne Paul of Pittsburg, who, with two children—Paul and Doris—survive him."

CAPACITY OF ALBERT HALL IN LONDON.

Few subjects are more exaggerated in the press than the capacity of celebrated halls. For instance, one often reads of opera houses holding towards four thousand people, whereas there is probably not an opera house in the world, aside from the Chicago Auditorium, holding more than 3,200, and very few indeed as large. The Chicago Auditorium contains about 4,800 seats, of which about 1,800 are upon the first floor, 1,800 in the main balcony, 1,100 in the two upper balconies and about 200 in the boxes. A recent issue of the London Musical Courier gives the seating capacity of the Albert Hall in London, which is commonly represented as seating 7,000 or more. The actual facts are the following: The oval arena in the center (102 feet by 68) seats about 1,000 persons. Five feet above this level is the great amphitheatre, or, as it would be called in America, "orchestral circle," which seats 1,362; back of this are the loggia boxes, seating 288; above this two other tiers of boxes, seating 800; above this the balcony (or gallery) seating 1,785; total 5,235. The stage has accommodations upon occasion for, it is stated, about 1,200 singers and players, making the full capacity of the hall, singers and audience all told, about 6,400. Those who have been in this magnificent auditorium will consider the foregoing capacity of the inner oval rather more than they had supposed and that of the circle rather less. The capacity of the entire audience room, however, above given is correct. The interior of the hall is 219 feet long by 185 feet broad. The official seating capacity is stated at 6,575, which includes 1,200 places for singers and orchestra. Above the gallery is a corrider originally intended for a picture gallery; it is now available for standees and has space for 3,000 or more. Doubtless the music can be heard here, but the view of the stage must be very restricted.

A LISZT SYMPHONIC POEM.

On the occasion of the first Leipzig Gewandhaus production of Franz Liszt's symphonic poem, "Festklaenge," Dr. Rudolf Schwartz relates the following associate history in the Signale:

"It is only lately that the history bearing upon Liszt's 'Festklaenge' (the Gewandhaus novelty of January 24) has been made known to us. It had been taken for granted that this symphonic poem had no reasons for existence that could designate it as a "program" composition, but that it was simply a work designed to be appropriate to any general celebration in which a people might indulge. We know now that Liszt intended this work to celebrate his own marriage with the Princess

Digitized by Google

von Witgenstein, wherein he also triumphed over his enemies who strenuously opposed this union.

"The composition belongs to the year 1854, just at that period when the fears of the opposition seemed about allayed, notwithstanding the master's church association with his beloved. The 'Festklaenge' may earn a more intense interest now that it is pervaded with the poetic personal episode concerning the composer. The more delicate passages in the work are given a much different meaning; they are as a festival of the soul, happy in its secret joy. The composition became exactly fifty years old before the portals of the Gewandhaus opened to it. Judging from the cool reception accorded it, notwithstanding a very fine production of it here, the public took very little pleasure from the new acquaintance. Personally, I am not an enraged Lisztian nor do I belong among the avowed enemies of Liszt's muse. I do not overlook for a moment the importance of his works, but in hearing the 'Festklaenge,' as in hearing many other Liszt works, I failed to find a real enjoyment.

"The ideas in this composition do not evolve themselves from absolute necessity, but they remain standing side by side and disconnected, even though the recurrrence of certain motives seems to give the contents a semblance of unity.

"In contrast with the above, how clear the musical ideas of the Mozart G minor Symphony stood out, and in the Beethoven violin concerto how one idea brought on the next. I beg not to be misunderstood. Every friend of music will be thankful to the Gewandhaus direction for the privilege of this acquaintance, for it is only after opportunities of hearing the unknown works of the master that we can pass proper judgment on Liszt as a composer. A superb performance, such as we had here, is much more effective than an extensive commentary. Modern scores require a hearing; a single reading will not suffice.

MUSIC IN IRELAND.

It would seem that the music among the masses in Ireland is not in a very satisfactory state, judging from late articles found in the English musical journals. Dublin is to have a "Feis Ceoil," or Irish Musical Festival, in May, and the London Musical News correspondence bearing upon a meeting of the festival authorities indicates not only the plan of the festival, but the conditions which make the existence of such an association important.

At this directors' meeting in Dublin the secretary, Miss Edith Oldham, began by explaining that the Feis Ceoil was analagous to the Welsh Eisteddfod. Each day was occupied from morning to evening in the hearing of a series of competitions in all branches of music, and in the evening concerts of Irish music and of the prize compositions were given. It was a feast of music that should have an extraordinary interest for every one concerned in either musical or national progress. The competitors must be Irish by birth or must qualify by a specified

Digitized by Google

period of residence in Ireland. She estimated that there would be great gains in social happiness and well being coming from the forming of choirs, bands, quartets and similar combinations.

Dr. Culwick said that the problem before them seemed to him two-fold. The first thing was to consider means of best encouraging the musical talent already existing in Ireland. That talent was of no small dimensions, but it was certainly unrealized to a very great degree. The general aptitude of the Irish nation for music was well known, and they were also aware that these powers had not in a scientific sense been cultivated. Their sphere of work was a very hopeful one, and it had rather to do with that large and, on the whole, worthy mass of the people in whose best moments were felt aspirations for higher things, and who had not, through depravity and ill-living, made themselves incapable of enjoying these things. Under the existing circumstances the work of the society lay not so much in the region of the artistic circles as in the utilization of its energies in spreading the joys of music among people who had not come within the beneficial influences of musical study. There lay the kernel of the whole problem. He knew of a working plumber in the north who in his own town started an excellent chorus which had distinguished itself at the feis, and not 500 yards away there lived a cabman, a good, honest man, who might frequently be seen with an oratorio score in his hands. That man, in the true missionary spirit, held choral classes in his house and in this way spread the light, and his chorus had more than once appeared upon the public platform. In concluding, the speaker thought that they should not rest satisfied until every considerable town in Ireland had its choral society, and to achieve that end they must encourage the feis.

BOGUS DEGREES IN ENGLAND.

Several complaints have reached our office of late as to the doings of the so-called "National Conservatoire of Music," which concern is following the usual course of such institutions in freely advertising that its proprietors will award certificates and prizes to those who are ready to enter for its examinations. It must again be pointed out that there is nothing illegal in this business, any more than there would be in a College of Cats'-meat Vendors awarding distinctions to those purveyors of such provender who could carve it most satisfactorily. This newest of these self-appointed examining joint stock companies has already been adequately exposed in the columns of Truth under the heading "The Musical Fellowship Trade"; the article was reprinted in our issue of September 15 last. The writer in that fearless journal showed that it was a limited liability company, run by Mr., Mrs. and Miss Phipps of Liverpool, with the assistance of a professor of hygienic exercises, a surgeon and a clerk, who together had subscribed the magnificent sum of £7 by way of actual capital. The chief objection the Truth writer took to the scheme was that its bombastic name covered

Digitized by Google

an undistinguished septet who would have had little chance of securing business in the free examination field if they had avertised that diplomas would be granted by "Messrs. Phipps & Co.," and he contended that if the Board of Trade and the registrar of joint stock companies did not incorporate "so grotesque an affair under the resounding title of 'National Conservatoire,' the traffic in diplomas could not be carried on." With this opinion few will be found to disagree.

According to the circulars sent us, the National Conservatoire of Music seems to be laying itself out for a big business; it has two sets of offices in London, branches at Liverpool and Manchester and "local centers in the principal cities and towns in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales"; £7 of money in hand seems but a trifle to work so far-reaching a scheme upon, but that is a matter which concerns the proprietors rather than their customers. The names of those who comprise the council and board of professors are not disclosed, but the name of the warden, "Professor Alexander Phipps, Mus. Bac.," extends boldly across the page. Whether this gentleman is identical with Alexander James Phipps, who, according to the calendar of Trinity College University, Toronto, obtained one of its in absentia degrees, we are unable to say. Should this be so, and Mr. Phipps is not ashamed of his alma mater, it would be better if he added the name of his university to his title. That this gentleman is a composer of repute will probably be admitted when it is mentioned that in the list of pieces required to be performed by candidates for Nat. Con. Mus. certificates is one "Minuet in G, Phipps." The prospectus states that 10 per cent reduction is allowed to principals of schools bringing more than six candidates up for testing. And what must be specially delightful to some who hanker after millinery is to read that "Licentiates and Fellows will be entitled to wear the distictive hoods and caps of the conservatoire, and members have the privilege of wearing the badge of the institution"—by the description given of these they appear to be quite gorgeous. As in the case of the other proprietary musical "colleges" competing against one another, the question is not what are the musical capabilities of those touting for this species of business—they may be excellent well-trained musicians, able to gauge abilities or even to discover musical gifts in infants in arms; but who gave this group of persons of no importance authority to examine people, issue diplomas and sell handsome robes? The answer is, They themselves! Those who complain and consider that there are other better and authorized bodies who undertake this work should point out to their pupils and the public the difference between institutions which are governed by responsible councils of known and trusted men and which are not permitted by their constitution to divide profits, and those which have no such elected governing body, but are simply run to make dividends for their proprietors. The public will then have some chance of discriminating where to go to for testing and diplomas.—London Musical News.

Digitized by Google

MINOR MENTION.

On March 12 the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra produced a new overture by Charles Davis Carter of Pittsburg. The work was suggested by Shakespeare's "As You Like It," but of course Mr. Carter wrote it to suit himself, not caring if anybody liked it or not. He conducted the Cleveland performance in person after the overture had already been heard in Cincinnati and Philadelphia.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Westgate of Alameda, California, is giving a series of important studio recitals. The program for December brought the Grieg F major sonata for piano and violin and a piano and violin suite by Cesar Cui. A program given in March contained the piano and violin sonata, opus 26, by Eduard Schuett, and Walzen-Maerchen, opus 54, for piano, violin and 'cello, by the same composer. Each of these programs was interspersed by song groups.

* * *

In the University of South Dakota at Mitchell, Miss Harriet Noble played a piano program on February 27. Her numbers were Valse Caprice opus 3, by Raff; The Nightingale by Liszt; Kamennoi-Ostrow, Melody in F. and Trot de Cavallerie by Rubinstein, a black key study by Chopin, Rondo Capriccio by Mendelssohn, Air du Dauphin by Roeckel, Mazourka Fantastique by Wollenhaupt, and a serenade by Emil Liebling.

* * *

Oakland, California, has an organization of thirty-six players under the name of the Columbia Orchestra. They have given several concerts, but programs have not reached us.

* * *

In a paper published in the Magazine of the International Musik-Gesellschaft (Leipzig), the Spanish musical writer, Felipe Pedrell, has an article on the Liturgic Drama of Elche in Spain. The city of Elche has an annual musical festival drama on the death and assumption of the Virgin Mary. This is a unique survival from the middle ages, about as the decennial Passion play at Oberammergau. The writer had visited the festival and collected valuable historical information, including a preparation of a score of the music. He found that both the words and music were products of two distant periods, one probably extending back to about the fifteenth century.

* * *

A chorus of thirty-six voices under the direction of Mr. D. A. Clippinger sang "St. John's Eve," an old English idyl by Frederic H. Cowen, in Kimball Hall March 14. They had the assistance of Mrs. W. E. Barnes, soprano; Mrs. E. G. Cowen, contralto; Francis S. Banta,

Digitized by Google

tenor; Allan M. Campbell, baritone, and Arthur Dunham, organist. The composition is in three scenes and a total of eleven numbers. The program explained that St. John's Eve was one of the most joyous festivals of Christendom during the middle ages, the date of the celebration being fixed on June 24 each year. In England people were accustomed to go into the woods and get branches of trees which they planted at their own doors amid great demonstrations, this being to make good the prophecy respecting the Baptist that many should rejoice in his birth. The custom was universal in England until a more recent change in manners.

* * *

The University of Nebraska School of Music has been giving some fine recitals, which are always well attended. It is said that the average attendance is over five hundred for the twenty or more programs that are given each season. A November post-graduate evening brought out the Beethoven Sonata opus 57, and the MacDowell Sonata Eroica opus 50, in addition to numerous lighter works by Schumann, Moszkowski, Strauss-Tausig, Schubert-Liszt and Leschetizky. A Brahms program was given on February 7 containing piano variations on a theme by Paganini, Soprano Serenade opus 14, Piano Ballade in D minor, the Sapphic Ode and a Minnelied for contralto, the two piano Intermezzi opus 117, Heimweh and Erinnerung for tenor solo, and the two piano Rhapsodies opus 79. A concerto evening was given on February 21, when two movements each were played from the following piano concertos: Mendelssohn D minor, Gabriel Pierne C minor, Beethoven No. 2 in B flat and the Grieg in A minor.

* * *

As an indication of the public taste in Pittsburg after the work of an important symphony orchestra there for six seasons, the following "request program" is given in evidence: Pathetic Symphony by Tschaikowsky, the Tannhauser Overture by Wagner and Mr. Herbert's new symphonic poem, "Hero and Leander." This was the first request program ever given by the Pittsburg orchestra.

* * *

At the last of a season of four recitals by the Kunits String Quartet in Pittsburg Mr. Victor Herbert consented to assist with a 'cello part in the Schubert Quintet for two violins, viola and two 'cellos. The burgers thought it a great privilege to hear their conductor play again in public.

* * *

The Minneapolis composer, Mr. Willard Patten, has lately completed a pretentious choral work scored for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. In order that the work should be first heard by musicians rather than by the vulgar ears of the rabble, he issued invitations to the musicians of Minneapolis to come to the Johnson Auditorium on February 28, where they would read the work together. This was done with the assistance of the important soloists of the city, members of choruses, a string orchestra and a piano. The composition is still unnamed, though the local critics claim that it has much merit.

Digitized by Google

The Alameda (California) Orchestral Society played its second program of the season on March 8. Grieg's Peer Gynte Suite, two Hungarian Dances by Brahms, Schubert's Overture to Rosamunde, Carl Reinecke's Vorspiel to "King Manfred," "The Mill" (for strings) by Gillet, the Johan Strauss Waltz, "Wiener Blut," and a first performance of the Carmen-Sylva overture by Emil Hoefinghoff.

* * *

A series of a dozen Sunday afternoon concerts has been inaugurated at Sioux City, Iowa. They are given at 3 o'clock afternoons, and it is expected that musical education will be afforded many persons who could not attend a musical program at any other time. The first program, which we take from the Sioux City Journal, was given on March 10 and was as follows: Raff Sonata for Violin and Piano, an Aria from Handel's "Messiah," the Weber Moto Perpetuo and the Wagner-Liszt "Tannhauser" march for piano, a Recitation from Bulwer Lytton, and the almost entirely unknown Violin Concerto by Rubinstein. The Beethoven Club of Sioux City is said to be exerting a fine musical influence by opening its doors to all who feel sufficiently interested to participate.

* * *

Julius Eichberg's comic opera, "The Doctor of Alcantara," was given in Minneapolis March 6 for the benefit of the University Settlement. The libretto to this work was written by the late Benjamin Woolf of Boston.

* * *

The American Conservatory, Chicago, gave a recital by advanced students on February 23, when selections included the Beethoven Rondo Cappriccio for piano, Rubinstein's Barcarolle, Gottschalk's Printemps d'Amour, Chopin's Nocturne opus 15, Schubert-Liszt's Hark, the Lark, Moszkowski's Les Etincelles, Siding's Fruhlings Rauschen, Chopin Scherzo opus 31, and the Chopin Polonaise in A major, in addition to some lighter violin and vocal selections.

* * *

A Rubinstein program given by the Chicago Piano College brought out various works for piano, organ, contralto solo and two movements from the violin and piano Sonata opus 13.

* * *

Mt. Vernon, Iowa, seat of Cornell College, will give a May Festival this year. Adolf Rosenbecker's Chicago Symphony Orchestra will assist, and Professor Adams of the Conservatory of Music will conduct a chorus in a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

* * *

A vocal recital was given on February 14 in Handel Hall by the pupils of Mme. Dove-Boetti. They sang quartets from Guercia and Verdi, trios from Tonello, Bizet and Smart, a duo from Perosi, and songs, cavatinas, scenes and arias from Rotoli, Massenet, Donizetti, Verdi, Gounod and Meyerbeer. The program was in circulation before

Digitized by Google

the news of the death of Verdi, otherwise it would have been devoted entirely to his compositions. But on this occasion the Reverend Father Joseph Tonello of Galesburg discoursed on the infinite merits of the beloved composer and patriot.

* * *

The fine pianiste and teacher, Miss Julia Lois Caruthers, who has been associated for some years with the Sherwood School, has taken a private studio at 614 Fine Arts Building, Chicago. In addition to her special children's work she conducts a summer class.

* * *

In the Church of the Ascension, Pittsburg, March 31, a vested choir of fifty voices sang Dubois' "Last Seven Words of Christ," under the direction of Frederic Archer. Local soloists also assisted.

* * *

A historical program in Düsseldorf was devoted to composers from Bach to Mozart. Each of these masters was represented by a concerto for three pianos and orchestra. An almost unknown piano concerto in F major by Mozart and the Handel Organ Concerto in G minor were performed. A most interesting orchestral number was a G minor Symphony by Johann Christian Bach.

* * *

In Vienna on March 2 Anton Dvorak's "Requiem," written some years ago, was heard for the first time there. The work had been produced with fine success at a Birmingham festival ten years before, and its reception in Vienna was equally as cordial.

* * *

The unveiling of a Schumann monument will take place in Zwickau June 8. A music festival will be held on this and the following day. Carl Reinicke has written a hymn for male chorus, Schumann's "Paradise and Peri" will be given under the direction of Music Director Vollhardt, and the Joachim Quartet of Berlin and the Henri Petri Quartet of Dresden will give a chamber music matinee. All this with the aid of distinguished soloists and under the direction of Schumann's friends Reinicke and Joachim.

* * *

On March 7 Manuel Garcia celebrated the ninety-sixth anniversary of his birth. In so far as he is still teaching he is supposed to be the oldest active musician of the present day. It was just fifty years ago when his father, himself and his great sister Malibran produced Rossini's "Barber of Seville" for the first time in New York.

* * *

The orchestra, the male chorus and the "technical personal" (whatever the latter may include) of the Bohemian National Theater at Prague went on a strike some time in February. No operas were given for some weeks, but the striking orchestra instituted a series of eight symphony concerts which began under such favorable auspices that all

Digitized by Google

seats were sold. Evidently this success brought little balm to bleeding hearts, since a short time later, ninety-five of the strikers offered to capitulate unconditionally. Of these only fifty-eight were re-employed. Of thirty-eight orchestra members only eight were again accepted.

* * *

Two Spanish authors, Perrin and Polacois, and two Spanish composers, Nieto and Yimenez, have lately collaborated in a new edition of the "Barber of Seville." The new arrangement has been successfully given in the Theater Zarzuela at Madrid.

* * *

The first Bach festival given by the new Bach Society of Berlin took place on March 21, 22 and 23, with Dr. Joseph Joachim, Professor Siegfried Ochs and George Schumann as conductors. The first day was devoted to five Church Cantatas, the second day brought Chamber-music, Mòtettes and Arias performed by persons from the Hoch Schule, and the third day brought out Masses, a Cantata and a Concerto with orchestra, Joachim being the soloist.

* * *

The talented young composer, Willy Knupfer of Berlin, is dead of appendicitis. His brother Paul is a member of the Royal Opera there, and his brother Walter Knupfer is a highly esteemed member of the Chicago Musical College piano faculty. The young man had written a symphony and numerous songs and chamber music works. While in Leipzig it was the privilege of the writer to play one of the violin parts of the symphony under the composer's own direction, the latter being a young, gentle fellow of about twenty in 1898.

E. E. S.

Digitized by Google

Music Students Club Extension

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

I have only good news to tell you of the club. The Haydn meeting was a success; the contrast between the Bach and Haydn music was of great interest to us, and I think we appreciated clearly what Haydn represented. The playing was very good indeed. My best pupil played the E flat sonata and another the Emperor's hymn and variations. Both were so well played that they were repeated by request. The D major sonata was very well, too, and was also played twice. I learned the theme and variations in F minor and enjoyed them very much. The club liked them. I thought the piece remarkably skillful and I got good in preparing it. Of course all the playing was done from memory, and was very thoroughly memorized, after Miss Dingley's plan.

We had the third meeting only yesterday. We found the Mason music difficult. Whatever the playing lacked in freedom was only because some of the pieces were difficult for inexperienced players to memorize and make their own thoroughly enough in four weeks to stand the strain of playing before an audience. I was very happy over the manner in which my best pupil learned to play Mason's "Improvisation." It was up to metronome tempo, and so vigorous and fervid that it proved the best of all. We had a great time with it. We were delighted with the Monody; a pupil of fifteen played "Reverie Poetique," and I believe you would have considered it fairly well done. It was a great thing for the girl's technic and she possesses poetic feeling; in some parts it seemed to me beautiful. She will take it up later and make it a great success, I believe. "Silver Spring" was good, too. We all felt that Mason's harmonies were most beautiful and strong, and that it was a great privilege to become familiar with the Mason program. "Spring Dawn" was also played. The girl who played the "Improvisation" had learned it two years ago. So it was very spontaneous in effect.

With a view of obtaining more of this quality in the playing of future programs, I have already assigned the whole of the Beethoven program, and from now on will look ahead and will try and give two or three months' familiarity with all the programs that will be most difficult.

I am sorry to say that the selections by Mrs. Beach were not so

Digitized by Google

fortunate, for I made the mistake of underestimating their difficulty and did not give them out for study soon enough. I also made the error of assigning them injudiciously. The result was that we only had one of her pieces in shape to play, "Phantoms," but that only made me the more sorry that I had not dealt more wisely with the other numbers.

Whatever the three meetings of the club thus far held may have lacked, they were most thoroughly enjoyed. There could not be a more enthusiastic little club. When I tell you that one member is a bookkeeper, another a school teacher, and that another is much hindered by bad health (these can practice but one hour a day), you will understand how zealous the remaining seven must be. I believe that later on a voice and a violin can be added to the club.

This winter music has been more than ever before what you said it should be—"a ladder upon which mankind ascends to God, and upon which the angels descend to man." If these are not your very words, they at least contain the idea. And this is what music means to us, and this it is which the clubs assists us in realizing.

I wish to say farther that MUSIC proves very interesting to the club members, and I remain, sincerely,

CARLOTTA HILL.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF MUSICAL CLUBS.

The N. F. M. C. will hold its Second Biennial Festival in Cleveland, April 30 to May 3. The chief aim of the Federation is the mutual helpfulness of musical clubs, by bringing them into communication with one another, thereby advancing musical art in this country. Members of all musical clubs, whether federated or not, are invited to attend. Information may be had from the Corresponding Secretary, Anna S. Pedersen, Broadway and 69th street, New York City. Following is a brief statement of the program:

Tuesday, April 30.

10 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.
Address of Welcome—Mrs. J. H. Webster.
Response—Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl.
Reports by various officers.
3:00 p. m.
Concert by Representatives of Federated Clubs.
8:00 p. m.
Reception to the President, National Board and Delegates.
Incidental Music by the Rubinstein Club of Cleveland (Women's Chorus of eighty voices).

Wednesday, May 1.

10:00 to 12:30 a. m.
Business Session and reports of committees.
2:30 p. m.
Concert by Members of Fortnightly Musical Club.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

EDA KUHN LOEB MUSIC LIBRARY
3 2044 044 220 879

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google